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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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JULY, 1860.

ART. I.—*Ἡ ΠΑΛΑΙΑ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ ΚΑΤΑ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΒΔΟΜΗΚΟΝΤΑ. ΕΠΙΜΕΛΕΙΑὶ ΚΑΙ ΔΑΠΑΝΗὶ ΤΗΣ ΕΝ ΑΓΓΛΙΑὶ ἘΤΑΙΡΙΑΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΔΙΑΔΟΣΙΝ ΤΗΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΙΚΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ. ΕΝ ΟΞΩΝΙΩΝ ΕΝ ΤΩΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΚΑΔΗΜΕΙΑΣ ΤΤΠΟΓΡΑΦΕΙΩΝ. ἘΤΕΙ οώνθ'. Vetus Testamentum Græce juxta LXX Interpretes. Recensionem Grabianam ad Fidem Codicis Alexandrini aliorumque denuo recognovit, Græca secundum Ordinem Textus Hebræi reformavit, Libros Apocryphos a Canonicis segregavit FRIDERICUS FIELD, A. A. M. Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab. olim Socius. Sumtibus Societatis de Promovenda Doctrina Christiana. Oxonii, Excudebat Jacobus Wright, Academiæ Typographus. M.D.CCC.LIX. pp. 1088.*

It is recorded of the Cumæan Sibyl, that it was her custom to write her prophecies on leaves which she placed at the entrance of her cave, and that it required especial care, in such as consulted her, to take up these leaves before they were dispersed by the wind, as their meaning then became almost incomprehensible. We should suppose that some such windy contingency attended the manuscripts of the Septuagint at the Alexandrian Pharos. From the earliest times, many of the books, chapters, and verses of this venerable version have been found in the most distressing confusion. Origen attempted

by his Hexapla to bring this confusion into some regular order ; but what between his obelisks and asterisks, and his various diacritical distinctions, like many other reformers, he only made matters worse, till much of the version became almost a Cretan labyrinth ; —

“ Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray.”

Now it is the object of the Christian Knowledge Society, and of Mr. Field, their man of business, to rectify this disorder.

This edition of the Septuagint is unique and unrivalled. It exhibits the Greek text in exact correspondence of order with the Hebrew. It makes the version the counterpart of the original in chapter and verse. Hitherto, it has been a task of no small difficulty to collate the Greek translation with the original text, so many were the mutilations and mislocations. Indeed, the attempt was hopeless, unless you had the aid of one of the early Polyglots. We say the *early* Polyglots ; for our boasted English Polyglot, by Walton, has left all these transpositions and mutilations untouched and uncorrected. It is a foul blot on that noble undertaking.

However, Mr. Field and the Christian Knowledge Society have at length discharged that debt to the Alexandrian translators, which has been so long unpaid by the Christian Church. It is strange indeed, and not very creditable to theological scholars and learned universities, whether at home or abroad, that this obligation should have been so long delayed. The bad condition of the text was complained of by Origen, even in the third century of the Christian era ; but with the splendid exception of Ximenes, no hand was put forth to remedy the evil. It was adduced by Jerome as one of his many accusations against the Septuagint, but not one of its advocates came forward to remove the numerous blemishes. There have been many ecclesiastics promoted to the bench, who have derived their reputation from amending Greek tragic and comic authors ; but not one has been found to rectify the clerical blunders of that version of the Old Testament which is so often cited by the Evangelists and Apostles. This long neglect, however, enhances the importance of this in-

comparable edition of the Septuagint, and we shall hereafter engage in its study free from those impediments which have hitherto restricted its utility and depreciated its value.

We are well aware, that by many the Greek version is viewed chiefly as the rival and antagonist of the Hebrew text. The echoes of the ancient disputes between Jerome and Augustine have reverberated in the ears of modern critics and theologians. Because the early Fathers, for the first three centuries, from their ignorance of Hebrew, exalted the version to the rank of the original, many are now disposed to deny its real merit and importance, nay, to rank it as no higher than an English version, or as one of the multitude which have been printed and published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. As we deem this a very false and dangerous estimate, we shall now briefly state the prerogatives which set the Septuagint apart from all other Biblical versions, whether ancient or modern.

First, a version of the Old Testament made between two and three centuries before the Christian era must ever hold a very different position from those subsequently executed. Considered as an original and impartial witness to prophetic announcements concerning the Messiah, it could alone be adduced as an expositor of the Hebrew. Had there been no such version, the expectation of the Messiah must have been confined to Judæa, the Gentile races must have been left in darkness, and the prophecies respecting them must have remained unfulfilled. The Septuagint version, therefore, is not to be regarded merely as a version, but as a powerful instrument in the hands of Providence for preparing the world for the coming of Christ.

Whoever is conversant with the history of Alexander's conquests will recollect that, B. C. 332, after the capture of Tyre, he marched against Jerusalem, with the intention of severely punishing its inhabitants for having disobeyed his commands. By the intervention of Providence, he was moved with compassion, mingled with awe, on beholding the Pontifical procession which came out to meet him and to tender submission. He not only spared the city, but conferred some privileges on the Jewish population. He left, accordingly, a general impression

in his favor, which induced many of the Jews to enlist under his victorious standard. On his death, Ptolemy I., surnamed Lagus, succeeded to that part of his empire which included Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. As might have been expected, various attempts were made to throw off his authority, and amongst others the Jews rose in insurrection. He marched against Jerusalem, and carried about a hundred thousand of its inhabitants into Egypt as captives. He placed them chiefly in "Libya, and the parts about Cyrene." It was the descendants of these captive Jews who are mentioned as going up to Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost.

From the frequent wars between the Ptolemies and the neighboring successors of Alexander, the Jews became more and more scattered and diffused over the East, till such were their numbers in Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B. C. 276, that they petitioned for a fresh translation of their sacred books. It is probable that they were at first satisfied with the version of the Pentateuch, and that the rest of the Old Testament was not finished till some time afterward. This is the version which is denominated the Septuagint, and which held the foremost place among the agencies for bringing the Gentiles into the Christian Church. In assigning to it this pre-eminence, we consider the very limited influence of the Hebrew text, and the limited time for which that text was vernacular, even in Judæa. After the Babylonish captivity, B. C. 530, the knowledge of Biblical Hebrew was confined chiefly to doctors of the Law, while the common people spoke "a Babylonish dialect," composed of Syriac, Chaldee, and Syro-Phœnician. The last of their Prophets was Malachi, B. C. 400, and with him Biblical Hebrew came to its close. During the interval between Malachi and the version of the Seventy, the Jews became more and more dependent; they were scattered over every part of the civilized world, particularly over Asia Minor and the coasts of the Mediterranean, and thus they were brought into political, social, and commercial connections with the Greek colonies.

There were two remarkable events which accelerated their dispersion before the Christian era. The first took place B. C. 200, when Antiochus transported two thousand families

of the Jews of Babylonia to the coasts of Phrygia and Lydia, in order to suppress some local seditions. They multiplied and established their synagogues over all the neighboring provinces. At a later date, B. C. 136, Alexandria was so cruelly oppressed by Ptolemy Physcon that its inhabitants fled in great numbers. "Amongst these," says Prideaux, "were many grammarians, philosophers, geometricians, physicians, and musicians, and thus their banishment became the means of reviving learning in Greece, the Lesser Asia, and the isles, and in all other places where they went." Now there can be no reasonable doubt, that, as they carried the Greek language, they carried with them the knowledge of the Greek Scriptures. Accordingly we find, that, on the first preaching of Christianity, it was in those very countries that multitudes of Jewish proselytes were amongst its earliest converts. On the day of Pentecost, it was the "devout men" from every part of the East, who had been instructed by the Greek version, that went up to worship at Jerusalem. These are great and incontestable facts in the records of our religion, and they ought ever to be remembered in our estimate of the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament. They show that, whatever may be its defects and short-comings as the representative of the Hebrew text, it was employed by Providence as the chief instrument in preparing the world for the advent of the Redeemer. Granted, for instance, that the Greek version of Isaiah is mutilated, imperfect, and unsatisfactory; yet these imperfections are as nothing compared with the service which the evangelical prophet has rendered in that very form to the Universal Church. With all its imperfections, it was deemed worthy of constant reference and citation by Christ and his Apostles. Nay, such was their respect for it, that we believe there is not a single passage in the New Testament adduced from those parts of Isaiah which are wanting in the Septuagint. How shall we account for the non-citation of that remarkable passage, (chap. ix. 6,) "Unto us a child is born," &c., but from its absence from the version which was universally received and credited by the Hellenistic Jews and their proselytes? Nay, this version is followed occasionally even in its discrepancies with the Hebrew. Thus, St. Stephen,

in his speech before the Sanhedrim, follows it as to the number who came into Egypt, though it contradicts the original. (Compare Gen. xlvi. 27 with Acts vii. 14.) So in their chronology (as in Acts xiii. 20) the writers of the New Testament accord with Josephus and the Seventy. We do not adduce such passages to magnify the version at the expense of the original, but only to illustrate its vast influence and authority in the first age of Christianity.

There is another consideration which should qualify and moderate any comparison disparaging to the Septuagint. The immaculate purity of the Hebrew text is no longer credited. The collations of Kennicott and De Rossi have shown that there is the same diversity of readings in Hebrew as in Greek manuscripts. The Seventy, it must be remembered, translated unpointed copies, which always allow some variety of interpretation. Add to this our limited and imperfect knowledge of the exact import of any single Hebrew word, apart from the context and this version, and it becomes evident that we should always use the utmost caution and delicacy ere we give a positive verdict, either for or against the version. We think that Houbigant and Cappellus were far too bold in their conjectural emendations of the Hebrew text, and that Isaac Vossius was absurd in claiming a spotless purity for the Alexandrian version. But we accord with the sound and discreet criticism of Bishop Pearson in his *Præfatio Parænetica*, in which he shows the great and incontestable value of the Septuagint, without trespassing on the unquestionable prerogative of the *Hebraica Veritas*. For ourselves, we are quite disposed to acknowledge the supremacy of the Hebrew text, but we can recognize it without any triumph over the Greek version. Nay, while we regard the version as indispensable to the knowledge of the original, *vice versa*, we think that the Septuagint would have sounded almost like senseless jargon, if we could not have collated it with the Hebrew. It is in the strict order of Providence that they should co-operate in the transmission of Divine truth. The Hebrew is a *fossil* language. As a spoken and vernacular tongue, it has been buried for more than two thousand years. Its study (with the slight exceptions of Origen and

Jerome) was unknown in the Christian Church, till the days of Luther and Calvin. It demanded the Septuagint to keep it from perishing, or at any rate to keep up its relation to the New Testament and the Church.

But now comes the strength of our argument. How could the New Testament have been written in Greek, if there had been no Greek version of the Old Testament, received and authenticated before the era of Christianity? How could it have been written in that kind of Greek in which it is found, unless that same Greek had been previously employed in dis- coursing of Moses and the Prophets? How could any doctrinal phraseology have been fixed and permanent, unless the doctrinal terms had been equivalent in the Old and New Testaments? True it is that these questions are what lawyers would call *leading questions*, that is, they carry and imply their own answers. But this implication results from their inherent force, and the necessary truth of their answers. They are akin to mathematical theorems. Their evidence arises from their statement.

We feel assured that the primitive Church would never have been consigned to the sole aid of the Greek version for nearly four hundred years, if that version had not contained everything which is essentially necessary in the study of the Old Testament. It should be remembered, that the chief importance of the Old Testament, since the publication of the Gospel, consists in its connection with the New Testament, and not in its abstract reference to the Mosaic economy. The Jews may contemplate it in its relation to the Jewish Temple; but the Christian regards it chiefly in its relation to the Christian Church. Hence the Greek version of the Old Testament was regarded by Augustine as fully adequate to instruct its readers in the claims of Jesus as the promised Messiah, and to appropriate the predictions of the ancient Prophets to his mission and character. Whoever is conversant with the works of the early Fathers will discover that, whether in their commentaries or devotional writings, we have little reason to commiserate them on the ground of their ignorance of the Hebrew text.

It is usual with some classes of ultra Protestants to assert

that the frequent citation of the Septuagint in the New Testament does not pledge its writers to its sacred and canonical character, but that they adduce it only as Paul quotes some of the classic poets. But this is a very false and dangerous assertion. The citations of the Septuagint by the Evangelists and Apostles are not mere *obiter dicta*; they are direct appeals to their veracity and authority. When an English or American judge cites any law-book to confirm his opinion, he raises it to what is called *authority* in the courts of law; and were he inspired, or infallible, the passages he adduced would also become identified with his own assertions. We think, therefore, that the citations of the Septuagint in the New Testament necessarily acquire the same authority as that which belongs to the context; and on no other ground can we vindicate the divine authority of the Evangelists and Apostles. We limit our reasoning to the passages quoted; we do not extend it to the entire version.

But when every reasonable deduction has been made, it leaves the Septuagint on a high and singular ecclesiastical elevation. It is impossible to degrade it to the level of any ordinary version. Its primeval importance as the *Porta Gentilium*, its summons as heard and obeyed on the day of Pentecost, the citations from it by inspired writers, its sole reign for three centuries and more over the Universal Church, and its perpetual reign in the Eastern, all proclaim its catholicity, and distinguish it from every national and vernacular version. Still, we do not raise it to an equality with the Hebrew text. It is *Proximus, sed longo intervallo*. It stands alone. It is alike dangerous to overrate and to depreciate its worth. If we overvalue it, we consecrate its errors and stereotype its mistakes. If we underrate it, we repudiate past obligations, we ignore the authority of the primitive Church, we shake the validity of the New Testament, and unduly exalt our modern versions. *Medio tutissimus ibis*, is the watchword we should ever remember in such theological decisions.

It is now peculiarly opportune to impress these convictions, as the restored Septuagint of Mr. Field is calculated to bring the study of this version into more general cultivation. Its merits and demerits will henceforth be more closely and equi-

tably investigated. We deprecate all invidious comparisons between the original and the version. Let them be collated, not contrasted. The knowledge of the Hebrew text may be often assisted by a friendly comparison; but its value can never be heightened by depreciating its copy. The excellence of the Septuagint should always be viewed as subordinate to that of the original. But its hold upon us consists in its claims as the herald to the Gentiles, in its identity of style with the New Testament, in the authority which it derives from Evangelists and Apostles, from the early Fathers and Councils, and in its wide diffusion in the East by the numerous versions made directly from it. It should be regarded as a necessary and essential evidence of the Old and New Covenants,—as the intermediate station between Judaism and Christianity. We should abjure the paltry disputes of commentators, and the long and loud quarrels of controversialists, and contemplate the alliance of the Hebrew and Greek texts in unbroken unity.

The main importance and interest of the labors of the Seventy, as we have already stated, will ever consist in their service as our leaders and instructors in the interpretation of the New Testament. Grammatically and philologically considered, the inspiration of the Evangelists and Apostles may be traced to their perpetual remembrance of the doctrinal language and expression of the Greek version of the Old Testament. There is no book in the world which so closely resembles another in its idioms and phraseology, as the Greek of the New Testament corresponds to the Greek of the Septuagint. If we were to ransack all the Greek classics, poets, philosophers, historians, we could not produce a tenth of the verbal illustrations of the New Testament to be derived from this source, and those which were produced would be purely accidental, and very seldom exactly apposite. But when we consider, also, the far more important doctrinal illustrations and prophetic predictions contained in the Septuagint, we must arrive at the conviction that the original Hebrew of the Old Testament lives, another, yet the same, united to the Hebrew-Greek of the Septuagint and the New Testament.

Tria juncta in uno,—they constitute the same language,—the sacred language of the Holy Scriptures; and however diversified by modern versions, the Hebraic stamp conveyed in Hellenistic Greek will go down from age to age, in its imperishable character, to the close of criticism and to the end of controversy.

In conclusion, we must say a few words respecting the plan and execution of this admirable edition of the Septuagint. It is now fifteen or sixteen years since the Christian Knowledge Society resolved to undertake an impression of the Alexandrian text for the use of the Greek clergy; and accordingly they applied to the Royal Synod at Athens to superintend its execution. In the regulations laid down by the Society, the Apocryphal books were to be separated from the Canonical; but, from some misunderstanding, it was found that it exhibited the apocryphal additamenta to Esther, and that Bel and the Dragon was annexed to the Prophet Daniel. At the close of the Psalms, also, were introduced several apocryphal prayers. The “Magnificat” was headed with the objectionable title, *Προσευχὴ Μαρίας τῆς Θεοτόκου*. As might have been expected, several of the members felt uneasy, and, with the aid of the late Bishop of London, it was resolved that this edition should not be placed on the Society’s list. It thus became expedient to prepare another and a better one. The former was printed at Athens; but it was determined that the present should be printed at Oxford, and under the immediate supervision of the Society’s Committee of Foreign Translations. The plan was now rendered more definite and complete. First, the books, chapters, and verses were to be arranged according to the Hebrew order; secondly, the transpositions, mutilations, and interpolations were to be rectified; and, thirdly, the Apocryphal books were to be separated from the Canonical. The committee selected Mr. Field, who had previously distinguished himself as the editor of Chrysostom’s Homilies, to carry out their design. They could not have chosen a more competent or trustworthy editor. Mr. Field, not content with adhering to the letter of his instructions, resolved to undertake a minute and laborious collation of

the Grabian text with the original manuscript in the British Museum, and to adjust the punctuation and orthography. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this edition far superior to all which have preceded it, and likely to create a new epoch in the study of the Septuagint. By those who know the number and intricacy of the transpositions which have been rectified, the amount and value of Mr. Field's labors will be duly appreciated ; but as he has worked exclusively on the Alexandrian text, the Vatican still remains in its accumulated corruptions. The common English editions, as well as those on the Continent, are all printed "Juxta Exemplar Vaticanum," that is, according to the Sixtine edition of 1586. A more unsatisfactory edition was never published. The Vatican Manuscript should never be confounded with the Vatican Exemplar. Without studying the Preface and notes of Mr. Field, no one can estimate the very little dependence which should be placed on the text of 1586. We think that the time has arrived when the unsatisfactory state of our common editions of the Septuagint should be accurately investigated, and that it well becomes the delegates of the Clarendon Press to undertake its revision. But till that is accomplished, the edition of the Christian Knowledge Society will remain unrivalled.

ART. II.—1. *How to lay out a Garden. Intended as a General Guide in Choosing, Forming, or Improving an Estate (from a Quarter of an Acre to a Hundred Acres in Extent). With Reference to both Design and Execution.* By EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park. From the Second London Edition. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1858.

2. *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences. Comprising Historical Notices and General Principles of the Art, Directions for laying out Grounds and arranging Plantations, the Description and Cultivation of hardy Trees, Decorative Accompaniments of the House and Grounds, the Formation of Pieces of Artificial Water, Flower-Gardens, &c. With Remarks on Rural Architecture.* By the late A. J. DOWNING, Esq. Sixth Edition, enlarged, revised, and newly illustrated. With a Supplement, containing some Remarks about Country Places, and the best Methods of making them; also, an Account of the newer Deciduous and Evergreen Plants lately introduced into Cultivation, both Hardy and Half-hardy. By HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 576.

THE works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article mark the progress and present condition of ornamental gardening, in Europe and America. Mr. Kemp, the author of the first, is distinguished in his profession both as a writer and a landscape artist. The famous Birkenhead Park at Liverpool bears ample and enduring testimony to his scientific attainments and his practical skill. The book he here gives to the public exhibits much excellent sense, and is written in a clear, unambitious style. It does not display great familiarity with the literature of its subject; and in this respect it differs from the writings of Mr. Downing. He says in his Preface, that, “since the completion of his volume, the best works on the art have been glanced over, and a few valuable hints gleaned from Sir Uvedale Price, Mr. Repton, and Mr. Loudon.” It

would have enhanced the value of his book, if he had thoroughly studied the works of other writers *before* he took up his pen: *Vixerunt fortis ante Agamemnona*; and it savors somewhat of affectation to treat them with indifference. One need not copy the absurdities of any writers in this department; but he will be likely to form a more liberal judgment if he is familiar with all their opinions; and the pleasure of reading a book on this subject is heightened by occasional references to preceding authors, just as other literary productions are rendered more acceptable by possessing the flavor of the ancient and modern classics. We surmise, however, that Mr. Kemp has more book-learning than he chooses to acknowledge.

His work is divided as follows:—Part I. Preliminary Considerations as to the Choice of a Place. II. What to Avoid. III. What to Attain. Under this head we have chapters on General Principles, General Objects, Particular Objects, and Special Departments. Part IV. contains practical directions on Draining, Hedging, Planting, Road-Making, Lawns, &c., &c. Under these titles our author distributes much valuable matter. One can find little fault with his statement of general principles; it is chiefly in his management of practical details that he exposes himself to criticism, as in the following instances. In his lists of trees and shrubs recommended for general planting, he has placed many which are altogether too tender for northern climates. In his plans of flower-gardens, he sometimes errs by scattering beds over the lawns, thereby giving the grounds a spotted look by no means pleasing. Had he read, or not forgotten, what Mr. Loudon has written about “the dotting system,” he would have avoided this puerility. In his plans for carriage-roads, Mr. Kemp occasionally falls into the error, already too common in practice, of leading such roads directly in front of the house, and of having a circular drive through the front lawn, the drive being cut around a group of shrubbery before the principal door. This arrangement is objectionable, because the clump of shrubbery and the circular drive monopolize the space which should be devoted to an expanse of unbroken sod, and because the driving of horses before the main entrance

interferes with the privacy of the parlors, and is quite sure to tear up and defile the gravel of the walks.

These are the principal exceptions which need be made to Mr. Kemp's book. Taken altogether, it merits the highest commendation. Its leading principles are correct, and its practical directions are for the most part judicious, minute, and clearly expressed. Seldom have we seen so much matter condensed into so small a space. It must take rank among the best works of the kind in the English language.

The second book mentioned at the beginning of this article is one to which an interest of a different sort attaches. It is an American production, the larger part of it written by the lamented Downing, and the Supplement by a friend of kindred spirit and acquirements. With the original work, the public had long been familiar: it had passed through six editions, and was still read and admired by all lovers of the refined pursuits which it advocates and explains. But, during the lapse of eighteen years since its publication, new trees, shrubs, vines, and plants had been introduced, and longer experience had given its verdict on the merits of the older favorites; considerable improvement had been made in the methods of arranging and planting ornamental grounds; and the country, having advanced in wealth and refinement, demanded further instruction in the arts which embellish rural life. For these and other reasons, it seemed quite desirable that a new edition of this work should be prepared, bringing the subject in all respects up to the condition and wants of the present day. This has been done by Mr. Sargent. A gentleman of finished scholarship, with a natural taste for arboriculture, cultivated by various reading and observation and by practice on his own estate, as well as liberalized by foreign travel, he was just the person to revise the pages of Downing, and to add to them whatever improvements had recently been made in this department. It will enhance the reader's interest in the work, to know that the labors of the editor were bestowed gratuitously, for the benefit of Mr. Downing's family,—“a voluntary enriching of the widow's bequest,” Mr. Willis observes, “for which, aside from the especial merits of his work, Mr. Sargent will possess an honored place in the calendar of memorable friendships.”

The original treatise of Downing remains unchanged, except by the addition of a few pictorial sketches of trees and shrubs, and of foot-notes, correcting, expanding, or otherwise illustrating the text. The Supplement by the editor extends to nearly one hundred and fifty pages, adding fully one third to the size of the volume. These pages are adorned with several highly-finished steel engravings and woodcuts, representing some of the finest villas and grounds in this country, together with plans of parks, and sketches of new and rare trees. It is obvious at first glance, that the editor rightly conceived the work to be done, and close inspection will show that he has performed it well. He is more practical than Mr. Downing. He tells us plainly, and in the fewest words, what to do and how to do it. He warns us against errors, and gives many useful hints drawn largely from his own experience. On some points, perhaps, critics and practical planters will disagree with him slightly,—and we may refer to one or two of these as we proceed; but the work as a whole is so excellent, that it deserves, as it is receiving, from the reading public, a hearty approval. It must long remain the leading authority in its department.

We propose to make a few remarks on several topics suggested by the books before us. And in so doing, we shall follow the example of our authors, dealing less with the theory than with the practical details of the landscape art. The first subject which presents itself is that of *Evergreens, as a feature in Ornamental Grounds.* The English have long been specially fond of this class of trees. Only six or eight species are indigenous with them, yet enthusiastic planters have traversed the globe in search of new sorts, and have now acclimated in that little island, in species and varieties, nearly one hundred. Their winters are shorter and less severe than ours, yet they consider a country-place poorly planted which does not abound with verdure all the year. Mr. Kemp offers no special plea for these trees,—the mind of his countrymen is already made up; but Mr. Sargent devotes an important part of his work to evergreens, knowing that Americans do not suitably appreciate their usefulness and beauty. For this he is to be thanked. Our country has more native Conifers than

any other, and our climate favors the introduction of many from foreign lands; yet these treasures are comparatively disregarded by us,— so that what has been said in general of our indigenous trees and plants, (that “one must travel in Europe to see the best collections of them,”) is unquestionably true of our evergreens. Perhaps their very commonness has something to do with our indifference. Perhaps the national character has not yet outlived the wood-chopping era, and still looks upon forest-trees, and evergreens in particular, as relicts of primitive barbarism.

To some persons, evergreens have a melancholy aspect, especially in winter. The harping of the winds through their leaves is to them a sound of wailing. Their branches ermined with snow are painful reminders of the departed summer; the trees seem to have been caught and overpowered by winter, and to struggle pitifully against surrounding horrors, wholly unable to dispel them. This feeling is, of course, very much a matter of taste, which reasoning can do little to change. But it may properly be questioned whether the prevailing desolation of the winter season has not been transferred unconsciously to the trees which tend to give that season a look of cheerfulness. Alas for us, if that which was designed to be a beautiful compensation for an admitted evil is made a sad suggester of the evil itself! We also surmise that this prejudice has arisen, in great part, from the sight of the sickly, one-sided specimens of the Balsam-Fir and Cedar, with which our door-yards and burial-grounds have so long and so exclusively been planted. One who has seen the rich variety of evergreens now introduced into some of our best pleasure-grounds can hardly complain of their monotony. The waving plumes of the lordly Pines, the aspiring cones of the stately Firs, the dense, bronze-like masses of the symmetrical Arbor-Vitæ, the feathery and pendulous drapery of the Hemlock, the neat, tapering shafts of the silvery Juniper, each of these running off into varieties with different forms and shades of color,— surely, there is no monotony here.

It will be found, we think, that those who have no liking for evergreens are generally the young and frivolous. Thoughtful men, and those of advanced years, prefer more sober tints

and steadfast verdure. Yet the foliage of evergreens is not unvarying. Who has not observed the air of freshness it has assumed on the opening of spring? In early summer, the new growth is hardly less beautiful than the foliage of other trees;—the Silver-Firs having bluish leaves and ascending seed-cones; the Pines and the Spruce-Firs sending out soft yellow tufts, the one shooting upwards, the other hanging down, and enlivened with delicate pink cones; and the Hemlocks, fairest of all, “every tip of their outspread palms thimbled with gold, and every tree looking as if all the sunsets that had ever been steeped in its top were oozing out of it in drops.” It hardly needs an artist’s eye to discern the pleasing effect which evergreens give to a landscape at all seasons. In summer, their peculiar forms, shades of color, and style of foliage impart a depth of tone which can be obtained from no possible combination of deciduous trees; they add richness to the kaleidoscope of autumn, and fling rays of hope over the desolations of winter.

One of the strongest arguments for a liberal planting of evergreens about a country residence is the cheerful air they lend to a house during the spring and autumn. For a portion of the months of April and May, deciduous trees are destitute of foliage.* The lawn is green, the early bulbs and a few other plants are in bloom, birds are singing, bees are humming; yet the trees are as naked as in winter. Introduce, now, a variety of evergreens on all sides of that lawn, and it puts on a summer aspect at once. So in the autumn, there is a period of six weeks or two months, after deciduous trees have cast their leaves, when a country place needs only a good supply of evergreens to prolong the season of verdure up to the very beginning of winter. We would not, indeed, plant our grounds wholly, nor even chiefly, with this class of trees. They should be sufficiently numerous to make the place pleasant, even when other trees are leafless; yet deciduous trees should so abound as to give the premises a new and heightened charm during the summer.

The protection and sense of comfort which evergreens afford to a country residence is no slight consideration in their favor. Here use and beauty are happily combined, the use itself

becoming an element of beauty. During the stormy months, such protection is almost essential to the comfort of the house and to the healthy growth of vegetation within the premises. In all situations, but especially on elevated sites, the winds batter in pieces, and often kill, flowering plants ; they nip the buds of fruit-trees, and break down and mutilate trees planted for ornament and shade. It is the violence of the winds, more than the severity of the cold, which harms our plantations. Surround a bleak spot with a belt of trees, chiefly evergreens, and the effect is at once perceptible. We may then plant the finest trees upon the ground behind them, and they will grow erect and unmarred ; the choicest shrubs and most delicate plants will develop all their beauty of leaf and flower ; fruit-trees will grow luxuriantly, their blossoms will not be blighted, and their fruit will hang on the stem until it is fit for the planter's use. Groups of these trees, set on the exposed sides of dwellings, protect them sensibly from the blasts of winter, and cheat the cold season of half its dreariness. They answer almost as good a purpose against the stormy quarter, as a range of hills. They may make little difference in the temperature as marked by the thermometer, yet they break the force of the wind, subdue its angry tones, and prevent it from rushing in at every cranny and crevice of the dwelling. They give the premises without a warm and sheltered aspect, even in the severest weather, and make out-of-door labor and recreation comfortable and pleasant.*

In reference to the varieties of evergreens most suitable for general planting, we cannot here speak in detail. The volumes to which we have called attention, especially Mr. Sargent's Supplement, will furnish all needful information. We must be permitted, however, to protest against the *hasty* introduction of trees, evergreen or deciduous, from southern climates into northern. That such trees sometimes live and flourish is undoubtedly true. For example, the Yellow-Wood from Tennessee, the Horse-chestnut from Central Asia, the

* Irving says of Washington at Mount Vernon : "He had learnt the policy, not sufficiently adopted in our country, of clothing his ornamental grounds as much as possible with evergreens, which resist the rigors of our winter, and keep up a cheering verdure throughout the year." — *Life*, Vol. IV. p. 429.

Austrian and Cembran Pines from Central Europe, and the Larch Pine from Corsica, thrive well in the climate of our Northern States. Vegetable physiology shows that all trees possess the property, in a certain degree, of adapting themselves to soils and latitudes different from those in which they are indigenous. Art also can assist in the process of acclimatization.* If, for instance, a young tree be transferred from Georgia to New York, and receive no protection the first winter, it will undoubtedly perish; whereas, if nursed a little during the severest cold of a few years, it may at length become sufficiently hardened to take care of itself. All that the tender sapling needs, we are told, is time enough to form several layers of wood and bark to protect the central portions from the effects of frost. Mr. Sargent has removed the *Torreya taxifolia* from Florida to his own estate on the Hudson, and, by a winter covering, diminished from year to year, has inured it to bear the severest cold of our climate without injury. He also mentions other Conifers of similar origin, which bid fair to prove hardy in higher latitudes. At Montpellier in France, the Pride of India, when young, is "destroyed by a moderate degree of cold; but if protected until it attains some size, it will endure in the gardens of Geneva an intensity of frost four times as severe as that which killed the young plant in the South of France."† Southern trees can be rendered more robust, if, on being transferred to the North, they are planted where the summers are hot and dry, and where the soil is less humid than that of their native habitats. This prevents the formation of tender, succulent branches, and ripens off the wood before the approach of cold weather. The Oleander will not endure the winter climate of Paris, yet it bears that of Peking, where the cold is much more severe, and this solely because in the latter case the summer is hotter and the soil drier. Southern trees may sometimes

* Some critical physiologists say that, beside the word *acclimatize*, which denotes the supposed process of *making* a tender tree live in a cold climate, we need another term to express the innate power of doing so, originally given to it. The term *conclimation* has been proposed.

† De Candolle, as quoted in Murray's *Encyclopædia of Geography*, Vol. I. p. 239.

be safely removed to the North, if they are planted near the sea, where the climate is softened and kept comparatively uniform by the presence of that vast equalizer of heat. The same result may be attained, in a measure, by setting tender trees in the shelter of surrounding forests, where the fluctuations of temperature are less severe than in the open plain.

With a knowledge of such facts, it is not strange that zealous tree-planters should seek to enrich their collections with specimens from other latitudes. There is hardly a more pleasurable excitement than that of watching the acclimatization of a rare tree; and if the work is successful, it is no vulgar delight to see the strange foliage waving amid the native and familiar trees of one's own premises. It raises the grounds at once above the common fields of the neighborhood, and stamps them as the abode of intelligence and taste. Yet it must be admitted that the acclimatization of tender trees is not generally as successful in practice as theory would lead us to suppose. Many unforeseen contingencies intervene to blast the planter's hopes.* This work should be undertaken only by the intelligent few, and those who have abundant time and means at their disposal. Let amateurs and nurserymen blanket their shivering foreigners, and humor their caprices, for several years, before introducing them into general society; and let the people at large satisfy themselves with those trees which long trial has proved to be really hardy. We honor Mr. Sargent for his persevering endeavors to introduce the finest trees (especially Conifers) of other lands and climates into our own. Yet we question whether his ardent desire to increase the arboricultural riches of his country, and his favorable situation for the growth of tender trees, and his successfully applied skill, have not led him to pronounce a few trees hardy which will not prove entirely so throughout the North. This error, however, if an error it be, is a venial one. By means of such experiments as he and a few others of like tastes are making, our catalogue of ornamental trees, and of

* Some trees from other climates which were expected to prove hardy turn out otherwise; while some from equally warm regions prove quite robust. The hardiness of a tree cannot be determined from its native position, but only by actual experiment.

evergreens in particular, has been greatly enlarged and improved. Among the Pines, there are now, if we mistake not, at least twenty or more varieties that will prove hardy in all the Northern States; of Spruce-Firs, fourteen or fifteen; of Silver-Firs, eight or ten; of the Arbor-Vitæ, five or six; of Junipers, seven or eight; of the Cypress, at least two; and of the Yew, one. Then there are other members of these several families which can be planted in the Middle States, and others still in the Southern. There are also some trees of great rarity and beauty, now on trial, which, it is believed, will prove hardy everywhere; of which we will mention the *Thuiopsis borealis*, or Nootka Sound Cypress, the Weeping Arbor-Vitæ, and Nordmann's Silver-Fir.

With these several species, and their varieties, or even a portion of them, planters may reasonably be content. But whether few or many are chosen, we exhort that they be set out with great care, and afterward protected from injury. Plant a few choice specimens singly upon the lawn, and let them not be trimmed up with vandal axe, but leave their lower branches to trail upon the sod in native luxuriance, and their unbroken foliage to sweep upward and float outward in queenly grace and freedom. Plant some in groups and masses, and so dispose them as to secure depth and richness of color in contrast with lighter shades, always avoiding, however, too great dissimilarity of form. A common and very great fault of planters is the setting of evergreens so near to carriage-roads and walks that in a few years they overspread them, and must be cut down or badly mutilated. The future capacities of every tree should be studied before it is planted.

Another topic, and the leading one in the volumes before us, is the *Laying out of Ornamental Grounds*. Not the least instructive chapter on this subject, in Mr. Kemp's book, is that entitled, "What to Avoid." First of all, the planter should avoid attempting too much. As he reads glowing descriptions of fine country-places, or himself visits them, he is often tempted to copy within his own grounds the most striking features of these several residences. Let him beware. Perhaps those features would be unsuited to his soil, or climate,

or the surrounding scenery ; or if all could be collected in one spot, perhaps they would make a very incongruous medley. Let him avoid frittering away his ground by excessive planting. This is often done, either by setting many timber-trees in premises of small extent, or by planting masses of shrubbery in every part, or by cutting up a large portion of the ornamental grounds into flower-beds, or by intersecting them with needless walks, hedges, and fences. Let the planter shun all trivialities, eccentricities, and shams. Let him avoid a multiplicity of architectural and other ornamental objects. A classic vase, or a sun-dial, in proper position, heightens the charms of a rural scene ; but when statues, arbors, terraces, rookeries, and the like, crowd upon the view at every turn, they give the place an artificial and fantastic appearance, and destroy its breadth, harmony, and repose.

Mr. Sargent writes to the same purport. He comments with just severity upon the excessive haste of Americans "to get through" with their improvements. The house must be built and the grounds planted complete in a single season.

"We do not stop to consider whether a certain style of planting, or selection of trees, harmonizes either with our house or is in character with our grounds. We have an indefinite idea of the pleasure certain effects gave us in other country-places, and we are determined to have those effects in our own, without any reference to propriety or good taste, not from obstinacy, but from ignorance. We have, to be sure, certain rules for planting ; but the lazy are too indolent, and the busy are too hurried, to read or study them. The suggestions of others are readily taken, and the most incongruous and imperfect results necessarily ensue." — p. 428.

As a consequence of this hurry to realize the charms of a country-place at once, our author remarks that we sometimes see

"the most injudicious and tasteless admixture of decapitated forest-trees and dahlias, with vases, evergreens, roses, Altheas, and the various common plants indiscriminately put together, a few inches or at most a few feet apart, in the coarse weedy grass, which is the best apology for a lawn which could be got up in the time, — exposed to the carelessness of workmen and the depredation of road-side cattle." — p. 429.

Mr. Sargent objects also, except in a few specified cases, to the placing of flower-beds, or rare green-house plants, or statuary, or other striking objects, in front of the house, or along the walks and roads leading to the main entrance. Such things interfere with the dignity and repose of a refined home, they distract the attention of a visitor approaching the house, and divert the eye of one who would look abroad upon the distant landscape. Objects like these should be placed in different and distant parts of the grounds, to lure the steps of the family and of visitors from the door-way, and to render a walk through the premises agreeable and entertaining.

Mr. Sargent considers most American places faulty in their "want of a proper termination to the ornamental grounds, or rather, some intelligible division between the ornamental and practical." Instead of obtruding a wooden fence and a hay-field in close proximity to the parlor front of a house, he would surround the lawn with light, inconspicuous, wire fences, and devote the fields immediately beyond to the pasturage of sheep and the finer breeds of cattle. Little would thus be lost in the matter of hay, and much would be gained on the score of taste.

But without dwelling longer on things which our authors would have us avoid, let us notice some objects which, by common consent, ought to be attained. In laying out pleasure-grounds, it is important, first of all, to form a plan according to which the work shall proceed. Such a plan should be drawn only after a long and careful study of the place to be improved. The true artist will inquire at the outset, what is the prevailing spirit and expression of the spot; and he will make this the key to his whole work. He will study well its capabilities, and endeavor to turn them to the best account. He will not seek to alter and distort nature, but will remove whatever is rude and uncongenial, and add whatever may tend to heighten the natural expression of the place. He will seek to adjust and dispose the materials at his command so as to put Nature in the way of producing a more finished piece of work than she would have done if entirely unassisted. Having fully mastered his subject, he will draw out his plan on paper, assigning definite positions to buildings, roads, walks, trees,

shrubs, flower-gardens, hedges, and whatever else may legitimately come into his design. This once carefully done, the remaining work will be comparatively easy. He will not grope in uncertainty, but will proceed with a clearly foreseen knowledge of the results to be attained.

And herein, let us pause to observe, appears the true honor and dignity of the landscape-artist. He stands only a step below the landscape-painter. The ground is his canvas, and trees, soils, rocks, shrubs, and plants are his colors. His materials are, indeed, ruder and more intractable than the painter's. The latter sketches a tree or some scene in nature, and his work stands forth complete at once, and remains unchanged, the object of perpetual admiration ; but the planter's tree must first be a sapling, and this and all the scenes which he forms will change continually, and will not perhaps reach and represent his ideal for many years ; yet his design will be criticised while in its incomplete state. The time will come, however, when his perfected work will reveal the genius and taste of the designer. The true landscape-artist is not a servile copyist, producing only fac-similes of other scenes ; nor even a composer of new scenes by selecting and combining fragments of others, however beautiful, into one. He is an originator. For every place that he would embellish, he invents a new and independent treatment, adapted to its wants and capabilities. If, to do such a work, he does not need

“A poet's feeling and a painter's eye,”

he does need an order of talent not common to men. He must have the power of abstraction and invention, the ability to picture before his own mind the scenes he would create,—

“ To arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views :
Then to dispose his copies with such art
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labor and the skill it cost.”

He must possess much practical knowledge of the forms,

colors, and habits of trees and plants, and of the effects that may be produced by different conceivable methods of arranging them. He must be able to forecast their appearance through the lapse of many years. He needs the nicest delicacy of judgment and feeling, not only to construct his plan well, but also to conceal the art by which the final, grand result will be attained. Surely, this is something more than a merely mechanical operation ; if it is not one of the fine arts, it stands closely related to them, and is worthy of abundant honor.

But to return to the more practical aspects of our subject. A suitable plan having been digested, and drawn out upon paper, we may proceed at once to the preparation of the grounds for planting. At the outset, it will be important to obtain a smooth and well-arranged surface immediately around the residence, as a platform for the building and its adjuncts. Unsightly roughnesses must be graded down, and the whole shaped for the uses to which it is to be applied. Let one be cautious, however, in materially altering the natural features of the place ; a wart on the cheek of beauty is one thing, and a dimple another. Low, wet portions of the ground should be drained, filled up, and levelled off with good soil. Afterward, the whole spot—we refer now especially to the land devoted to ornamental uses—should be thoroughly manured, ploughed, and then harrowed smooth.

This foundation-work having been done, carriage-roads and walks may be laid out. Straight roads do not harmonize with the flowing lines of foliage and the prevailing air of freedom and grace of garden scenes. Nor are they so durable as roads a little curved. The frequent passing of heavy loads over them in wet weather, each wheel following in the same track, is sure to break them up into ruts. The line of beauty here is the line of utility. And yet, as a matter of taste, straight roads and walks are better than the zigzag or the perpetually winding lines sometimes seen in ornamental grounds, which Mr. Downing likens to the contortions of a wounded snake, dragging its way slowly over the earth.* They should ap-

* Much of the ridicule which has been heaped on the straight lines and geometrical figures of Dutch gardening seems to us misapplied. In a level country like

proach the house from the street in gentle curves, not needlessly drawn away from a straight course, and when they deflect, there should be some apparent reason for it. Walks will be needed to other parts of the premises,—as to the stables, kitchen-garden, flower-garden, and perhaps to some rustic seat, waterfall, cool spring, or classic vase. Whatever roads or walks are made should be constructed in a thorough manner. It is not enough to spread a little gravel over rich mould full of the roots and seeds of weeds. The top-soil should be taken off to the depth of about one foot, the space filled with broken stones, and the whole covered with gravel and rolled. This will insure a firm and dry walk at all seasons. We hardly need say, that the walks and roads in a pleasure-ground should always be kept smooth and scrupulously neat.

Let us now pass to the planting of trees. As a general rule, country residences should be marked by an air of secluded cheerfulness and tranquil security. If they are exposed on all sides to the winds, and to the gaping curiosity of the street, they will be quite defective in this particular. The needful air of shelter and retirement may be secured by surrounding one's premises with belts of trees and shrubs. Let them not be set in straight, unbending rows, but in undulating lines, now running up close to the boundaries, and now out into the grounds, forming bays, recesses, and flowing masses of foliage. Nor should they be so planted as to hide from the house any desirable views of the surrounding country. Set them in thick groups where the views are least important, where offensive objects need concealment, and where the winds blow with the greatest violence. Even on those sides where the scenery is finest, trees will not be out of place if skilfully planted. They may be so arranged as to form several different landscapes out of one. They may be made to answer the purpose of picture-frames, heightening the effect of what would otherwise be flat and monotonous.

Holland, where the canals and highways are as straight as an arrow, there is little reason for twisting roads and walks into a fanciful crookedness; and surely, that leading feature of this method — the long, broad avenue, overhung by trees, making a grand Gothic aisle, with natural columns, vaulted roof and twilight shade beneath — is not as absurd as some would represent.

It is sometimes objected to this mode of planting the outskirts of one's grounds, that it is unneighborly and exclusive. Leave your premises open to view on all sides, it is demanded, — to the inspection of the public ; let every passer-by see and enjoy whatever you possess. But then must we not also throw open our houses to the public curiosity ? Pray, leave us a portion of our grounds where we and our families may ramble without undue exposure. There is little true home-feeling in a place which is not partially screened from the publicity and dust of the highway. Moreover, few houses are so faultless in architecture, and few grounds are so complete in their appointments, that their appearance is not improved by a little concealment ; for the imagination fondly pictures something better in what the eye is not permitted to behold. And, not to judge others harshly, we must be allowed to say that the practice of leaving one's grounds entirely open, and crowding the “ front yard ” with statues, trellises, miniature temples, cast-iron dogs, and gaudy flowers, all paraded, like the wares of a tradesman, to catch the public eye, betrays a passion for display which is not to be commended.

Yet, on the other hand, it should be considered that the proprietor of a pleasant country-place owes something to the public. There are many persons of fine moral tastes in every community, who have not the means to surround themselves with lawns and gardens of their own ; and surely they should be allowed glimpses from the road-side of the richer man's beautiful domain, and should always have free access to it. The taste of the public at large will also be much improved by the daily view of well-kept grounds. We hold, therefore, that, while such premises should be encircled by trees sufficient for shelter and privacy, they should be open at certain points to easy observation from without, and should extend to every appreciative visitor a hearty welcome within them.

In setting out trees over the general surface of the ground, it is a good rule to plant sparingly. Let not the space be covered with as many trees as it can hold, like an orchard or a forest. Something is needed beside shade. We want occasional open reaches of lawn, where the sun can smile, and grass and shrubs thrive, and flowers bloom. To determine the

proper position of trees, it has been recommended on high authority to throw a basket of potatoes into the air at random, and to set trees wherever they drop. This advice was given to enable young planters to avoid the formality of straight rows and equal distances. But there is no need of such child's play. Simply to plant at hap-hazard, without design or meaning, will not render a scene natural and pleasing. Every tree should be set with a definite purpose, and may be so disposed as to appear to belong just where it stands. Before commencing to plant, let the proprietor mount to his porch (actual or prospective), or look from the windows of his favorite rooms, and see what desirable views they command of the surrounding country,—a valley, sheet of water, church-spire, distant hills,—and it may be settled that no tree should be allowed to conceal or mar such prospects. If some are set to frame any of these views, let not such be chosen as will make square openings, like the windows of a house, but such as will have flowing outlines, and look as if they were gracefully holding back their branches to allow the spectator a sight of the landscape beyond. Mr. Sargent suggests, as Loudon and others have done, that the improver should first plant his grounds temporarily with poles ten or twelve feet high, setting around each pole a circle of stakes enclosing the space which would eventually be covered by the full-grown tree. Then, by studying the future effects of trees so planted, he will be able to determine with considerable certainty their best possible position.

“If it were our object,” says Mr. Sargent, “to make the most thorough place with the greatest expedition and fewest mistakes, we should plant every group, mass, and single specimen in poles, and allow them to remain when the trees were both in and out of leaf, in order to be quite certain that the planting worked equally well at all seasons, and also to study and be quite sure we were right in the harmony and selection we made of varieties for forming groups and masses.”—p. 449.

Trees may be set in groups, or as detached specimens; the number and size of each to be determined by the extent of the grounds. Every place should contain at least a few choice trees standing alone, with room for their perfect development.

Do not cut away their lower branches. Here and there let one tree of its kind grow, from root to crown, as the God of nature designed it to grow, and see what a miracle of grace and strength it will ere long become. In the words of Downing, let it "stretch its boughs upward freely to the sky, and outward to the breeze, and even downwards toward the earth, — almost touching it with their graceful sweep, till only a glimpse of the fine trunk is had at its spreading base, and the whole top is one great globe of floating, waving, drooping, or sturdy luxuriance, giving one as perfect an idea of symmetry and proportion as can be found short of the Grecian Apollo itself." Groups should be of different sizes and forms. In one, distinct varieties of the same tree may be classed together; in another, different kinds of trees, but such as harmonize in outline of branches and leaves; in another, those which have a general resemblance, but the colors of whose foliage, especially in spring and autumn, are strongly contrasted. In groups of round-headed trees, an occasional fastigiate tree, like the Larch or Poplar, may be set, whose bold spire will give the whole an expression of variety and spirit. Or, without aiming at originality, or following any prescribed rule, one may select from field or forest some of Nature's finer combinations, and endeavor to reproduce them. Whether for planting groups or single specimens, there is a great variety of trees from which to choose. Some are desirable for their early leafing in spring, as the Mountain-Ash, Larch, and Scarlet Maple; others for their gracefulness of form and motion, as the Elm and Willow; others for their deep emerald verdure in summer, as the Linden, Sugar-Maple, and Horse-chestnut; others for their brilliant tints in autumn, as the Ash, Maples, Pepperidge, and Oak; others for the tenacity with which they retain their greenness amid autumnal frosts; and others still for their beauty of proportion, and the neatness and fine color of their branches and twigs even in winter.

Rare trees, and those of smooth bark and pleasing foliage, should be set nearest the house, and the more common and coarse at a distance. Immediately around the dwelling let there be expanses of smooth turf, with an occasional fine tree casting its shadow across it, and, in going from the house, let

the trees approach nearer together until they mingle with the belts at the boundaries.* As an exception to this general rule, it is advisable to leave openings here and there, between the groups, into the remotest parts of one's grounds, and to have these vistas terminate in some agreeable object, as an arbor, a shady dell, or favorite tree with a seat beneath it.

The narrow limits of nearly all country-places detract much from the pleasure which would otherwise attach to them. In surveying the lawns of a fine residence, or in treading its retired walks, rapt in dreamy contemplation, it is quite ludicrous, if not annoying, to come suddenly upon a board fence, or into visibly close proximity to a neighbor's cow-yard. Such conjectures are not always avoidable, but they may be provided against in some measure by skilful planting. As we have already remarked, the boundaries of premises so exposed may be set with impervious masses of trees and shrubs. Walks, also, may be so laid as not to bring one face to face with the fences, and the grounds may be so intersected by scattered groups and thickets, that a stranger will seldom be able to discern the exact limits of the place. If not too critical and prying, he will pursue his walk a long time under the pleasing illusion that the scene of beauty around him is one of indefinite extent.

In the arrangement of garden scenes, it is important to plan them so as to keep awake the curiosity of the spectator. If he sees the whole at a glance, his interest is at once sated. "And is this all?" he mentally exclaims; whereas, if a portion of the territory were always shut out from view, his expectation would be kept continually alive. This end can be reached by the setting of groups and rambling screens of low trees and shrubs along the sides of walks and at their intersections, concealing one path from another, and cutting off, for the time, views of other parts of the grounds. And then the walks, as

* Of a certain country-seat in England, Loudon says: "Nothing can be more judiciously disposed than the trees in this ground. Immediately in front of the house, the surface contains very few trees, but at a short distance these commence, at first thinly scattered and sparingly grouped, and then increased in number till the groups unite in masses, and the masses are lost in one grand valley of wood."

they wind away here and there, should lead past objects which will reward the curiosity,—as now a sun-dial, or pillar with significant inscription, then a classic vase, or bed of flowers set in a grassy bay,—or to some point where a fine landscape bursts on the view, where

“ Nature in her unaffected dresse,
Plaited with vallies and imbold with hills,
Enchast with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely.”

Mr. Kemp well observes:—

“ Where the place will at all justify it,— and it must be restricted indeed if it will not do so,— the walks and plants should be so disposed as to afford as many different views as possible. From no single point, unless it be an elevated one, should every part be seen. A lawn need not be like a bowling-green, with a simple fringe of plantation; but should have a variety of minor glades and recesses, that are only to be discovered and examined from particular points.” — p. 42.

Mr. Sargent writes to the same purpose:—

“ In this country, where we have no rural sports as in England, nothing in fact for the amusement of our friends and visitors, except what is beautiful or interesting on our grounds or in our gardens, we have always thought it highly desirable not to tell our whole story from the house, but to set aside in different and distant portions of the place all our objects of interest,— a flower-garden in one spot, the vegetable-garden in another, an arboretum or pinetum in a third; and so make and multiply as it were various interests in different parts,— properly connected, but as widely separated as convenience or space will allow,— which shall furnish to our guests excuses for a walk, and give to a small place the appearance of a large one; in other words, to afford as much interest and diversion as the capacity of the grounds will allow, and prevent that ennui and fatigue which nothing to see and nothing to do produces, not only in our visitors, but in our own families. We cannot well imagine anything more dreary than those country-places where there is no motive to go out, because everything is gathered and crowded around the house, and can be seen from the windows.” — p. 432.

We are glad to see the custom revived in some quarters, of forming small gardens of native plants as episodes in pleasure-grounds. A corner of the premises distant from the house is

generally selected,—and if it have any natural touches of wildness, it is all the better; the original soil is mostly removed, and its place supplied with leaf-mould and peat; trees and shrubs from the woods are set out in it indiscriminately, and so close together as to produce depth of shade; a few mossy rocks or boulders are scattered about in it, and perhaps some half-decayed logs and stumps. The outskirts of the spot are fringed with a thicket of bushes and low trees, chiefly evergreens, to give the place as secluded and forest-like an air as possible. Then, smaller plants of all sorts are brought in from the forests, and the ground is carpeted with trailing arbutus, pigeon-berry, cowslip, violets, columbine, spring-beauty, moccason-flower, orchis, and a multitude of other plants familiar to every rambler in the woods, and especially dear to the botanist. The clematis, wild grape, American ivy, and other indigenous vines, clamber over bush and tree; ferns, asters, and golden-rod wave amid rocks and mouldering logs, in native luxuriance.

Now, if one were seeking only to produce the most striking effects in landscape gardening, it could hardly be better accomplished than by introducing such a feature as this into his pleasure-grounds,—leading his walks away from the open, highly dressed lawn, gay with exotics, through such a spot, canopied and dark with trees, and wild with rocks and roots, tangled vines, and plants in endless variety. Of course, such a nook would not be complete without a few rustic seats for the accommodation of “talking age and whispering lovers,” or whosoever else might chance that way.

Hardly enough account is made in books on landscape gardening of the uses of shrubs. With the valuable additions made to them during the last ten years, they are nearly as important to the rural improver as trees themselves. As a general fact, forest trees are planted too abundantly around private residences. When they attain to maturity, they become larger than the owner expected, and, in his reluctance to hew them down, they often remain to obstruct the view of the surrounding landscape, and to overshadow and injure the grass and flowering plants beneath them. If shrubs of the larger sort were oftener employed instead of trees, the effect

would be much better. The catalogues now furnish us those of all sizes, and of every variety of form and tint of leaf which vegetation is known to assume. They may be used as fringes to groups of trees, giving an easy sweep from the branches to the grass beneath. They may be trained as miniature trees, or kept in low, dense banks of foliage, or cut into any shape which the fancy may dictate. They answer an excellent purpose, also, as screens to hide the rear premises from the ornamental portions ; and, when coupled with vines, to link the house to the grounds about it. In small places, like city and village lots, they may be arranged on the same artistic principles as trees in a more ample domain, and the effect will be to give such grounds an appearance of larger extent.

Mr. Kemp and Mr. Sargent give us some excellent hints on the management of lawns ; we could only wish that they had gone more largely into the subject. No feature of a country-place is more important than this. It matters not how numerous and costly its other decorations may be. A fine house, groups and avenues of goodly trees, flower-beds, statues, and fountains are all very well ; but they do not completely fill the eye of correct taste unless they rest upon a broad base of smooth turf. It is questionable whether the ground immediately about the dwelling should be devoted, in any considerable degree, to flowers. It is not easy to keep cultivated beds in a state of perfect neatness, and if it were, the eye would sooner tire of their glittering colors than of a simple, unbroken expanse of grass. The prevailing expression of a country home should be that of repose, and this expression is interfered with if the lawn is cut up into flower-beds. The flowers themselves are gay and exhilarating, and the sight of parterres suggests thoughts of the time and labor necessary to construct them and to keep them in order. If flowers are admitted to the front lawn, it should be only a few constant bloomers set in small, circular beds cut out of the turf by the margins of the walks. Of this, however, we shall speak again in another place.

A well-kept lawn possesses an air of refinement. It distinguishes the place at once from the uncultivated wildness of nature. It speaks of the hand of taste, which has fenced it

in from the common earth, smoothing down its roughnesses, heightening its native charms, and still watching over it with affectionate care. It links the spot by association with the elegant and happy homes of other lands and other times. It is "dipped in poetry." Lawns have a permanent beauty. In spring, the grass starts up at the first song of the robin; in summer, if the ground is fertile, it is nearly as fresh as in spring; the fragrance of its frequent mowings is more delicious than the "extracts" of Parisian apothecaries; the sight of children at play upon it, or of tree-shadows stretching across it, at morning and evening, is a study which painters love; it heeds not the winds which despoil trees and flowers of their beauty; and in autumn, amid falling leaves and prevailing gloom, it retains its cheerful verdure until hidden by winter snows.

A good lawn is never found ready made: it is a work of art. If the soil is stiff and wet, it should be drained; for in such ground sorrel and mosses will soon outroot the finer grasses, and trees and shrubs will lead only a miserable existence. Draining should be followed by a thorough breaking up of the soil two feet in depth. The chief reason why so many lawns turn brown in summer is that the ground is so poor and shallow. Trench and enrich it, and the grasses will flourish in unchanging green. It is not enough to manure the surface; that may cause the grass to start vigorously in the spring, but will not insure its freshness throughout the summer. Make the soil deep and moderately fertile through its whole depth, and it will furnish a fine, thick sward, patiently enduring the heat of the dog-star and the withholding of the latter rain. This foundation-work being done, the surface may be raked smooth and sowed with grass-seed. If red-top and blue-grass are used, because they make so excellent a turf, let a little white clover and sweet-scented grass be thrown into the mixture, for the sake of their rich fragrance. If the space is quite small, seeding may be dispensed with, and the ground covered at once with sods from the road-side.

To this we might add, that a lawn will not take care of itself. It must be mowed once in ten days or a fortnight, and frequently rolled. Every few years, a light dressing of old

manure or of guano should be applied, and a little fresh grass-seed scattered over the surface.*

Leaving now the subject of lawns, we beg leave to add a few words on the position of flower-gardens. In excluding flowers mostly from the lawn, we would by no means exclude them from our grounds. Rather would we give them a sunny and somewhat retired position on one side of the residence, laying out the beds with care, and making the whole spot as attractive as possible. Here would we gather the plants of old renown, as well as the modern favorites. Fox-glove, monkshood, paeonies, pinks, and poppies should have equal honor with Salvias, Tritomas, Dicentras, and Japan lilies. Of annuals, perennials, and flowering vines and shrubs, some would be too straggling and ill-assorted for the highly-dressed grass-plot; but here they should all have their own ways, and their waxing and waning beauty should gladden the eyes of all who love flowers for their own sake, and not for their mere fashionableness.† We would, however, venture to set a few plants in other and distant parts of the grounds, before masses of shrubbery, and by the side of walks, and in sheltered nooks and unlooked-for places. The unexpected pleasure they would afford might atone for their violation of any canon of the authours.

Our limits will not allow us to enlarge upon other topics suggested by these volumes. Much might be said of the healthfulness of the rural pursuits herein set forth,—bring-

* Since the publication of the volumes before us, accounts have appeared in the English horticultural papers of a proposed substitute for grass in the formation of lawns. It is producing a great "sensation" abroad. Its name is *Spergula pilifera*, and its description, a good deal toned down, is this: A dwarf, perennial Alpine plant, with close, compact, grass-like stems from a quarter to half an inch in height. When once established, it forms a thick, velvet sward, which is uninjured by heat or cold, shade or sunshine. It blooms in July, and "its small, salver-shaped white flowers present the picture of an emerald carpet, spangled with innumerable silver stars." It is so dwarfish in its habit, that *it requires no mowing*, but is improved by a thorough sweeping after the flowers have dried up. It should be rolled once a month. Whether this novel plant will flourish as well amid the vicissitudes of an American climate as under an English sky, remains to be seen. It will undoubtedly be soon tried.

† If any of our readers wish to construct a formal flower-garden, in antique style, we advise them to consult Lord Bacon's famous essay, "Of Gardens," in which they will find all the details.

ing one, as they do, into the open air, and amid the cheerful aspects of nature, and furnishing salutary exercise. We might discourse, also, of their moral influence. They withdraw one from manifold scenes of temptation ; they retain him within the conservative atmosphere of home ; they tend to repress evil passions ; they foster habits of industry and order ; they shed over the daily path an air of refinement and grace ; they cherish intelligent sympathy with Nature's processes and laws, and inspire a feeling of dependence on the care of Divine Providence.

To the happiness of these pursuits, all history and all literature bear testimony. From the beginning, it has been held the most desirable mode of life to reside in the country, surrounded by accessories of rural comfort and taste. "God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, "and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Man's primal home was a garden, and even now, in his better moments, he yearns for that scene of beauty. Behold the patriarch Jacob solacing himself among his herbs and shrubs, at Hebron. Was not Solomon quite a botanist for his time, and did he not lay out grounds, and plant trees, and build fountains, just outside the holy city ? If indeed he wrote "Vanity and Vexation of Spirit" on his garden wall, yet doubtless his training and pruning eased the burden of his kingly crown. Homer fondly recalls his paternal orchard, with its thirteen pear-trees. Need we speak of Horace, among his mallows ; or of Cicero at Tusculum ; or of Pliny, recording for posterity the plan of his garden, and a list of all the plants growing in the Roman empire ; or of Buffon at Montbard ; or of Evelyn, Walpole, Temple, and in short of nearly all the poets, statesmen, and philosophers of England, who have borne testimony to their love of gardens ? More than one has declared, with Pope, that of all his works he was proudest of his garden ; and with Scott, that of all his compositions he thought most highly of his composition for making trees grow. "I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness," says Cowley, "as that one which I have always had, — that I might be master at last of a small house and a large

garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and the study of nature." Nor have these pursuits been the delight of illustrious men alone. The poor and the unlettered, within narrower limits and with less numerous and less costly trees and plants, have found in what fortune permitted them a pleasure none the less sweet. God has hidden a great deal of happiness in the culture of a single rood of ground. Ofttimes the humble man has found more enjoyment in his vine-clad cottage, and his little, well-tilled garden, than the king in his broad domains.

At the present day, horticulture in some form is a very general pursuit. The man of business finds in it a pleasing recreation from care; it is a bath to the student's heated brain; the statesman, while occupied in it, meets no rivalries or thwarted plans, and rejoices to see that, for once, his speculations do no serious injury. Where is childhood happier than in the garden plucking flowers, sowing and planting and pulling up daily, to see how the little things get on? Youth and manhood here find agreeable occupation, and in life's Indian summer the calm retreat and friendly aspect of the garden seem specially adapted to man's condition and wants.

There is much landscape-gardening in dream-land. It is practised chiefly by dwellers in cities, and those who possess real estate only in anticipation. Their grounds lie mostly in the clouds of sunset. Perpetual summer reigns there. The fruits are abundant, and of exquisite flavor; flowers fill the air with celestial odors, and birds carol songs of unimagined sweetness. Bees gather the honey of Hymettus in the vales, and on the lawny slopes fair-haired children sing and play. The philosopher's stone is there, and the fountain of perpetual youth. The atmosphere is seldom so clear as to disclose the rigid outlines of things. Even the nearest objects are veiled with a dreamy, rose-tinted haze, and the distant mountains fade off into an uncertain sky. Such trees and plants never grew before. Such velvet lawns, purling brooks, and leaping fountains mortal eye never saw. No devastating storms break over these fair gardens; no untimely frost or mildew blights their

foliage; weeds and insects do not annoy, nor thieves break through and steal.

That the books which stand at the head of this article have fostered this style of gardening somewhat, we do sincerely believe; and if so, it is by no means to their discredit.

We could wish that the love of gardening, both the useful and ornamental, might increase and spread through all ranks of our people, especially that our farmers and landholders might become more familiar with the principles of landscape improvement, and be imbued with a hearty and practical interest in the embellishment of the country, for in their keeping a large portion of our scenery lies. Well would it be if every owner of an acre of ground endeavored to enrich and adorn it to its utmost capacity. And what we could so much desire is slowly coming to pass. The old love of gardening is reviving with new spirit. Every year an increasing number of persons resort to the country to engage in fruit-culture, and to establish pleasant rural homes for their families.

May we be allowed to close our remarks with a word of exhortation to this brotherhood of planters? To be most successful and happy in your work, do it not altogether by proxy. Grasp it with your own hands, and identify yourselves, soul and body, with it. Mr. Downing never uttered truer words than these:—

“We have little doubt that he who [in laying out his grounds] directs personally the curve of every walk, selects and plants every tree and shrub, and watches with solicitude every evidence of beauty and progress, extracts from his work a more intense degree of pleasure than he who only directs in a general sense the arrangement of a vast estate. We can hardly conceive a more rational source of enjoyment, than to be able to walk, in the decline of years, beneath the shadow of umbrageous groves planted by our own hands, and whose growth has become almost identified with our own progress and existence.”

“Ah, sir, that is all very well; but we may not live to enjoy the trees we plant. Have you never heard of the student who, on being told that the crow would sometimes live a hundred years, bought a young crow to try the experiment?”—Yes, indeed, we have heard of him,—the irony is excellent,—

and of Dr. Johnson's growl about "the frightful interval between the seed and the timber." Still, we say, plant trees. They who plant at once, instead of wasting their breath in selfish complaints of the shortness of life, find luxuriant foliage waving over them much sooner than they expected. But, whether you live to see the maturity of your trees or not, be benevolent enough to plant for posterity. Transmit to your children the inheritance of rural beauty received from your fathers, greatly augmented. By all means plant, and plant well, and the result will overpay the labor. And let not your work end with planting. Feed your trees from year to year with generous food, and guard them from injury. And, in the words (slightly altered) of an old planter: "What joy may you have in seeing the success of your labors while you live, and in leaving behind you, to your heirs or successors, a work that, many years after your death, shall record your love to your country! And the rather, when you consider to what length of time your work is like to last." If you have country homes to embellish, be content with simplicity. Remember that a great establishment is a great care, and that the proprietor is apt to become a slave to it. Let your dwelling-places be marked with what painters call "repose." Make them the abodes of comfort and refined enjoyment, places which will always afford you agreeable occupation, but not oppress you with care. Of this mode of rural life, it may be said, as of Cleopatra's beauty,—

" Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale
Its infinite variety."

Proceeding in this way, you will certainly find in your work, from year to year, as pure enjoyment as ever falls to the lot of mortals. And if, as it is said, there are a hundred thousand species of plants known, and at least thirty millions of varied combinations of landscape scenery possible, you will not soon lack for employment.

But we must stay our pen: *Non omnes arbusta juvant.* The volumes which have suggested our remarks are honorable to the taste and enterprise of the mother country and our own. We heartily commend them to the reading public.

ART. III.—*The History of North Carolina: with Maps and Illustrations.* By FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D. Vols. I., II. Fayetteville: E. J. Hale and Son. 1857—58. 8vo. pp. 254, 591.

WE are glad that the task of writing the history of North Carolina has been undertaken by one whose devotion to his native State will prompt him to consecrate his best energies to the illustration of her annals. We have now some assurance that this much desired work will be completed, and in a style befitting the manly deeds of those whose achievements are to be recorded, and the calm and constant prosperity of that steadfast commonwealth. The task is undertaken by Dr. Hawks with many and great advantages over his predecessors, and the work is commended to the public by the high *prestige* of his widely extended reputation. He has been, for many years, well known, both at home and abroad, as one of the ablest and most eloquent divines of the Episcopal Church; his previous publications have made him familiar with the mysteries of authorship; and he is understood to have been long engaged in gathering the materials for this favorite work. Of the value of these, and of the skill with which he uses them, the two volumes before us will enable us to judge.

Of the memorials of past events which are necessary for the clear understanding of the history of North Carolina, it is very evident that Dr. Hawks has succeeded in obtaining large numbers, and those of inestimable worth, which were beyond the reach, or escaped the research, of the previous historians of that State. Many of them we owe to his examination of the repositories of public records in England, and many also have been brought out from their hiding-places in old chests and clerks' offices, at the bidding of one who, it was believed, would keep them safe and use them to an excellent purpose. We speak of safe-keeping advisedly, as it is well known, and deeply regretted, that a great part of the documents on which some of the former historians of North Carolina relied for their representations are now lost beyond the hope of recovery. They have been taken away from the State, and no

knowledge of them now remains. The historical inquirer is therefore compelled to depend simply on the declaration of some who have gone before him, (and this in matters involving the good name of large bodies of men,) and cannot test their accuracy by an appeal to the testimony on which they rested. If in any quarter he finds statements conflicting with theirs, it becomes no easy matter to decide how much credit is to be given to those who quote no authority, or an authority which they themselves have caused or allowed to disappear. Within a few years, however, a new sense of the value of such treasures, and a new interest in the disclosures to which they lead, seem to have been awakened in that region. The result has been the bringing to light and use of a vast number of important documents whose existence had not been suspected; and the further result, almost of course, must follow, that many transactions about which men had made up their minds are to be re-examined, and a new verdict rendered. The same may be true again. The discovery of new testimony hereafter may enforce a revision of our judgments also. Tryon, Martin, and Howard may lose some portion of the opprobrium that now rests on their names, as we see Mr. Froude has cleared away the reproach from Henry VIII. But certainly, in regard to the richness and value of his materials, Dr. Hawks has vastly the advantage of his predecessors, while in historical judgment, and in skill as a writer, he has no very formidable competitors among them. Indeed, it is a cause of wonder that the people of North Carolina have been so long content with a meagre outline, and an unskilfully written compilation.

The earliest permanent settlements in North Carolina were made about the time when the first charter was granted to the Proprietors by Charles II., in 1663. The earliest historical account of the country was written by John Lawson, and published in 1709. Lawson came to this State, from England, through Charleston, in 1700. Leaving that city near the close of that year, he started on an overland expedition, by a route which it is now difficult to trace, though his narrative of it is very curious, and came finally to Bath, on the Pamlico River, where he established his head-quarters. In 1711 he was the Surveyor-General of North Carolina. This office demanded

skill, energy, integrity, and some measure of learning; and as it conferred a rather high social rank, and brought him into frequent association with the leading men of the Province, it implied a general confidence in him, and authorizes us to suppose him in every way a man of worth and a gentleman. Of the events of his personal history little is known except the tragical circumstances of his death. The Indians who dwelt on the borders of the white settlements, especially the Tuscaroras, feared and hated him; for they looked upon him as the main agent in depriving them of their lands. Speedily after Lawson had traversed the country with his surveying-chain, portions of these lands, one after another, passed under the claim and into the possession of their grasping neighbors. Well aware, no doubt, of the danger into which he was entering, though not aware of the conspiracy the savages had already formed to exterminate at one blow all their enemies, Lawson, in company with the Baron de Graffenried and a single servant, started from Newbern to ascertain how far the Neuse River was navigable, and discover what kind of country there was farther on. They were seized by the Indians, brought before a numerous council of chiefs, and sentenced to death. This sentence was executed on Lawson with every refinement of savage cruelty. "They stuck him full (so the Indians said) of fine, small splinters of torch-wood, like hog's bristles, and so set them gradually on fire." This was on the 22d of September. On the same day, the whole region along the Neuse and Pamlico rivers was made desolate by one universal act of horrid massacre, of which Lawson's murder was the first scene, and a specimen only of its hideous cruelties. In every settlement, at almost every house, the slaughter was begun, and that by Indians who had become inmates or welcome guests in the households, where they entered with smiles for purposes of death. In two hours' time one hundred and thirty were slain. For three days the slaughter raged, passed the Chowan, and ravaged the whole district north of the Albemarle. The planter was shot down in the field, the traveller was waylaid in the forest, and the blood of old men and maidens dyed their own hearthstone. In the alarm it excited, the manly resistance and punishment it called out, and

its final result in breaking down the power of the Indians, this was the most memorable event in the first half-century of civilized life in North Carolina.

As no one had a more extensive and accurate knowledge of the country than Lawson, no one could have so successfully attempted the peculiar history which he wrote. It contains the results of the observations made during his travels and surveys in North Carolina, in which little that was noteworthy seems to have escaped him; and, with no large amount of information touching the character of individuals, or the policy of parties, or the frame and operation of the government, he has left us a picture of the resources, natural features, and social habits of the Province, which, while highly interesting in itself, is rendered the more so to us by the lapse of a hundred and fifty years. His sketches of the natural history of the country form the largest portion of the work, and he seems to have been well fitted for this labor by scientific attainments, as well as by the habit of careful observation. His account of the Indian tribes, which is remarkably full and minute, is of complete authority, and now, when most of them have disappeared from the country, it has a peculiar and melancholy value. This work of Lawson is now scarce, and in great request. We know, after much inquiry, of the existence of only four copies in this country. About 1820 a copy, then thought to be unique, was offered for sale at auction in North Carolina, and after a very spirited competition of public institutions, as well as private persons, who were anxious to possess so rare a work, it is said to have been knocked down—a very small, thin quarto—for nearly sixty dollars.

The next in the series of sketches of North Carolina is entitled, "The Natural History of North Carolina: with an Account of the Trade, Manners, and Customs of the Christian and Indian Inhabitants, &c." It was written by John Brickell, M. D., and was published in Dublin in 1737. He seems to have resided in Carolina several years in the practice of his profession, under the patronage, it is supposed, of Governor Burrington, and perhaps sent out by the company of the Lords Proprietors. The resemblances between his and Lawson's book

are so many and important, that Brickell is supposed to have been largely indebted to his predecessor, and indeed to have trusted to Lawson's report as much as to his own observation. It is understood to have been written for the especial purpose of inducing emigrants to select their homes in that Province, and many of the statements in it, and the coloring of the whole, are thought to have had their origin in his earnest desire to gratify the wish of those who owned the country to sell their lands. There prevails, therefore, a very general distrust of his authority, and a well-grounded doubt of his claims to originality. In these respects his book is of very little worth, and certainly has no peculiar excellence of style to compensate for so great deficiencies.

Three quarters of a century had passed, the feeble Province had for many years been a State, and the actors in the Revolution which wrought this change had mainly passed away, before another attempt was made to write the history of North Carolina. This, too, was made by one not a native of her soil. Hugh Williamson was a native of Pennsylvania, and was, in his day, a man of much celebrity for his scientific attainments and philosophical researches, as well as for the part he took in the events of the Revolution. He was one of the committee of the American Philosophical Society who were selected to observe the transit of Venus and Mercury over the sun's disc, in 1767 ; and many of his papers are published in the Transactions of that Society. Some commercial business brought him to Edenton, N. C., where he resided for many years, and was engaged in the practice of medicine. He mingled much also in political affairs, was a member of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and served for more than one term in the House of Representatives. The later years of his life were passed in the city of New York, in the quiet pursuit of literary and philosophical studies. Here he published, in 1812, his History of North Carolina, in two octavo volumes. For some time this was the only work on the subject, and even now perhaps is as extensively known as any other ; yet it has never been satisfactory to the historical student, nor adequate to the wants of the people of the State, nor in any way very creditable to them.

It is brought substantially to a close with a scanty narrative of "the Regulators' war," and of the fight at Alamance in 1771; and does not pretend to give a sketch even of the causes and events which introduced the Revolution. Of the period actually included in the work the details are meagre, and often very imperfect. However extensive and careful the author's researches may have been, they do not seem to have provided him very amply with materials, nor were the materials which he possessed used with any uncommon skill. The work is written in a neat, easy, agreeable style; yet is in no way a History that the people of North Carolina ought to be proud of.

Most of our readers are familiar with the name of François Xavier Martin. His was a singular career. A native of Marseilles, a bankrupt merchant in Martinique, a friendless stranger in Newbern, he rose to vast wealth, the highest professional distinction, and a national reputation, by his own patient energy of will. When he came to Newbern, he gained a livelihood by teaching French, and by translating, printing, and selling French novels. In addition to these pursuits, he occasionally printed a newspaper, packed the copies in his saddle-bags, and peddled them through the adjoining counties. He became a very voluminous writer, and was subsequently the Attorney-General and the Chief Justice of Louisiana. During his residence in North Carolina, he made the necessary preparations for a History of that State, in two octavo volumes, though it was not given to the public till after his removal. It was published in 1829. It is plain to every reader of these volumes, that Judge Martin had no ambition to be what is called a philosophical historian. There is no attempt to set forth events in their relation of cause and effect, nor even to state them in such a way that this relation shall become obvious to the reader. On the contrary, his History is thrown mainly into the form of annals. The succession of paragraphs seems to be determined by nothing else than by the juxtaposition of their contents in the order of time. So far does he carry this principle of mere chronological connection, that he inserts events which occurred in distant quarters of the globe, and had no relation other than of time, to events which took place in North Carolina. In reading this History,

one cannot suspect that the author was ever tempted to misstate a fact for the sake of an antithesis, or to sacrifice the truth of history for point and elegance of style. The utmost he seems to have aimed at—if indeed his real aim was not simply to make a book, to sell—was clearness and precision; and though he sometimes rises to a rude picturesqueness of description, it seems to be done almost unconsciously, and he falls back, with no appearance of remorse, to the bald disjointedness of his ordinary expression. Yet, with these defects, the work has certainly great merits also. There is a large accumulation of important facts. The statement of them is made with much perspicuity. Though doubtless, in many particulars, imperfect and inaccurate, still we know him to have been a careful compiler. Whenever documents, now accessible, are quoted or abridged, we find that this is done with a painstaking regard to truth. The structure of the work betrays many marks of haste, and of a deficient sense of fitness and proportion, but there are no indications of carelessness in ascertaining and truly expressing the meaning of his authorities. The narrative comes down no later than the Declaration of Independence.

The volume by Joseph Seawell Jones, “*Defence of North Carolina*,” (Raleigh, 1834,) though written in a very sprightly and vigorous style, and entirely trustworthy, except where the prejudices of the author misled him, can hardly be called a history. It was written to vindicate the State of North Carolina, and especially the character of William Hooper, “from the aspersions of Mr. Jefferson.” It answers this purpose admirably, and is a work of much interest and value for the period it covers, from 1771 to 1776.

Thus far we find that no one attempted the history of the *State*, nor of the Revolutionary war, except in its earliest periods. Monographs, which cannot be too highly prized, have indeed been written, on different aspects or portions of this latter period, by Dr. Hawks, Governor Swain, and Governor Graham;—all, men eminently qualified to do justice to such themes, and than whom none are more familiar with the history of the State which has reared and honored them. The memoir of General Davie, by Professor Hubbard, that of David

Caldwell, by Dr. Caruthers, and "The Old North State" of the same author, the sketches of the history of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, by William Henry Foote, and the memoir of Judge Iredell, by G. J. McRee, all throw some light on the events of the Revolutionary times, and are important aids to the historical inquirer; yet their value in this respect, however great, is only incidental to their main purpose. The "Historical Sketches of North Carolina, from 1584 to 1851," by John H. Wheeler, published in two octavo volumes, in 1851, is a more comprehensive work, and, as its title shows, covers the whole ground. Yet we cannot but think it very inadequate and unsatisfactory. The whole of the proper history of the Colony, Province, and State is very meagrely told, in one volume of one hundred and forty pages. The second volume, of nearly five hundred pages, is occupied with a series of County Histories, and these are chiefly filled with biographical sketches of the more prominent men in each county. The form of the second volume is very convenient, especially to the people of that State; and Mr. Wheeler has certainly rescued from oblivion a great number of events, which but for his researches might have been lost, and of persons, of whom this will be the only memorial. Some of these biographies are ably written, and the State may well be grateful for them, as also for the narratives of many encounters between the Whigs and Tories, which he has procured from the actors, or culled from the newspapers of the day, and which, though they may make a slight figure in a general history, are matters which will long stir the blood of those who live in their immediate precinct. There is also in this volume a very large amount of statistical information. It has been compiled, evidently, with great labor; and we can only regret that a like labor was not bestowed upon the collation of its several parts, and the correction of the press. We find contradictory statements of the same subject in different portions of the volume, and the work is so grossly inaccurate, particularly in respect to dates, that it can hardly anywhere be relied on. No one would be safe in referring to it as a sole authority. The style of this work, though generally plain and explicit, need not discourage competitors on the same field.

This brief review of the historical literature of North Carolina will show that Dr. Hawks has no very formidable rivalry to encounter. There is another fact, of which he will understand the import, that, of all the works we have named, no one has ever appeared in a second edition. This fact we are disposed to impute not so much to an indifference of the people to their history, as to their demand that the story of their trials, sufferings, achievements, and success shall be worthily told.

The two volumes of his History which Dr. Hawks has given to the public are fair specimens of his ability and skill in this department, and furnish good augury of what the coming volumes are to be. The first volume is prepared on a plan which is quite unique in our histories. It consists, mainly, of a reprint from Hakluyt of the reports and narratives of the original explorers and adventurers under Raleigh's patent. Intermingled with these is a copious running commentary, intended to clear up obscure statements and settle disputed points. This commentary is inserted, in a smaller type, in the text. We incline to the opinion, that it would have been better to place these comments and illustrations at the bottom of the page. Such a course would have avoided the interruptions — sometimes vexatious — to the continuity of the narrative. We do not like to have the notes thus thrust upon us, and choose to be left to our own discretion when to read them, as well as whether to read them at all. We notice with more regret, that throughout these narratives the spelling has been modernized, — a change which affects only the aspect indeed, and not the substance, of the record, yet alters, to our eye very disagreeably, its original character. The plan of giving the account of the early explorations in the language of the explorers themselves, is worthy of all commendation. We are thus brought face to face with those early worthies. We behold the wonders of the New World as with their eyes, and thus can sympathize with their impressions, and enjoy as they did the strange novelties they saw everywhere. We hear them relate, at each day's close, the discoveries and rare adventures of the day, in their own simple, racy language. We lose all thought of the lapse of nearly three hundred years, and seem to stand

beside them on the sandy shores of Roanoke Island, to take our place in the boat that explores the unknown windings of the far-off Moratoc, to feast with them on the endless profusion of luscious grapes, the rich odors and imperial beauty of the flowers and forests, and all the splendors of that “goodliest soil under the cope of heaven,” and to feel our hearts stirred by prophetic hopes of the coming greatness and glory of the new continent.

That was indeed a day never to be forgotten, when Amadas and Barlow first set foot on the soil of Carolina. Efforts had been made, at intervals, for more than seventy years, by different European nations, to gain a permanent foothold on the eastern shore of what is now the United States. De Leon had vainly sought on the coasts of Florida for his fountain, whose waters should impart an immortality of youth; and Narvaez and De Soto had made similar fruitless quests, and had, like him, perished in the search for the yellow ore which it was thought would make man's brief life happy. Coligni had, to no purpose, sought a distant refuge and home for the oppressed and despairing Huguenots, even in the region where, in after generations, the descendants of that noble race of men found most hospitable entertainment. The Spanish Catholic, who called the country his, could murderously shut out his erring brethren, who yet claimed to be of the same household of faith, but could make no permanent lodgement there for himself. The savage atrocities of Melendez, and the fierce revenge of De Gourges, were effective against their enemy, but fruitless as regarded themselves. The efforts of the French and of the Spanish crown were alike abortive. It was reserved for a more enterprising people to achieve the mastery of the newly discovered world; and the first step was taken in that series of wonderful and glorious successes which have made this nation what it is, when that feeble company planted the standard of Elizabeth on the shores of North Carolina. This effort even was rewarded with no immediate and complete prosperity. A permanent settlement was to be made elsewhere. Jamestown and Plymouth were to be the spots, chosen of Heaven and revered by men, to which the coming generations of this vast country were to trace upward the line of

their derivation. But the endeavor of these noble adventurers, though in the common estimate of men a failure, was still a glorious success; for thirty and forty years before Jamestown and Plymouth were known, or named, it intimated the direction, showed the way, demonstrated the possibility, of English colonization in America; and in the eyes of all who read history aright, and care to pause in reverence at those points on which the world's history has turned, no less than Plymouth and Jamestown will that sandy island in the Albemarle be a hallowed spot forever.

Yet what a difference has been made between these places in the actual judgments of men! Plymouth is the Mecca of New England,—we may say, of the United States. From every quarter of our wide confederacy men come, in groups or as solitary pilgrims, to pay their thanksgivings and renew their vows of patriotic devotion at the rock which, as they think, became the corner-stone of this vast empire. And of the sons of New England, who is ever weary in speaking, or hearing, of that birthplace of our country's existence? Year by year its multitudes assemble there to celebrate its anniversary; its most eloquent orators bring thither the master-works of their genius, to perpetuate and augment, if that may be, the renown of the Pilgrim Fathers; and on that day, if on no other, the affections of all loyal Americans turn to it, as to the common home of their sentiments, their recollections, and their hopes. And surely no man can censure this spontaneous reverence, this heart's homage, as honorable to the living men who feel it, as it is to the memory of those whose generous deeds have inspired it.

Thus is it also, in a degree, at Jamestown. As the traveller, native or stranger, is borne along the smooth current of the James River, the sight, as he passes it, of that solitary broken arch mantled with ivy, and in its whole aspect proclaiming its utter loneliness and abandonment, breaks off his merry talk, and he, perforce, bows his head reverently for a moment; for he feels himself in the presence of those heroic men, who, ages ago, laid the foundations of this ancient commonwealth. There was the scene of their labors. There they planted and builded;—planted the seed from which have sprung a glorious progeny of States; builded, or at least began to build, a

frame of government, which has expanded to the wide-spreading dome of our confederated Republic. The spirit of the place for a while overpowers him; but, as he passes onward, the spell loses its hold upon him, and speedily the great and good of other days cease to be remembered. How seldom it is that the people of Virginia gather there! There have been such doings,—a crowded assembly, a display of soldiery, words of eloquence, smiles of beauty, the souls of spectators roused to a fitful and transient emotion; and when the morrow's sun has risen, all has passed away into oblivion. It may be that the wise and patriotic statesmen of the Old Dominion have no taste for such ceremonials, or set a slight value on such modes of commemoration. It may be that to the children of that noble State, the ivy-clad ruins of Jamestown speak more eloquently of the past than any word or work of living man can speak. Yet, as men usually judge, one would think that a real reverence would find some fit expression; and that silence and seeming neglect are hardly a natural testimony of genuine feeling and an earnest memory. If the order of time gives precedence, one would look at Jamestown for more frequent assemblies, for a constant succession of pilgrims, and every outward testimonial which might worthily commemorate the virtues of the founders of the State, and express their children's gratitude and veneration.

As we pass a few degrees farther south, and a few years farther back in time, we find a scene of equal daring, labor, self-denial, and suffering, sustained by men no less brave and high-minded, and no less deserving of the admiration—at least, of the grateful remembrance—of those who have come after them. Yet we hear of no monument erected there, no words of eulogy uttered, no crowded assemblies of commemoration, no brief homage of the passing stranger. Within a mile or two is a summer watering-place of fashionable resort. Yet on the lips of the pleasure-seeking crowds that haunt it, or of the grave men whom illness or fashion draws together there, how seldom does one hear a hint that hard by them is the place where was landed the first English colony in America! If its being left to-day as it was when Ralph Lane watched and waited there, is to be taken as a proof that those first settlers are held in

honor by later generations, then is the present condition of Roanoke Island a plain and palpable token of the filial admiration of North Carolina for her founders.

Dr. Hawks's first volume contains, besides a biographical sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh, the projector and patron of the entire movement, and an historical summary of the contents of the original records, a reprint of the seven documents which teach us all we know of this brave but disastrous attempt at colonization. The first is the narrative of the voyage of exploration by Amadas and Barlow. Then we have the accounts of the two voyages made by Sir Richard Greenville; Ralph Lane's story of the colony on Roanoke Island, over which, for ten months, he presided; Thomas Hariot's invaluable Report of the country; and two narratives by John White, of the settlement of what was designed to be a permanent colony, in 1587, and his fruitless endeavor to discover and relieve that colony in 1590.

A charter was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, by which he was empowered to discover and colonize new and unclaimed countries, and, under a general subjection to the crown, to exercise almost a supreme jurisdiction over them. Under this charter he sent out an expedition, with two vessels, under Captains Amadas and Barlow, which reached the coast of North Carolina in July, 1584, and spent about two months in exploring the country and investigating the character of its inhabitants. Encouraged by their report, he sent out in the following year, under the command of the famous and heroic Sir Richard Greenville, a larger expedition, of seven sail, which carried out a number of persons who designed to make a permanent settlement. Of these, one hundred and seven were left there, under the government of Ralph Lane; and during a period of ten months they were busily occupied in preparing the way for other settlers yet to come. They made wide researches, from their head-quarters on Roanoke Island, among the adjacent sounds and rivers, and on the mainland, and studied the natural history of the country under the guidance of the careful and learned Master Hariot. To Lane and Hariot are we mainly indebted for our knowledge of the aspect which the New World presented to the

eye of the first Englishmen who adventured on it. A variety of untoward events made them wish to return to England, and in the summer of 1586 they were taken home in the vessels of Sir Francis Drake. A few days after they set sail, Greenville came again, with means for their relief, and left fifteen men to prepare for other immigrants. Before the next arrival, however, these fifteen had quarrelled with the natives, and were driven from their post, and either slain or drowned. Not disheartened by his slight measure of success thus far, Sir Walter projected another expedition under some new conditions and with fairer prospects. He associated with himself some leading merchants of London, and others, giving them a share in the cost and anticipated profits of the adventure, and engaging, by the ties of self-interest, their most strenuous efforts. He organized a form of government also, incorporating "the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia." Colonists of a different character were selected, men of some means probably, who took their wives and children with them, and were bound by their best affections, as well as by the hope of prosperous fortune, to zealous labor and constant good behavior. This colony was ordered to a new place of settlement. The island where the previous adventurers had lodged was thought to have some disadvantages for their purpose, and they were directed to a point farther north, among the "Chesepians." Had they gone thither, they very probably might have founded Norfolk. This company sailed in 1587, under the governorship of John White, who seems to have been a prudent and careful man, and had deep and tender interests staked on the issue of the enterprise. Soon after they reached the soil of North Carolina,—they were not conveyed to their northern destination,—they despatched Governor White back to England for the further and speedy aid they needed. He left them, a hundred and seventeen in number, men, women, and children,—a child and grandchild of his own among them; and they were never seen, or certainly heard of again. Wars and other hinderances kept him from returning till 1590, and when he came, the colony had been broken up, all were dispersed or lost, and his brief stay disclosed to him only traces of devastation and

ruin. A sad close this of a most noble enterprise,—money, energy, and life, wasted seemingly for naught; the innocent and the brave, who had crossed the Atlantic to found a commonwealth, or had encountered the terrible wilderness to create a home, swept away by the tomahawk, or worn down by famine, or lost in the fellowship of savage life; and the stout hearts in England, made bankrupt in fortune, more than bankrupt in hope, and turned away finally from an enterprise which they must have thought had no benediction from above!

Yet we can hardly see why this enterprise should not have succeeded. The adventurers at Roanoke Island might have prophesied to themselves prosperity, at least as fairly as those at Jamestown, and far more hopefully than those at Plymouth. We are not disposed to enter into the details of the comparison; but we must say a word on one point, in respect to which impressions prevail, unreasonably as we think, to the disadvantage of the Southern colony,—the personal character, we mean, of the adventurers themselves. The Pilgrim fathers have been held up before the world, by their warm-hearted eulogists, as patterns of every virtue, and especially as men who had sacrificed all else to their deep sense of religion; while the colonists of Carolina are thought—it is rather implied than openly asserted—to have been influenced solely by the hope of worldly gain, and many of them are supposed to have been, before leaving England, lawless, criminal, and reprobate. We, of course, shall say nothing to disparage the Puritans. Yet no one can study their own story of their own doings, without deriving from it the conviction, that their eyes were always open when a bargain was to be made, and that they knew full well the value of beads and beaver. Bradford, devout as indeed he was, contended as strongly for commercial interests as for any other. On the other hand, the record now before us of what was done on the coasts of Carolina is the history of honest, sincere, God-fearing men. There is no evidence of unfairness in their dealings with the natives,—no proof, anywhere, of a sordid temper, or of habits of vice. They did not, indeed, dream of a theocracy in the wilderness. The laws of humanity and of England were good enough for them, and they never thought of re-enacting those of Moses.

They were not men of loud professions; there rather prevailed, in this matter, a quiet unconsciousness, which speaks well for the soundness of their moral health. Yet we know that there were among them earnestly religious men; nay, that the habit of the community was one of open, public, common prayer. So it was in the ten long months when Lane and Hariot and their company sojourned in the land: public prayers and the singing of psalms were the order within their precinct, and the Indian sought and was permitted to join in these acts of Christian worship. When the settlers went abroad,—we know it to be true of some of them,—the solitary pathways they traversed with their savage companions bore witness to their prayers, and the lofty arches of the forests echoed their sacred hymns; nor were they backward in attempting, whenever fit occasion offered, to impress on the minds of the wondering and overawed natives the sacred truths of our holy religion. “Many times,” says one of them, “and at every town where I came, according as I was able, I made declaration of the contents of the Bible, that therein was set forth the true and only God and his mighty works, that therein was contained the true doctrine of salvation through Christ, with many particularities of miracles and chief points of religion, as I was able then to utter, and thought fit at the time.” And however imperfect the communication may have been, he says of the effect of it, that “many were glad to touch it [the Bible], to embrace it, to kiss it, to hold it to their breasts and heads, and stroke over all their body with it, to show their hungry desire of that knowledge that was spoken of.” Again he says: “The Weroance [the king] with whom we dwelt, and many of his people, would be glad many times to be with us at our prayers, and many times call upon us, both in his own town, and also in others whither he sometimes accompanied us, to pray and sing psalms, hoping thereby to be partaker of the same effects which we by that means also expected.” The Indian may have been superstitious, may have looked on their devotions as a magic ceremonial; but surely the teacher must have been sincere and earnest. What, after many years of intercourse with them, did the sainted Eliot do, or attempt to do, more than this?

Not as religious men only will these Southern colonists well sustain the comparison, but equally as men of stout muscle and steadfast will, of lofty and far-seeing purposes, of scholarly temper and attainments, resolute in danger, patient in suffering, not easily puffed up by any measure of success. They had the faults, perhaps, they certainly had the virtues, of Englishmen. Entering on what was to them an untried enterprise, their means were wisely chosen, as their ends were clearly understood. They learned by their own experience. Each later effort was more skilfully adapted to their purpose than those before. If they did not succeed, we fully believe that they deserved success. There were eminent names among them, of men whom their contemporaries loved to honor, and of whom subsequent generations have not been careless. There was Sir Richard Greenville, Raleigh's cousin, a rough, bold, unflinching warrior, who had served against the Turks, who had approved his prowess at the battle of Lepanto, and whose death is unmatched, for heroic constancy, on any battle-field, or ship's deck, where the British soldier has shown the world how to die. There was Sir Thomas Cavendish, the promise of whose life was cut off in his earliest manhood, wasteful and turbulent, yet a good seaman and a brave commander, the terror of the Spaniard on the South Seas, and a fit associate and peer of those sea-lions of his day, whom Sir Francis Drake best represents in history. Of Ralph Lane and John White it is commendation enough that they were selected by so wary and sagacious a man as Raleigh, and put in a charge involving so much of his estate, and so many lives. The original records furnish ample proof of their considerate wisdom, firmness, and patient effort. In some respects the superior of them all was Master Thomas Hariot, the naturalist, philosopher, and journalist of the expedition which he accompanied. He was an Oxford man, a notable mathematician, whose discoveries in divers departments of natural philosophy and astronomy, and improved processes in algebra, have preserved his memory even to our time. His own love of science, no less than his affection for Raleigh, induced him to join the exploring corps. It was his ambition to be among the foremost to learn the secrets of the New World, and to

report them in the Old World to his fellow-seekers after truth. For ten months he dwelt there with the company which Lane commanded, studying, with a genuine scientific zeal, the wonders of this strange soil and climate, watching the character of its inhabitants, and noting with a well-trained and ready eye everything which might, when made known, enlarge the range of philosophic thought, or check or encourage the aspirations of his patron. It is chiefly through his Report, made public soon after the voyage, that we know in what aspect this country presented itself to those who first explored it. We have his account, as minute and precise as his opportunities allowed him to make it, of its beasts, birds, forest-trees, and native plants, and of its capacities for sustaining human life and the enterprises of commerce. Seldom was such a man found, in those days, in such a company, and commissioned for such an undertaking.

The projector and leading spirit of the whole enterprise was Sir Walter Raleigh. Rather he may be said to have been the leading spirit in the entire scheme of English colonization in America; for of all who bore an active part in those glorious adventures he was the foremost, the boldest, incurred the heaviest hazards, and was the most persistent in his plans. Though his plans failed utterly, and no direct trace remains of his efforts on the Western continent, still the success of later adventurers is largely due to his example; and in connection with the attempts to plant and settle America, surely no name claims a higher reverence than his. The State of North Carolina has shown her grateful sense of his high merits by giving his name to her capital, a fitting though slight monument of his greatness, and of her affection for his memory. His services in the cause of American colonization should alone keep the remembrance of him fresh and green among us; but for many other reasons should his name be cherished with loving veneration in the State on whose borders he sought to plant civilization and Christianity. Among the great men of that age, so fruitful in great men, no one stands out more conspicuously than Sir Walter Raleigh. It is quite remarkable that most of the distinguished personages of the time of Elizabeth were eminent in a great diversity of charac-

ters and ways;—alike in contemplation and active life; at once skilful soldiers and experienced politicians; men of rare learning, taste, and accomplishments, and bold, hardy, impetuous adventurers also, familiar with strange lands and distant oceans; polished in the refinement and subtlety of courts, and no less at home in the wigwam of the savage, or, as it fared with many, in the solitude of the Tower. Among those so variously gifted Raleigh had hardly a superior, while in the splendid combination of his great and noble qualities he far overtopped the crowd of those even who have left traces of their being on the history of their country, and were the marked men of their time. There was no one of them whose career was watched with a more eager interest by their contemporaries, and no one certainly whose life's story is read at this day with such mingled emotions of admiration and sorrow. It is, indeed, a captivating narrative, involving so many elements of romance, so full of high aspirations, far-reaching enterprises, and glorious achievements, and yet fitful with all its brilliancy, its serene light too often overclouded; abounding in startling contrasts,—queenly favor and queenly displeasure, the climax of popular applause and virtual exile, abounding riches and the most distressful poverty. High hopes and efforts, so enriched with the graces of scholarship, and made attractive by all manly virtues, invested, withal, with the sad and touching interest that comes from disappointment and failure, as if it had been too much for our mortal estate to crown such excellences with success; the love and confidence of troops of friends set off, and darkened too, by a long and weary struggle with treachery, and the resistance of a silly and jealous king; a life of heroic action, closed by a death of more heroic dignity and worth,—all form a picture which has challenged the utmost skill of the historian to paint, and on which the men of all the generations since have gazed with reverent admiration, not without sadness and tender regret. Well may the people of North Carolina indulge an honest pride, when they can point to a figure of such genuine greatness in the opening chapter of their history.

Dr. Hawks's second volume resumes the story after an interval of some seventy years, and carries us onward from the

granting of the first charter by Charles II. in 1663 to the transformation of the Proprietary into a Royal government in 1729. During that interval hardly any progress had been achieved in the exploration of the country, and hardly any attempt had been made to effect a permanent settlement within its borders ; and indeed very little interest seems to have been felt in the one or the other, either in England or in the adjacent Colonies. Soon after the accession of Charles II., however, a small number of his chief counsellors and favorites sought a reward for their services, or a means of wealth, in this far-off and neglected portion of his Majesty's dominions ; and in 1663 that careless monarch gave them, probably without a thought of its value, a tract of territory which, if we take the full dimensions of the grant, outmeasured the realm of which he remained lord at home. Here, too, great names arise in the remote horizon of history. Clarendon, Shaftesbury, Albemarle, and Carteret,—it was these and other men of equal renown who were called to deliberate on the destinies of Carolina, and whose decisions gave shape, in a degree, to those destinies, perhaps forever. Though to us, who judge after the event, many of their determinations appear eminently unwise, and unworthy of their fame, yet we are to remember that colonization was comparatively a new thing among them, and their plans such as could be tested only by their issue ; and we may not fairly allow their mistakes and failure in a policy of which they had no experience to disparage their reputation so well earned in fields that were more familiar.

The plan which Dr. Hawks has followed in his narrative of the Proprietary history is quite unlike that of his first volume, and unlike that which has been chosen by most historians. Henry's History of Great Britain resembles it as to method, in some important respects. Instead of a continuous narrative, embracing all the main particulars in the development of the people in chronological order, we have the subject here broken up into a variety of discussions of leading topics, which in their combination are designed to furnish a complete view of the progress of the Colony. This method has some obvious advantages. We thus see the growth of the several great

social interests and political institutions, more clearly than in the ordinary narrative method. It demands, however, in the writer, a very just sense of the proportion of the parts, so that no one may be unduly expanded ; and skill in grouping them also, and in summing up the results of the whole, that the entire history be not distorted and misshapen. It requires also no slight power of integration, or constructive effort on the part of the reader, to combine several independent essays into a complete and simple whole.

Dr. Hawks has divided his volume into eight chapters. Of these, seven treat successively of Exploration and Settlements, of the Law and its Administration, of Agriculture and Manufactures, of Navigation and Trade, of Religion and Learning, of Civil and Military History, and of Manners and Customs ; while the eighth is a general review. Prefixed to each chapter is a collection of papers illustrating the subject of it,—old reports, letters by actors in the scenes there described, and the like. It is better, perhaps, thus to place such documents at the head of the chapters than to convert them into foot-notes, or put them into an Appendix, where they are liable to be entirely overlooked. When they occupy the front, as here, there is some chance of their being read, and then the only danger — the author's risk merely — is that they may prove so interesting as to throw what follows into the shade. To most readers the letters of Pollock, Spotswood, and Gale, touching the Indian war of 1711 – 12, will prove more attractive than the *résumé* that succeeds them. The historian's narrative is apt to be tantalizingly meagre or feebly redundant ; while the original writers give their testimony with the picturesque particularity of eyewitnesses, and with the earnest eloquence of men whose dearest interests are involved in the events of which they bear record. In some respects, Dr. Hawks has been very fortunate in regard to the witnesses on whom he relies, and has done his readers a very acceptable service in reprinting so largely the letters and other memorials in which they have recorded their impressions of men and things in Carolina. The missionaries sent out in the first decade of the last century, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, have left not only an enter-

taining picture of their own labors, adventures, and sufferings, but very interesting sketches also, or rather glimpses, of the state of social life in general, as it then existed in Albemarle, and especially of the very loose attachment of the people to the forms of worship, and their too general indifference to the principles and restraints of religion. We are sincerely thankful to the author of these volumes for the copious collection of such proofs and illustrations he has given us. We are hardly satisfied with a single reading of the minute statements and hopeful vaticinations of William Gordon and good Parson Adams, and we cannot find it in our heart to be displeased at John Urmstone's grumblings, so clearly do these men set before us the real, rude aspect of the little world in which they lived. Yet we fear that the author may himself suffer somewhat in the contrast he has thus furnished of their earnest and effective representations with his cooler and more abstract way of summing up and combining their materials; though we would by no means intimate that in his share of the work he has been otherwise than successful. The fact, we think, is quite otherwise. The documents prefixed to his chapters have indeed a peculiar quality of sprightly story-telling; yet the chapters also give us a clear and connected impression of the progress of events, and of the character and agency of all the men who were conspicuous in them. We have an ample discussion also of causes and consequences, of motives and their issues. Some of the political complications which puzzled former historians are here unravelled and made plain, and the position of some of the leading men in the Colony is placed in a new or clearer light. It will be the reader's fault if he does not gather from this volume a well-defined conception of the entire history of North Carolina under the government of the Lords Proprietors.

The peculiarity in their frame of government, their dependence on a body of Proprietors residing in a distant country, will serve to account for some singular things in the history of the people of Carolina. The supreme authority was in the hands of a body of men thousands of miles away. Power was scantily given to the actual settlers, however greedily

taken, and however frequently usurped. The Proprietors were not only non-residents, they were of a privileged class; and the breadth of the Atlantic was a slighter barrier between them and their colonists than was the difference of social rank. The interests of the two parties were unlike, and there was no bond of sympathy between them, nor any ground of fellowship that could abate the sharp diversity of their interests. And, what was worse than this, and made all this worse, the Lords Proprietors were thoroughly ignorant of the condition of affairs among their colonists. They seem to have had no clear notion of the principles on which a colony should be managed; and they took no pains to inform themselves of what was needed in Carolina, or whether what was needed was, or could be, supplied. They had invested their money in the enterprise, and, while they did not utterly neglect its higher interests, they mainly sought a prompt and large return for the investment. How could it be expected that the foremost men in the nobility of England could sympathize with the humble hopes and plans of the rude pioneers, who owed them quit-rents in Carolina? How could they turn away from the strife of politics, on which their own promotion depended, and from the splendors of a court, in whose brilliant amusements was found the grave occupation of their lives, to consider the wishes or the necessities of men who had no loftier aim than to cut down the forests of that far-off region, and to raise crops of corn and tobacco? They might, of course, expect the colonists to comply strictly with their contract, and to pay rents and dues punctually; but they seem to have forgotten that they owed any duty of care and anxious watchfulness to the men whom they had tempted to the wilderness. For periods of several years in the most perilous crises in the affairs of the Colony, the settlers went on without a single communication from their masters, who neither knew nor wished to know of what transpired beyond the seas. And Dr. Hawks declares, after a survey of the cases in which they did interpose, that their interference was not less mischievous than their neglect.

Of these unwise interpositions on the part of the Lords Proprietors the one most conspicuous for its folly was their

attempt to establish the system of organic law, now so well known under the name of "The Fundamental Constitutions." It was deliberately prepared, at the request of some of the Proprietors, by a philosopher so renowned and so truly great, that the highest and purest results of political wisdom and experience might fairly be looked for in it. John Locke, if any theorist, might, one would think, have been fitly intrusted with such a work. A glance at the work itself will convince the reader that Locke was well aware of the vast importance of the instrument which he was commissioned to frame, and that he gave to it an amount of laborious thought which he would have felt bound to give to nothing else than to a frame of government for a great people, designed for a perpetual duration. We need not say here that the system never went into operation. Some of the high officers, who were to bear rule under it, some Landgraves, some Caciques, were named. It was most earnestly commended by the Proprietors to the people of Carolina; those who had an interest in maintaining it struggled for a brief period to uphold it; some divisions of land and of powers were made under it; but the body of the settlers in the Colony, both in the northern and southern sections, were no more consciously impressed or lastingly affected by it than by the shadow of a passing cloud. The whole scheme was an utter and ignominious failure. Not only was it never executed; hardly was an attempt made to execute it. It was conceived in absolute ignorance of the country and people. One scarcely knows which most to wonder at, the exceeding simplicity of the sage who devised it, or the lack of ordinary sagacity on the part of those who sought to impose it on the settlers in Albemarle. There was hardly a point in which it was adapted to their character and wants. The Fundamental Constitutions were suited to a compactly settled community, at an advanced stage of wealth and refinement; and they were offered to a people who were yet in the poor and rude beginnings of a settlement, where society was hardly organized, and on whose soil no semblance of village or hamlet could as yet be found. It were folly, doubtless, to propose any complete code of laws to such a people, for fit laws must grow from and with them; but to propose such

a code, under such circumstances, is an act of folly to which history cannot readily furnish a parallel. This whole matter is made painfully ludicrous, by the simple gravity and obvious good faith of the Lords Proprietors through the whole transaction.

This affair is perhaps the worst instance, yet only an instance, of the extreme carelessness or ignorance of the Lords Proprietors in all matters touching the real prosperity of the Colony. It occurred in the early part of their term of government; and instead of learning by experience, they seem to have grown more careless and more ignorant. Dr. Hawks states that in 1724 they appointed Colonel Thomas Pollock, by name, as one of the councillors who were to administer the oaths of office to Governor Burrington. Yet Colonel Pollock had been in his grave since August, 1722. He had been the President of the Council, repeatedly, while there was no Governor, and was perhaps the most prominent citizen in the Colony. Not content with one such blunder, they named him again in the commission to administer the oaths to Sir Richard Everard, in 1725. And this body of Proprietors had the supreme power over the Colony, controlled all its legislation, and appointed and governed by instructions its chief executive officers. We need not intimate, what every one must see, the sad hinderance which such a ruling power must have proved to the success of the Colony.

One result of such a relation of the governing power to the governed is only too plain and certain. The people could have had but little confidence in either the wisdom or the affection of the Proprietors, and must have held their own duty of allegiance and submission rather loosely. In no one of the American Colonies was there so frequent resistance to authority, lawlessness suffering so little punishment, and rebellion so openly resorted to, and so successful. Culpepper's rebellion in 1677, and the contest of Glover and Carey for the chief power in 1707-8, are only striking illustrations and outbreaks of a temper, at some times almost universal there, which the powers in England did nothing to repress, and which the acts and the omissions of the Proprietors served equally to encourage. There was a wild instinct of independence, a

shrinking from restraint, which corrupt men not seldom used for their selfish purposes, and which might have been swayed to noble ends, had their legal superiors known how to use it. Often men of bad character were sent over to govern them,—men who only alienated them by oppression; and often, again, for years they had no Governor of lawful authority. Though they seem to have flourished most when left most to their own guidance, we may well be surprised that they attained any measure of prosperity under so fitful and feeble an administration.

We have referred to this relation of the Colony to the Lords Proprietors, to give one instance, out of many, of the peculiarities in which the settlement of Carolina was unlike that of the Northern Colonies. The reader of these volumes will notice many other essential peculiarities, from which came, of necessity, a different method, and direction, and degree of progress. The results of these differences did not cease when Carolina ceased to be a Colony or a Province. They are as manifest to-day as they were a hundred years ago, and will continue for many ages yet to shape the destinies of the people of that region.

There were other strongly marked peculiarities which have now passed away. These too are essential to a true presentation of the history of that country, and we find that Dr. Hawks has not overlooked them. One of these, of by no means the least importance, was the great remoteness of the residents from one another. They sought, naturally, the best lands, and easily secured large tracts. Thus there might be found a family here, and another there, on the water-courses, with wide intervals between them; and from river to river only a trackless solitude. For very many years no attempt was made to group the settlers in villages. We need not say how unlike was the case in New England, nor how vast the issues of this difference have been, resulting in the continued tendency to plantation life in the one region, and to village life in the other.

There is no more striking difference between the early history of the two sections than is that in regard to their religious institutions. In New England, church-membership and citi-

zenship being convertible terms, the outward forms of religion were everywhere displayed; while in most cases, we may believe, its principles swayed the deepest feelings of the heart, and shaped all the actions of the life. The peculiar religious faith of our Pilgrim fathers—whatever may be thought of its doctrinal truth, and whether one should rejoice or mourn that the children have swung so far from the old moorings—had certainly no little power. Held as they held it, in profound earnestness,—brought by it, as they were, every hour, face to face with eternal realities, and made to feel that heaven and hell were but the issues of each day's doings,—it wrought on the character with an intensity which the world has seldom seen. The assurance that they were the elect of God gave them in all their plans a persistent energy, and an unworldly hope, which are the best of all conditions of even worldly success; and these, helped by that hardness of character which their gloomier doctrines engendered, made them, of all men, the most fit to subdue a continent and build up a commonwealth.

Among the earlier adventurers in North Carolina the state of things, in a somewhat sad contrast to the case of Raleigh's colonists also, was far otherwise. Most of them came from Virginia, and many were outlaws, whose crimes had forced them to flee from the dwellings of civilized men; many more, doubtless, withdrew to this region from the restraints of a creed they disliked, or from the burdens of an ecclesiastical system whose weight they would not bear; and many sought this settlement from a fondness for strange and desperate adventure, or to repair fortunes broken or reputations ruined elsewhere. Such men were not likely to bring the institutions of the Church with them, or to encourage their introduction by others. How many devout hearts there were in the wilderness we cannot tell. We cannot doubt that many a settler rendered earnest thanks for peace and plenty in his solitary cabin. We must believe that those Carolina mothers were used, in their lonely homes, to seek a Divine protection and guidance for their children. Human nature cannot do otherwise. But however much of private devotion there may have been, of the outward form of worship, for a generation,

there was nothing. Neighbors may have assembled in one another's houses for acts of common devotion, but for nearly forty years after the charter, and fifty after the settlements began, there was in Albemarle no church or consecrated house for joint and general use, no ordained priest, no gathering to hear sermons, no holy sacrament of baptism or the supper of the Lord. A considerable part of the people belonged in name, by descent, and probably by preference, to the Church of England. Of the various forms of dissent they seem to have known but little. Yet it was not till the year 1700 that the first Episcopal clergyman set foot in that land. It was two years later that the first church was erected. The leading men in the affairs of the Colony from this time were mainly Churchmen; yet we believe that, during the rest of the Proprietary government, till 1729, there were at no time more than half a dozen Episcopal clergymen there, perhaps at no time so many, and sometimes for periods of several years none at all. This shows a melancholy contrast with the beginnings of other Colonies. We trust that the state of things in Carolina was better than the scanty records would indicate. So far as morals and worship are concerned, no doubt the Quakers, who were quite numerous there in the latter part of the seventeenth century and the opening of the eighteenth, were of eminent service. George Fox was there as early as 1672, and his principles were eagerly embraced by many. In some precincts his followers outnumbered all others, and excelled them in wealth and influence. If they took as much pains to secure pure morals as they did to gain political power, and were as much in earnest to propagate true religion as their opponents say they sometimes were to excite sedition, the condition of the people could not have been so gloomy as the historian is forced to represent it.

What we have thus hinted at of the condition of affairs under the government of the Lords Proprietors will serve to show that the historian of North Carolina has a subject, in some respects, of remarkable interest. We have said enough too, perhaps, to express our sense of the way in which Dr. Hawks has discharged his self-imposed duty. His ability and skill are more clearly exhibited, however, in some of the

chapters to which we have not referred. That, for example, in which the law and its administration is the theme, is written with surpassing skill. The legal training of the author's early life gives him here a great advantage, and in his arrangement, the copiousness of his materials, and the felicity of his statements and illustrations, he leaves us little to desire.

There is one department, however, in which we think he would have done wisely to avail himself of the knowledge of those who have made their researches in it a special study. We refer to Natural History. In the narrative of Hariot, and in Lawson's History, as well as in some pages of Dr. Hawks's second volume, an attempt is made to enumerate and describe the more important animal and vegetable productions found in that country. In his notes to Hariot's narrative, especially, Dr. Hawks is very precise in settling, or conjecturing, the various kinds and species which Hariot mentions. Here, particularly in reference to the botanical portion, we think he has failed of his usual success; and we are the more surprised at this, since any competent naturalist who is familiar with the productions of that region would have found very little difficulty in giving him accurate and trustworthy information. In his interpretation of the names and descriptions given by Hariot, where some degree of scientific accuracy is very desirable, as well as in the sketch of the natural growth of the country, in the chapter on Agriculture, &c., which he compiled from the memoranda left by the earliest explorers, he is often at a loss, and oftener mistaken. Dr. Hawks, to give an instance, must have had a rarely good fortune in his observations, if he has ever seen what he speaks of, a tulip-tree with its flowers of pure white. We have seen thousands of those flowers, but never a white one. Again, he speaks of "the Gum, with its sweet-scented drops exuding from the wounded bark: invaluable for its toughness, almost impossible to split, and hallowed in the superstition of the Indian as the tree that was never struck by the thunderbolt." In this passage he confounds two trees which are entirely distinct, and which are so held in the common language of the country, no less than by the practised dendrologist. The Sweet Gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*) is

the one that yields the odorous "drops," and it is the Black Gum (*Nyssa*) which it is "impossible to split." So he writes of "the Mulberry of three varieties, black, white, and red," as having been found by the first settlers in Carolina; yet it is well known that the first variety only is a native of this continent. Most of the plants referred to by Hariot are only guessed at by our author, many of them wrongly; and in almost every case where he declines to conjecture, a skilful botanist could readily have informed him aright. Hariot gives the Indian names, and such names as Tsinaw and Okeepenauk might well, perhaps, alarm an ordinary editor; yet the one is still called China root, and the other is plainly the Tuckahoe, or Indian-bread; and almost any child near Newbern, the author's birthplace, could have told him, from Hariot's description, that Okeepenauk is the common and favorite Ground-nut. Dr. Hawks gives us quite an extended argument to show the identity of the Yaupon, a shrub which grows abundantly on the coast of North Carolina, and which is much used by the negroes for making *tea*, with the Maté of Brazil. Botanists have always distinguished them as species of *Ilex*, naming one *Ilex vomitoria*, and the other *Ilex Paraguayensis*, and this on the ground of very marked specific differences. They can hardly be expected to change their classification on the authority of an unknown naturalist,—who, to carry on an imposture (we can imagine no other reason), called it *Ilex Yauponia!*—and of an old woman in Brazil who sold "boiled pork and beans," and who, in her enthusiasm at the sight of what seemed to her an old acquaintance, exclaimed, "This is the same *truck* we use in Carolina to make tea." We cannot but repeat our regret that Dr. Hawks did not consult some competent naturalist, familiar with the forms of vegetable and animal life in the low countries of North Carolina, who could easily have saved him from numerous errors on these subjects.

Errors of this sort, though it were very desirable to avoid them, do not affect the general character of the work, or alter our estimate of its worth as a whole. As regards style, we do not see that the author had in his eye any peculiar model of historical excellence, or any ambition to give the world a new

model. He seems to have been content, wisely, as we think, to narrate in simple, clear, and forcible language, the events of the period he has selected for his theme. Were we disposed to be critical in this respect, we should say that his profession is too apparent. Not that there is much sermonizing, though we could well spare some of the moral reflections and judgments; but he has overlooked the difference between a style that is to be spoken, and one that is to be read. He must have written, no doubt unconsciously, with an audience before him. This is evident often in the structure of sentences and paragraphs; it influences the choice of words, determines the emphasis, and leads sometimes to an undue amplitude of discussion. We cannot shake off the impression as we read, that each chapter was designed to be delivered as a lecture. There is an air of advocacy about it, something of the *ad captandum* in allusions to the present time, and a lack of the repose that belongs to narrative, and of the judicial impartiality which we demand in it. Not satisfied with a simple statement of the case, he is so earnest to have his reader on his side, as at times to become vehement and declamatory. He has great power of sarcasm, and uses it unsparingly, and is led by it to paint some characters, we fear, too darkly, as if he had a strong personal dislike for them. Seth Sothel is a mònster, as he draws him, relieved by no single trait of goodness. Is not even Sir William Berkeley, a narrow-minded but most upright Governor, in whom the sentiment of loyalty and law subdued all other sentiments, dealt with rather harshly, in such language as "the inconceivable littleness of his vulgar soul"?

Making due allowance for the defects we have specified, we have read these volumes with great pleasure. The materials are often scanty, yet we feel assured that the author has made the most of them. Under his guidance we follow the progress of the Colony for nearly seventy years; a progress sometimes impeded by domestic discord and commotion, hindered in no slight degree — though less than one might have anticipated — by an almost uninterrupted misgovernment, or neglect; yet on the whole a steady growth, once only, and for a brief period, checked by Indian warfare, and seldom warped or swayed by any influence from abroad; a growth in wealth and power, in

refinement of manners and religious culture, in the conscious strength of freedom and activity, and in the purpose, fitful perhaps, but sincere, to maintain that freedom and enlarge that activity. There are not wanting elements of a romantic interest also ; and the Blackbeard of the Pamlico has as real an attraction as the Bluebeard of our childish reading. There is not a little, too, in the story of those early days, that may prepare the reader for the later scenes at Alamance, and the wild tramp to King's Mountain.

We shall look with interest for the volumes that are to come. The period of the royal government has a special charm and a superior value. The records are more copious ; the field of events is larger ; the results are more important ; and the War of the Regulation in North Carolina is a far richer chapter than similar ones, if such there be, in other States. The narrative of the Revolutionary struggle there will disclose an amount of patient endurance and self-imposed effort, of daring and suffering for the common cause, which may well bear a comparison with the like in the most patriotic of the Colonies ; while the domestic warfare along the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, in 1780-81, the bloody, unrelenting, and too often merciless conflicts of neighbors and friends, arrayed against one another as Whig and Tory, is a page in history which has hardly a parallel elsewhere. The history of a State in which flourished patriots and statesmen like Davie and Caswell, Johnston and Hooper, which can count among her soldiers such leaders as Nash and Davidson, and can point to men so wise and great as Macon and Stanley and Gaston of later times, as the native outgrowth of her institutions and culture, must be a history for strangers to read with pleasure, and of which her own children may well be proud.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.*
With a Biographical Sketch. In Two Volumes. Boston :
Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

ANY history of English poetry would be incomplete without noticing the new spirit infused into it about the beginning of the present century. Its source is not difficult to trace. Before the days of Cowper and Crabbe, poetry had sunk to the level of smooth conceits and clever epithets, having wholly lost the nerve and force of the Elizabethan writers ; these poets returned to native and simple sentiment. Much of their merit arises from the fact that they were the leaders of a great reform in literature. They first gave expression to feelings long held as beneath the dignity of letters. In many minds they quickened cravings for truthful and earnest utterance, aspirations toward a spiritual renewing of life, and longings to know men and women as they actually lived. Among the leaders in this reform were Wordsworth and Coleridge. The violent change of opinions through which they passed in early life was significant of the far deeper change in the entire realm of sentiment and feeling. With Coleridge the spirit of reform penetrated every thought ; but while his life was spent in efforts to build up a new and comprehensive system of philosophic belief, poetry had only a limited share of his attention. In Wordsworth the change was no less radical, but his mind was not so richly and variously endowed as that of Coleridge. He, however, saw clearly the path in which his true vocation lay, and, with a sublime self-confidence, walked boldly on, regardless of fear and favor, till he gained his end. The heroism of action pales somewhat beside that of thought, for the struggles of the latter are more costly to the spiritual nature, and hence more noble. Wordsworth's belief that he had poetic gifts which the world needed, even before he had brought them out, and his trust in the ultimate success of his poetry while his works remained unread, have a touch of the heroic as rare among poets as it is precious. It is always allowed them to sing of deathless fame, but the sincerity and calm, consecrated earnestness of Wordsworth kept his trust

from lapsing into extreme license, while popular neglect, sarcastic criticism, the slow growth of sympathy, and the final triumph, which in turn met his efforts, made manifest at every stage his independence and inherent energy of character. His ends were worthy of the spirit in which they were urged on to success. He aimed at completing the work which Cowper had begun. Casting aside the conventional phrases and terms then common in poetry, he set forth the influence of Nature upon the soul. He himself had "sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither," and in many winged snatches of poetic thought breathed its immortal life into his fellow-men. But he did not work alone. While Coleridge was struggling to quiet his own mind, tossed amongst the wrecks of effete philosophies, Shelley was putting into verse his solitary communings with Nature, Keats was lost in an almost pagan devotion to the spirits of the forest and the stream, and Byron, amid wild gusts of passion, showed that he had at times intense sympathy with all that was best in the new poetic age then opening.

Causes other than those which had brought on a change in English literature had been at work in this country. Our writers were forced to develop their native strength. Our vast forests, our Indian legends, our freedom from shackled opinions, gave rise to sympathy with Nature and fresh investigation of the problems of life. Our earlier poets—Dana, Bryant, and Percival—are little tainted with the sentimentalism which belongs to nearly all English poets of their time. Like the elder English poets, they appeal to what is universal and enduring. If they seldom thrill the passions, if they too often leave society to meditate in the forest, they have done no slight service in the exhibition of simple and deep feeling, and in giving us the clew to a right understanding of the human heart. Guided by a reverent study of those who went before them, the poets of our own day have given wider reach and deeper significance to poetry. In their writings we find purity of taste, sharpness of insight, and deep knowledge of spiritual things. The time has come when the works of Wordsworth are fully appreciated. Poetry now imperatively demands a mind open to the teachings of Nature, and a heart

which responds to the feelings of our common humanity. Yet few would claim that our time is fruitful in works which take rank beside the greatest efforts of the imagination. Our poets are too much in sympathy with the movements of the day; they too seldom turn to solitude and consecrate themselves, like Dante, wholly to their work. Hence their writings are more lyric than epic, more critical than creative, and too much devoted to transitory objects to win the highest fame. We need poets who can draw forth and consecrate the truth that lies hidden in the near and the familiar, can veil in mystic beauty the truth that lies beyond, and can invest the material universe with the profounder characteristics of the inner life.

Few have been by nature and by culture better suited for this than Percival. He was among the most learned of poets. Milton and Gray can hardly have surpassed him. Strange as it may seem, his acquirements were almost universal. Those who knew both have even compared him with Humboldt in the encyclopedic range and accuracy of his learning. But while with many learning serves only to deaden native thought, with Percival it quickened its action. His command of language was remarkable, and quite as great in his earlier as in his later poems. The keenness of his sensibilities was almost more than womanly, while his love of the ideal continually drew him away from the realities of life. Indeed, he hardly knew the workings of the human heart in exterior development, and hence his failure as a dramatic poet. He was, in fact, a poet shut up in his own world, endowed with a marvellous power to people it with the creations of his own fancy, but without the will to let in upon it the gaze of less delicate and sensitive spirits. His works are built of the material which lay clear and rich within him. Thus any judgment of them without reference to the circumstances of his life is absurd.

The poet's life and song are indeed one and inseparable. We need to know the strength in reserve in order justly to estimate even the worth of the works themselves, much more to judge of the mental power which put them forth. Percival's incapacity of realizing the full strength of his genius—his Hamlet-like mood of mind—was perhaps aggravated by the

whole course of his education. Even as a boy, he was without the genial influences which should have been thrown around such a sensitive nature. His father died when he was only eleven years old, and his mother was too much like himself properly to direct his mind. He entered Yale College in early youth, and there outstripping his class in all mental contests, he already cherished in his sad, lonely heart ambitious dreams of poetic fame. He might justly be proud of his talents, but coupled with this pride was a constitutional shyness which never forsook him. His keen, almost jealous sensibility kept his feelings in a constant flux between hope and despair. At one moment, a man in full consciousness of strength ; the next, he was wild with a passionate woman's feverish joy or fear. These mutually antagonistic traits of character made him intractable, even among his most intimate friends, and were the chief cause of all that he endured. On leaving college he had the least possible fitness for the duties of life. He studied medicine, was tutor in private families, edited a newspaper, fell in love, wrote the greater part of his poetry, was reduced to great poverty,—in short, experienced enough of the world to sicken almost any man of it. Let it not be imagined that Percival was ruined by his disappointment in love. This, no doubt, had its share in bringing on the melancholy which embittered a portion of his life ; but it is in our power to prove that his conduct in this matter was manly throughout, and that he steeled himself against despondency with all the nerve he was master of. Such an experience, however, naturally drew one of his peculiar temperament from the society of his fellows, and made him more shy and sensitive than before. From this time he kept his own counsel, had little intercourse with his friends, and shrank entirely from public notice. All his property had been invested in a valuable library ; his poetry had been profitless ; and his efforts to engage in active pursuits were in vain. At length he found partial relief from his troubles in intense devotion to scientific pursuits, and in making a geological survey of Connecticut ; but there was a chill upon his spirit which he could not shake off ; his heart was unspeakably sad ; he himself confessed that he could neither make poetry nor do anything else, and his countenance (say

those who knew him at the time) had a cast-iron look, and rarely broke into a smile. In the prime of manhood, he recovered in some degree from this intense sadness ; his sympathy with children and his love of music stole in upon the sanctuary of his private grief ; and his religious views became less a source of discomfort than they had been.

Among his earliest writings is an exposition of his poetical theory. It is remarkable as an American tract, and as almost the earliest essay by an American writer on this subject. It is singular, too, that his general views should be nearly identical with those of Bacon and Coleridge, while yet the essay bears on its very face the unmistakable evidence of originality. In the Preface to the first number of "Clio," he thus speaks of the spirit and aim of poetry :—

"Poetry should be a sacred thing, not to be thrown away on the dull and low realities of life. It should live only with those feelings and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipations of a brighter and better being. It should be the creator of a sublimity undebased by anything earthly, and the embodier of a beauty that mocks at all defilement and decay. It should be, in fine, the historian of human nature, in its fullest possible perfection, and the painter of all those lines and touches in earth and heaven, which nothing but taste can see and feel. It should give to its forms the expressions of angels, and throw over its pictures the hues of immortality. There can be but one extravagance in poetry ; it is to clothe feeble conceptions in mighty language. But if the mind can keep pace with the pen, if the fancy can fill and dilate the words it summons to array its images, no matter how high its flights, how seemingly wild its reaches ; the soul that can rise will follow with pleasure, and find, in the harmony of its own emotions with the high creations around it, the surest evidence that such things are not distempered ravings, and that in the society of beings so pure and so exalted it is good to be present."

In a poem on "Poetry," Percival thus treats of its material :—

"The world is full of Poetry ;— the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled,
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,

Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
 The unseen glories of immensity,
 In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
 For aught but beings of celestial mould,
 And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
 Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.” — Vol. I. p. 1.

In a manuscript paper on the ideal in poetry, he thus defines it : —

“ I understand by the *ideal*, the sublimation of taste, in all its departments of the great, the beautiful, and the tender, to its highest point of elevation and refinement, — the abstraction from objects of natural sublimity and beauty of everything low and abhorrent to the purest feelings, — and the combination of all those qualities which irresistibly command our awe and admiration into one perfect picture of the thing in question. It is such a purification of existing objects as we find in the masterpieces of ancient statuary, — the Venus and the Apollo, — or in the celestial touches and heaven-breathing tints of Raphael and Correggio.”

Holding it as a part of the ideal to consider every object as possessed of a living spirit, our author quotes, in illustration, his own poem : —

“ All live and move to the poetic eye.
 The winds have voices, and the stars of night
 Are spirits throned in brightness, keeping watch
 O'er earth and its inhabitants ; the clouds,
 That gird the sun with glory, are a train,
 In panoply of gold around him set,
 To guard his morning and his evening throne.
 The elements are instruments, employed by
 Unseen hands, to work *their* sovereign will.
 They do *their* bidding ; — when the storm goes forth,
 'T is but the thunderer's car, whereon he rides,
 Aloft in triumph, o'er our prostrate heads.
 Its roar is but the rumbling of his wheels,
 Its flashes are his arrows, and the folds
 That curl and heave upon the warring winds,
 The dust, that rolls beneath his coursers' feet.” — Vol. I. p. 225.

“ If I had the making of my own heaven,” he says in the same paper, “ it should be filled with the fairest beauty, the purest virtue, the brightest glory, and the fondest friendship ; in fine, it should be all that the most exalted imagination can conceive, and the purest heart can feel ; and such ought to be the ideal in poetry.”

In a prose paper, entitled "The Philosopher," he thus alludes to the mystic union of Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry:—

"Look up to the open sky and the unchanging stars, and through them to the one great light that shines in the zenith of all, and you will hear a music, sweeter even than that of the spheres, as evolving from the Power that rules the spheres, proclaiming in tones of fullest and completest harmony, the one great principle of our intellectual and moral existence;—Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual Trinity in the shrine of man's highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing Truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing Good, and the living sense of all-gracing Beauty,—they form united the Divinity of Pure Reason."—*Knickerbocker Magazine*, Vol. VII. p. 131.

If we compare this view of poetry with the essay of Shelley, the mystic utterances of Novalis, and the principles which underlie the poetry of Dana, Bryant, Jones Very, and Mrs. Browning, we shall find a striking similarity. It seems as if each, seeking in the depths of his own consciousness, had found an answer to his questionings of the genius of poesy. A subtile spiritual sympathy is traceable in their works. They are so many distinct witnesses to the meditative spirit of the age. De Quincey has suggested that "meditative poetry is perhaps that which will finally maintain most power upon generations more thoughtful."* If we mistake not, it has already gained the most power. The introspective and searching analysis of the soul, resulting from meditative habits, turns the eyes of our poets continually inward. Solitary meditation amid the grand and beautiful in Nature has become most congenial to their mood. Especially is this characteristic of American poets. As early as 1833 Dana wrote: "A more spiritual philosophy perhaps than man has before looked on, and a poetry twin with it, are coming into existence."† His own works, both in prose and poetry, bear witness to the truth of his remark. Perhaps no writer of the age, excepting Coleridge and Wordsworth, has shown deeper insight or a truer understanding of the human heart. He is continually throw-

* Essays on the Poets, p. 38.

† Preface to "The Idle Man."

ing light on the vexed problems of life. Directness of aim, truthfulness of speech, and honest familiarity, are never wanting; while the feeling that life has a profounder meaning and a higher purpose than we yet dream of, breathes over his thoughts a kind of religious awe. His imagination, brooding with fearful energy, seems to find delight equally in scenes of supernatural horror and "all-gracing beauty." If Percival's imagination has less spectral and electric power, its activity and range are much greater. If he enters little into the joys and sorrows of common life, it is only that he may live in that ideal beauty and perfection which speech fails to grasp. He is impatient with human depravity. In early life, the thought that sin and want beset the race and permit very few to reach the highest perfection of which our nature is capable, almost drove him mad. His poem entitled "The Suicide" (in which those who knew him can trace a dark passage in his history) reads as if it were suggested by this very thought. Imagination and sensibility contended like enraged rivals for the mastery of his earlier years. But Percival is not without that meditative philosophic spirit which belongs to Dana. His philosophy is even less tangible than that of Novalis. It is purely intellectual. Its truths seem as if collected amid the utter loneliness of an introspective life. Sympathy with Nature, both as a teacher and a spirit, the fearless assertion of truth, and a spiritual aspiration which finds its rest only with universal Deity, characterize its utterances. If Shelley had lived longer, no doubt his sharp, clear insight would have penetrated still further into the mysteries of poetic truth, for his writings are similar to Percival's in spirit. The poems of Jones Very, coming nearer to the received doctrines of religious faith, repeat the same restless yearning and aspiration; and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" reflects the same, though in darker colors.

The "Prometheus" contains in fragments the essence of Percival's philosophy. The story of Prometheus strangely fascinated him. He translated the play of Æschylus founded on this story, with almost the spirit and force of the original Greek. His life, in ambition and energy, in aspiration and insight, in disappointments and endurance, had a singular likeness to that of the mythic hero. The poem takes its name

from the similarity of spirit between Percival and his ancient prototype. It reflects his real mental life more than any other work. It abounds in passages which probe our inmost thoughts; but the wild and gloomy ravings in the second part are such as he would not have written later in life. For these he has been strongly censured by religious critics; but if he at times threw out doubts respecting the credibility of revelation, in the same work he drew pictures of meek and simple faith, which will bear comparison with any similar utterances in confessedly religious poetry. The holy affections of childhood, the beauty of confiding trust, and the thoughts which spring from meditation on a future life, are themes upon which he dwells with a frequency and earnestness that show how congenial they were to his own soul.

“The Mind” is more truly intellectual than any other of his writings. Its leading purpose is to set forth that creative spiritual power which

“ Is in us, as an instinct, where it lives
A part of us, we can as ill throw off
As bid the vital pulses cease to play,
And yet expect to live,—the spirit of life,
And hope, and elevation, and eternity,—
The fountain of all honor, all desire
After a higher and a better state,—
An influence so quickening, it imbues
All things we see with its own qualities,
And therefore Poetry, another name
For this innate Philosophy, so often
Gives life and body to invisible things,
And animates the insensible, diffusing
The feelings, passions, tendencies of man,
Through the whole range of being. Though on earth,
And most of all in living things, as birds
And flowers, in things that beautify, and fill
The air with harmony, and in the waters,
So full of change, so apt to elegance
Or power,—so tranquil when they lie at rest,
So sportive when they trip it lightly on
Their Prattling way, and with so terrible
And lion-like severity, when roused
To break their bonds, and hurry forth to war
With winds and storms,—though it find much on earth

Suited to its high purpose, yet the sky
Is its peculiar home, and most of all,
When it is shadowed by a shifting veil
Of clouds, like to the curtain of a stage,
Beautiful in itself, and yet concealing
A more exalted beauty." — Vol. II. p. 143.

This philosophic spirit is shown to be the highest reach of the great masters of song,—Homer, *Æschylus*, Dante, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Tasso,—all of whom the poet sees in a vision, in three circles, one above the other. In graphic, rapid painting, the poem is not surpassed even by Mrs. Browning's "Vision of the Poets." Percival was singularly happy in throwing a wealth of imaginative power into single passages, often into single words, and of such passages and graphic words "The Mind" is full, while, considered as a work of art, it is a tissue of mere fragments. In the glow of poetic heat, he pours forth imagery, thought, and impassioned feeling in lavish abundance. If this be set down as a fault, we may well ask, What poem is complete? There is no work which is not the fragment of a greater; and a poem, however entire may be its epic completeness in design and comprehension, is level with its aim only in special parts. Thus judged, our poet both excels and fails. He descends less frequently from the elevation of genuine poetry than almost any other writer; but his unvarying succession of brilliant imagery and suggestive thought has injured the effect of his finest passages. Thus in "The Mind" we are constantly turned aside by minute beauties of thought and expression; yet with all the irregularity of its movement, no one can fail to be deeply impressed by its mystic philosophy and spiritual meditativeness.

"The Love of Study" and "Mental Harmony" could have been written only by Percival. With a vividness which marks them as genuine, they picture the inward life of the scholar and the strong sympathy of kindred minds. The following passage from "Mental Harmony" lets us into the spirit of his mental life:—

"All life,
And all inferior orders, in the waste
Of being spread before us, are to him
Who lives in meditation, and the search

Of wisdom and of beauty, open books,
Wherein he reads the Godhead, and the ways
He works through his creation, and the links
That fasten us to all things, with a sense
Of fellowship and feeling, so that we
Look not upon a cloud, or falling leaf,
Or flower new blown, or *human face divine*,
But we have caught new life, and wider thrown
The door of reason open, and have stored
In memory's secret chamber, for dark years
Of age and weariness, the food of thought,
And thus extended mind, and made it young,
When the thin hair turns gray, and feeling dies."

— Vol. I. p. 41.

In many other poems our author gives us insight into the singular system of philosophic belief whose principles he set forth only in poetry. The general tone of his speculations is sad enough. While he found delight in bold and lofty imaginings, few could sympathize with him or even follow him. His life and philosophy were much alike,— both earnest, profound, and sad.

Nature was to him as a living spirit. Feeling that earthly passions were beneath the sacred character of poetry, he turned to Nature as the nearest approach to ideal perfection. In the endless variety of her forms, he found something to harmonize with his own varying moods. He has written scarcely a poem which is not colored by natural scenery. His earliest work, "The New England Seasons," written at the age of sixteen, is remarkable for its clear and sharply-drawn sketches of landscape. His meditative and lonely boyhood brought him into close sympathy with Nature. His poetry was mostly written to embody his own feelings and thoughts; and as his direct intercourse with men was very slight, it is not strange that his writings should deal so little with human passion and character; yet in such sketches as "The Deserter Wife," and "The Lunatic Girl," there is so great dramatic power that we cannot but lament that a mind capable of such refinement of feeling had not oftener ventured on the creation of character. It is his attachment to natural beauty that gives him so little favor with the great crowd of readers, who are apt to estimate his poetry far below its real worth; while to a keen, sensitive,

thoughtful mind, there are few modern poets who bring purer and nobler pleasure. To read him to the highest advantage, one needs to do with Percival as he would with Spenser's "Faerie Queene,"—for the two poets have much in common; he needs the month of June, woodland scenery, the songs of birds, the absence of all which reminds him of sin and wretchedness. In such a state he easily falls into the mood which inspired the poet.

Percival's devotion to Nature springs from causes unlike those which affected many of his contemporaries. With Wordsworth, Nature is sought chiefly because of her quickening influence upon his spiritual being. Bryant, with his entire devotion, never forgets that Nature was made for man. But Shelley and Percival feel the highest joy in the simple love of Nature *for her own sake*. The stream, the forest, the sky, fill them with a pure Grecian Nature-worship. How far this was due to the study of Greek literature—for with both it was a passion—we cannot tell. But this study certainly increased their native zest. Percival has more of the true Greek spirit than Shelley. One can trace in many of his poems a subtle sympathy with the mythic impersonations of the Greek poetry, to which Shelley does not so completely yield himself. The great difference, indeed, between Percival and most other poets of Nature is this,—while they describe natural scenery as one would take an inventory, he enters into sympathy with every object which meets his eye, *feels* its poetic spirit, loses all thought of self, and in the moment of inspiration pours forth his conceptions fresh and perfect as they came to him. The reading of such poetry carries us completely out of ourselves into the poet's ideal world. His imaginative paintings stand out in strong colors. Take, for instance, the following sketch, as distinctly visible as if Landseer had thrown it on canvas:—

"The sun glows overhead
Intensely, and the hot and sultry blue,
Unclouded and unstained, burns with the blaze
That fills the orb of noon: the panting hart
Looks for a shelter, and a cool, fresh spring
To slake his thirst; the cattle in the brook
Lave their hot sides, and underneath the elm,

Arching its hanging branches till they dip
 And kiss the scarcely gliding water, mute
 And patiently await the coming on
 Of evening, to go out around the beds
 Of tufted grass and wild-flowers, there to crop
 The tender herbage." — Vol. I. p. 278.

His poems, while seemingly the free outgush of poetic feeling, and never taking the highest form of creative art, are full of pictures which show artistic skill. What an awful intensity and cumulative power in this description of a thunder-storm ! He represents the clouds as endowed with life, as beings who,

"Heaped in those sulphury masses, heavily
 Jutting above their bases, like the smoke
 Poured from a furnace, or a roused volcano,
 Stand on the dun horizon, threatening
 Lightning and storm,— who, lifted from the hills,
 March onward to the zenith, ever darkening,
 And heaving into more gigantic towers
 And mountainous piles of blackness,— who then roar
 With the collected winds within your womb,
 Or the far uttered thunders,— who ascend
 Swifter and swifter, till wide overhead
 Your vanguards curl and toss upon the tempest
 Like the stirred ocean on a reef of rocks
 Just topping o'er its waves, while deep below
 The pregnant mass of vapor and of flame
 Rolls with an awful pomp, and grimly lowers,
 Seeming to the struck eye of fear the car
 Of an offended spirit, whose swart features
 Glare through the sooty darkness, fired with vengeance,
 And ready with uplifted hand to smite
 And scourge a guilty nation." — Vol. I. p. 284.

Percival deals largely in imagery drawn from the sky and the clouds. In "The Mind," there is a picture of the moon breaking through a rift of many tremulous clouds, and lighting up the whole heavens with strange brilliancy, which even equals the thunder-storm in vivid scenic power. Pictures of sunset and sunrise are ever recurring ; indeed, there is hardly a poem without cloud scenery. It is somewhat curious that only modern poets have dealt in cloud-imagery. Among the earlier English poets, it is found only, and scarcely, in Milton and Thomson. But Wordsworth, Shelley, Bryant, and Perci-

val have all found it prolific in poetic symbolism ; nay, each has written a separate poem in which to embody his distinct impressions thence derived. With Wordsworth, the clouds become a source of meditative delight and a bond of almost human sympathy ; Bryant sends out to them delicate, airy fancies ; Percival enters into their secret meaning, and finds in them "a volume full of wisdom ;" but Shelley alone has succeeded in impersonating their very spirit.

Scientific exactness and scholarly accuracy appear continually in Percival's descriptive poetry, while his power of rendering language plastic as the potter's clay gives fulness to the expression and ease to the flow of his verse. Those familiar with "The Coral Grove" will instantly recall its delicate finish, and minute, life-like touches. His descriptions read as if they were the impassioned utterance of a full mind ; yet we have his own avowal, that his finest passages were wrought over many times before they were put on paper. We can thus explain the origin of many of those poems which in their evolution are like the intricacies of a labyrinth,—every sentence clear, distinct, expressive in its parts, but so entangled with analogies and endless chasings of thought that the reader is as fairly lost as if he had attempted to follow Choate through one of his breathless periods. This is a fault alike in prose and in poetry. The errant play of fancy is somewhat curbed in our author's later poems, but it is especially marked in his sketches from nature. He had carefully studied the scenery of New England ; his quick eye let nothing escape his notice ; the secrets of the flowers, the forests, the skies, the storm, were all known to him. Nature had become so much a part of his own life, that, as often as he put pen to paper, he could not help giving off recollections which seemed as vivid and precious as native thoughts. Hence the singularly outward, and at the same time personal, character of his poetry ; hence, too, the truthfulness and chaste beauty of his sketches. All American poets have made our scenery a study. Dana has stamped objects here and there with strong feeling ; Bryant lingers like a lover amid the glens and forests and flowers ; Whittier intersperses tradition with rare bits of landscape, and throws over all a moss-like beauty ; Emerson grasps

a scene firmly, and reproduces its features with a singular union of real and ideal coloring; Lowell's pictures thrill the beholder with a fine, living sense of the beautiful; but Percival, more than all others, seems to enter into the very heart of Nature, and to dramatize her life.

Few can have failed to notice the repose which characterizes the best poetry of our time. It comes partly from that inward self-poise of the mind which attends its highest efforts, but mainly from the love of meditative quiet. Percival is no exception to this law. Even his lyrics seldom burst out in free, joyous feeling, while his more sober poems are fit only for "the still air of delightful studies." The vigor of his poetry is self-centred and profound. Akin to this spirit of repose is his dreaminess,—a faculty which he shares with De Quincey and Richter. His prose "picture of the feelings and musings of an imaginative mind," in panoramic fulness and minuteness, in breadth of imagination and activity of fancy, is without an equal. His "Dreams," "Ruins," "Musings," "Pleasures of Childhood," "Greece from Mount Helicon," and "Dream of a Day," all show a marvellous range of visionary power. De Quincey can summon up brilliant pageantry by the magic of opium; but Percival, in the stillness of his library, revels in scenes which, as he sees them, it is hardly in the power of language adequately to set forth. With De Quincey the dream in all its mazes is still a dream; with Percival and Jean Paul the dream is only another name for pictures which are painted to the life, and affect us like the reality.

Percival enjoys no slight fame as the poet of love. His portraiture of the affections has rare beauty. Though the emotion often arose and died away only in the poet's heart, he seldom wrote without the prompting of genuine feeling. Purity of thought lifts his poetry far enough above the sentimental vein; longings to grasp and embody the ideal, remove his creations from the sphere of ordinary existence. They differ widely from those of Tennyson; for while Tennyson paints woman true to life, Percival paints her only after the image conceived in his own brain. Hence his women are nearly all like himself, impassioned, thoughtful, thrilling with

sensibility, touched with a kind of ideal sadness, yet having a certain freshness and youthful glow which belong to the finest traits of womanly character. His portraits are always strongly drawn, but often so woven into the piece that they cannot be separated from it. The following, however, will speak for itself :—

“ Around her marble neck her raven hair
 In flowing curls and waving tresses hung ;
 There was a pensive spirit in her eye,
 Whose sparkling jet, beneath a falling lid
 Fringed with its long, dark lashes, vainly hid
 The fire of love that lit it.” — Vol. I. p. 204.

That Percival had no mean estimate of deep and ennobling love, is evident from the following passage in “ Prometheus” :—

“ But there is one affection, which no stain
 Of earth can ever darken, when two find,
 The softer and the manlier, that a chain
 Of kindred taste hath fastened mind to mind ;—
 ’T is an attraction from all sense refined,
 Not purer shone the sky-born vestal fire ;
 The good can only know it ; ’t is not blind,
 As love is, unto baseness ; its desire
 Is, but with hands intwined, to lift our being higher.”
 — Vol. II. p. 113.

His range in this department of creative power is not wide. His characters do not differ much from one another ; and even his longer works, founded on the development of love, are alike in their general features. In “ The Wreck ” we have a story of love, separation, and reunion in death ; in “ The Village Girl,” a picture of desertion and madness ; in “ A Tale,” love defeating its own end by too great sensitiveness.

Some have thought that Percival’s chief merit lay in his lyric poetry. With a view of incorporating all varieties of metre into our own language, he made versification a special study. “ Studies in Verse ” (which will soon be published) show a power of adapting words to thoughts, which translators would do well to imitate. His hexameter verse, a few specimens of which are given in the “ Classic Melodies,” abundantly vindicates its fitness to convey Saxon thought, while

his translations of German and Italian lyrics retain the very tone and spirit of the original thought. His merit as a lyric poet is enhanced by the exceeding simplicity and crystal clearness of his language. He rarely takes any but the sharply-cut and expressive words in common use. Sometimes he even sacrifices dignity, though never aptness of diction, in his close adherence to Saxon speech. Like Goethe, he turns the simplest language into living pictures of his ideas. His lyrics are remarkable for their melody. Though his blank verse seldom trips in rhythm, and flows on almost like impassioned prose, his mastery of the lyric measure is complete. He even rivals Shelley. The strain is always musical, and often he seems to use words only to embody the mysterious music of another world. None but some lone spirit like himself can feel the full force of his lyric inspiration ; yet whenever he touches the common sympathies of the race, his lyrics glow with the fire and energy of Burns. What lover of his country does not feel the blood quicken in his veins, as he reads "New England," "The Flag," and "To the Eagle"? Who that has held communion with high thoughts can fail of sympathy with "Genius Waking"? Who that has struggled up to fame, and felt its emptiness, will not respond to his "Farewell to my Lyre"? Who that has passionately loved an ideal will not be touched by the pure crystal beauty of his songs? Who can fail to drink in with joy the clear melody of "The Serenade" and "Midnight Music"? What softened pathos in his elegiac verse! What a lofty feeling courses through that address to the sun in "Prometheus," beginning, "Centre of light and energy!" Yet beautiful as his lyrics are in expression and melody, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy, which

"Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart,"

they are mostly lacking in those touches of feeling which "make the whole world kin."

His sonnets, however, are not less remarkable for depth of feeling than for delicate finish and nice shadings of thought. The limitations of the sonnet at once restrained his tendency to pile thought on thought in endless succession, and gratified his pride in mastering the difficulties of versification. The

sonnet, indeed, is in one sense a measure of poetic power. It is the true confessional of poets. Perhaps no other form of composition has been so generally cultivated in English poetry; and it is curious to notice how, in the hands of different poets, it clings close to the heart, and wrests thence the secrets of the inner life. For Spenser and Sidney it became the record of sweet and tender fancies; with Shakespeare, gently veiling the events of his personal history, it was infused with manly vigor; at one time harsh with the war-cry of religious liberty, at another, plaintive with self-chiding, it gains added strength in the hands of Milton; Wordsworth still further widens its sphere, and breathes into it his "sweet, silent thoughts" with Nature, not less than his earnest meditations on human life; Hartley Coleridge lends it rare sweetness and gentle movement; Keats pours into it the passing emotions of his singularly ideal life; Lowell trusts it with feelings almost too delicate for words; Mrs. Browning and Jones Very utter in it their mystical religious aspirations; while Percival fills it with the sad, thoughtful, and often religious yearnings of his lonely life. He delighted to express in it his passionate love of Nature and Beauty and Truth. How gentle and deep is the feeling here embodied, and how felicitously expressed!

" O Evening ! I have loved thee with a joy
 Tender and pure, and thou hast ever been
 A soother of my sorrows. When a boy,
 I wandered often to a lonely glen,
 And, far from all the stir and noise of men,
 Held fond communion with unearthly things,
 Such as come gathering brightly round us, when
 Imagination soars and shakes her wings.
 Yes, in that secret valley, doubly dear
 For all its natural beauty, and the hush
 That ever brooded o'er it, I would lay
 My thoughts in deepest calm, and if a bush
 Rustled, or small bird shook the beechen spray,
 There seemed a ministering angel whispering near."

— Vol. II. pp. 232, 233.

In the following sonnet the poet seems to have given a true picture of the earnest, thoughtful spirit with which he turned to Nature as the sole companion of his meditations : —

“ O Thou sole-sitting Spirit of Loneliness !
 Whose haunt is by the wild and dropping caves,
 Thou of the musing eye and scattered tress,
 I meet thee with a passionate joy, no less
 Than when the mariner, from off his waves,
 Catches the glimpses of a far blue shore, —
 He thinks the danger of his voyage o'er,
 And, pressing all his canvas, steers to land,
 With a glad bosom and a ready hand.

So I would hie me to thy desolate shade,
 And seat myself in some deep-sheltered nook,
 And never breathe a wish again to look

On the tossed world, but rather, listless laid,
 Pore on the bubbles of the passing brook.”

— Vol. I. pp. 379, 380.

ART. V.—*Histoire de l'Esclavage dans l'Antiquité.* Par H. WALLON, Licencié en Droit, Maître de Conférences à l'École Normale, Professeur Suppléant d'Histoire Moderne à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris: Imprimé par Autorisation du Roi, à l'Imprimerie Royale. MDCCXLVII. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE decay and final overthrow of the Roman Republic form a series of events so grand in their proportions, so tragic in their incidents, and so important in their results, as to have merited and won the careful attention of the most sagacious students of history. Its causes—if ascertained—should be warnings in all times and among all nations; for causes themselves are simple and of constant recurrence,—it is only their combinations that are manifold and of special application. But the disease which prostrated this mighty state was in itself so complicated, it lay so long hidden while its victim was vainly boasting of exuberant strength, and when at length it burst into view its attack was so virulent and fatal, that it is no wonder inquirers are baffled in their investigations, or led by specious symptoms to neglect the true seat of the malady. All of the various causes assigned,—the inherent defects of

the political organization, the inadequacy of the control exercised by religion, the blasting influence of slavery, the enormous expansion of territory, the corrupting flood of wealth which poured in from Eastern conquests, the mischievous tenure of land,—all these played their part in this melancholy drama; but the precise harm done by each, and how far each was an essential and adequate cause, how far a mere temporary adjunct,—these are problems difficult to solve.

One of the causes enumerated above has been exhaustively discussed by M. Wallon, in its whole nature and bearing on the history of antiquity. His three volumes are devoted to slavery in Greece and the Orient, under the Roman Republic, and under the Empire. After considering the baneful effects of this institution, he adds:—

“*Latifundia perdidere Italiam, moxque provincias.* The great domains! It is the form, in fact, under which this destructive action was carried on; but the principle of the evil was slavery. It is slavery, which, taking possession of the country, drove the free class to the city; it is slavery which in this seat still disputed with it for labor: so that, shut out from all honorable careers, it perished in corruption, and left empty, in the city, that place which the slaves then came to take by means of emancipation.”—Vol. II. p. 392.

We propose to examine the process by which this was accomplished, with the aid we can derive from Wallon’s work, and from Mommsen’s *Römische Geschichte*, in which we find the most satisfactory discussion of the social and political changes under the Roman Republic.

The character of Roman slavery varied of course with the social and political institutions of the state, and may in general be divided into three periods. In the first, or patriarchal era, the slave was a member of the family; in the second, the later republic, he was an instrument of capital and speculation; in the last, he became a mere appendage to an establishment, kept rather for ostentation than for gain. It is hardly necessary to say, that neither of these forms existed independently of the others, nor can any precise epoch be assigned when one gave way to another. In general, it may be said that the second period lasted from shortly after the second Punic war almost to the time of the establishment of the Empire. Let us briefly

examine these periods, and see what influence slavery exerted in each over the public welfare.

Probably no state out of Asia has presented the patriarchal form of society so completely as Rome under its original, or patrician government. Each family formed a unit, the *paterfamilias* having power even of life and death over all his sons with their families, and over his unmarried daughters. The family also included the clients, who stood in a relation of dependence, and the slaves, who were absolute property. Powerful *gentes*, like the Fabii and Claudii, had large numbers of adherents of both classes. We learn, for example, that Attus Clausus migrated to Rome with no less than five thousand followers. Wealth in those days consisted in land, and what the wealthy land-owner could not cultivate with his own hands was divided into smaller estates, and given in trust to his clients or slaves,—probably for a low rent payable in kind. Thus the cultivation of large estates was, as Mommsen expresses it, not large-farming (*Grosswirthschaft*), “but a multiplication of small-farming” (*eine vervielfältigte Kleinwirthschaft*). Probably most of the citizens, however, had only as much land as each could cultivate, with the help perhaps of a single slave.*

“The patrimony of the Roman was in early times generally confined within these narrow limits, two jugera [about one acre]; afterward seven. There was put in practice at Rome a maxim which the Carthaginians put at least in writing; that the father of a family should be really master of the field, it was demanded that its extent should never surpass the measure of his means (*ses forces*). It is still within these limits that the portions assigned to citizens sent into colonies were comprised, and Manius Curius, the conqueror of the Samnites, declared him a dangerous citizen who was not satisfied with this. So long as property was confined within these limits, slavery, it is easily understood, must be much restricted. The father of the family could scarcely have more than one assistant in his labors. Also the slave was sufficiently designated by the name of his master. They said the slave of Quintus, of Marcus, *Quintipor*, *Marcipor* (Q. puer; M. puer); these old denominations had, according to Pliny, no other origin; and when

* It must not be supposed that this state of society was confined to Patrician Rome. It existed among other Italian nations, and a plebeian had the same right as *paterfamilias* with a patrician.

the citizen was called from home by public duties, the slave took the direction of the farm, aided by some hired laborer. Even to the time of the first Punic war, there are found among the most illustrious citizens examples of this ancient moderation. Thus, Regulus, at the head of the army of Africa, asked his recall, giving as a reason, that the death of his slave, and the unfaithfulness of his hired man, left his little field neglected, and his family in distress." — *Wallon*, Vol. II. p. 7.

What was naturally the character of slavery in this early state of society? Mild, because all the social relations, the power of the *paterfamilias* over wife and children, the mutual connection of patron and client, in fine, the whole patriarchal life, supposes a simple, contented frame of mind, good feeling between the members, and a conscious, but unstudied, community of interests. As soon as this spontaneous bond is loosened, as soon as the dependent members become discontented, and the ruling members harsh, as soon as the feeling of *individual* interest creeps in,—as soon, indeed, as the question begins to be asked why this connection exists,—the patriarchal system is at an end; and if its forms continue, as they will, it is no longer a patriarchal government, but a tyranny. But Roman slavery at the period of which we are treating was mild for other reasons as well.

"The slaves tilling the land for the master were much less numerous than the free farmers (*Püchter*). Wherever the immigrating nation has not at once enslaved a population in the mass, slaves appear originally to have been found in very limited numbers, and in consequence of this the free laborers have played a quite different part in the state from what we find later. But even the slave was in general of Italian origin; the Volscian, Sabine, Etruscan captive must stand in a different relation to his master from that of the Syrian and Celt in later times. Besides, he had, as occupier of a portion of his master's land (*Parcelinhaber*), not legally, to be sure, but in fact, land and cattle, wife and child, as well as the proprietor, and after emancipation came into practice, it lay within his power to work out his freedom." — *Mommsen*, Vol. I. p. 178.

The patriarchal state of society is one which, whether on the whole beneficial or not, is necessarily confined to an early stage of society. To this stage it may be, and no doubt is, admirably adapted; but it cannot endure the light of literature, sci-

ence, the arts, and especially of commerce,—the great engine in the advancement of civilization, which depends entirely on individual rights and free competition, and is therefore from the outset at war with it. We do not care to argue from the “rights of man,” that it ought to disappear; it is enough to say that it does, and must, disappear. So soon as anything suggests, whether truly or falsely, to the subordinate members of society, that they are deprived by law of anything to which they have a right by nature, the result follows which we have sketched above,—individual interest begins to be consulted, the dependent members become uneasy, and the rulers despotic. Seldom has a government at this crisis the wisdom to yield with a good grace what must be sooner or later lost. The Roman government was no exception.

The force which undermined, and at last shook down the patriarchal structure in Rome, was the growing feeling of the clients that they no longer needed the protection of the patricians, and no longer owed them allegiance. The struggle ensued which is familiar to all, and the details of which do not immediately concern our subject. From the moment the first blow was struck, the patriarchal system was doomed; but two centuries were required for its final overthrow. During this period, and until slavery on a large scale for speculation was fully established, which we have said was after the second Punic war, we have only a few indications, but those decisive, of the ruin this institution was beginning to work. The seizure of the Capitol by Appius Herdonius, B. C. 460, gives us a glimpse at the uneasiness of the slaves at this time in the fact that its leader held out freedom as an inducement for slaves to join his standard. And this well-known incident is by no means alone. Servile insurrections were among the constant terrors of the early republic, as they were among the most fearful horrors of the later republic. The most important indication, however, of the tendencies of this period is given in the Licinian laws, B. C. 366, which, besides their provision that no person should occupy more than five hundred jugera (about 250 acres) of the public domain, bound the landholders to employ slaves upon their land only in a certain proportion to the number of free laborers,—a provision which

shows that alarm had already been taken at the increase of slave labor, and the consequent decay of small freeholds. The statesmen of this period knew that the strength of the state consisted in these small proprietors; and had not these well-timed and judicious laws been suffered to fall at once into desuetude, they might have effectually prevented the growth of *latifundia*; for it was chiefly public land that was held in large estates, and it was only by the employment of slaves that the large estates could be rendered profitable.

“*Latifundia perdidere Itiam.*” Large estates ruined Italy. This is Pliny’s judgment, and its truth is generally accepted. Let us illustrate the process.

The Senators, having the exclusive disposal of the public lands, had been accustomed from early times to *occupy* them themselves for a nominal rent. We can hardly wonder that, as no adequate control was placed over them by the Licinian law, they should disregard its requirements, and continue the old abuse. The law soon became a dead letter, and nothing now could have prevented the dreaded result but a correct public opinion, a clear apprehension of the future needs of the nation, or a healthy social tendency. Probably all these united would have been needed, but all eventually failed. Slavery undermined the social structure, and was the chief support of the system of large estates. For the present, to be sure, its influence was slight, and the government was wise enough to counteract it by numerous colonies, planted in various parts of Italy. But this statesmanlike policy did not last long.

“Wherever,” says Mommsen, “a fixed number of old families of established wealth and inherited power conducts the government, they will in times of danger manifest as incomparably an unswerving consistency (*zähe Folgerichtigkeit*) and heroic self-sacrifice, as in time of repose they will impress on their rule the stamp of short-sightedness, selfishness, and indolence.”—Vol. II. p. 67.

These are precisely the qualities displayed by the government of Rome,—the first in the struggle with Carthage, the second when that struggle was over, and there was no longer any enemy to fear. If the social tendencies and policy of the government failed to erect any barrier against the new evil,

still less did public opinion after the second Punic war, the time at which it became glaringly apparent. Rome was at this time almost wholly surrendered to the love of gain. She still loved power, but money more. Public spirit, official fidelity, individual honesty, once leading features of the Roman character, were so no longer. The Senate, it is true, still clung to its traditional policy, and would make the earth bend before it; but few generals or proconsuls could withstand the corruptions of the times, and the temptations of office. Ignominious treaties of peace, still more disgraceful violations of them, disadvantageous alliances, unjust judgments, extortions and oppressions without bound, filled their coffers. Rome was as much hated as feared. Invincible by steel, she was soon found helpless against gold. The wars against Perseus, Viriathus, and Numantia, and especially that against Jugurtha, show the unparalleled baseness of the generals, and the powerlessness of the Senate to check it.*

It is well that in the growth of communities the purse supersedes the sword as the arbiter of fate; and in the evils, we should not overlook the benefits of the change. It was the misfortune of Rome that, while the ferocity of manners was not softened thereby, the new scramble for wealth was neither adequately controlled by law, religion, and public opinion, nor connected with any great industrial and humanitarian enterprises, such as make the same contest in our day rather beneficent than harmful. It was wholly selfish. When once indi-

* The character of the times is well illustrated by the following anecdote of Marcus Brutus, — one of the most upright men of his age, — related by Wallon, Vol. II. p. 42, from Cicero's letter, *Ad Atticum*, VI. 2. “A law of Rome had formerly abolished (*supprimé*) the rate of interest: they regulated it then at pleasure. The Stoic Brutus lent to the Senate of Salamis [in Cyprus] at four per cent a month, forty-eight per cent a year. He had obtained two decrees of the Senate to cover whatever illegality this loan, made to pay the tributes, originally had; and, in order to force the payment of the interest, Scaptius, his man of straw, had obtained from Appius, governor of Cilicia, a command and troops; with them he besieged the Senate [of Salamis], or, if the term is preferred, blockaded it only, but so well that several Senators died of hunger. The Salaminians wished at any price to free themselves from this debt; they met to pay interest and capital; but this was not the object of Brutus. His agent refused the capital, he only wished for the interest, and sent to Cicero, successor of Appius, for new troops, — only fifty knights. . . . After which had not Brutus a good right to cry out at Philippi, ‘Virtue, thou art only a name!’” The loan, it is to be remembered, was illegal from the outset.

vidual interest had overthrown the patriarchal system in Rome, it was never checked until it had swallowed up all honor, law, and religion. The rulers of Rome at this epoch never asked themselves whether it were well for the state that they should appropriate all the public lands, adding to them whatever small estates they could obtain by force or fraud, and that slaves, scantily fed and clothed, and worked up like machines, at the highest productive rate, should till the land in place of the peasants of seven jugera, once the strength of Italy. Or if the question were asked, it was quickly answered, that more money was made in this way, and that was all which concerned either them or the state.

“If small husbandry (*la petite culture*) yields to large in an economic point of view, if it leaves a smaller part of its gross product to be disposed of, it is especially because it gives a larger proportion to the pay of the laborer, because it supports more arms. Large husbandry expends less and gives a larger income; small husbandry consumes more, and in a country which has no manufactures maintains a larger population of workmen. Now what did Italy need? Wealth? Conquest gave it that of the world. It needed, to maintain its position, a numerous population of freemen. Its strength was then in reality connected with the maintenance of small husbandry, and it was not without reason that those who wished to lay the foundations of Rome for eternity, measured with so sparing a hand the field with which the colonist was to be satisfied. The *latifundia*, by the change which their extension introduced into the system of agriculture, diminished, therefore, the free population. When a hundred domains were united into one, for a hundred masters there was one, and the others could no longer remain on the alienated land, even as hired laborers. But this evil would have been a small affair if slavery had not been there to aggravate it. Driven as master from his own patrimony, driven as farmer from the domain of the state, the plebeian saw himself besides shut out for the most part from rustic labor.” — *Wallon*, Vol. II. p. 347.

Thus no restraint was placed on the growth of *latifundia*, and during the sixth century of the city (B. C. 250–150) they were extended with alarming rapidity. The war with Hannibal, by draining the country of men, and breaking up the small estates over a large part of Italy, helped to bring about this result,—thus hastening the downfall of Rome in a way

of which its great author had probably no thought. The precepts of Cato—so often regarded as a model Roman of the old school, and at all events a sincere patriot and honest man—show how completely the new ideas had mastered the public mind.

“Even at the beginning of his treatise on agriculture, he asks whether he ought not to sacrifice this pursuit to those more lucrative means of employing time and money; and, if he persists in his first design, it is not because rustic cares have in their favor the authority of ancestors, because they produce a stronger race of men, because they give a more honorable gain; it is also because, after all, their profits are surer; he writes his treatise in order, if possible, to make them also greater. Moreover, free labor has no more dangerous enemy; and, if it is necessary to have recourse to it, he takes great pains to prohibit keeping the farmer or hired man beyond the time agreed upon.”—*Ibid.*, Vol. II. p. 352.

The nature of this revolution is thus forcibly described by Mommsen:—

“Thus began the second campaign of Capital against Labor, or what is in antiquity essentially the same, against peasant husbandry (*Bauernwirtschaft*); and if the first had been mischievous, it seemed mild and humane when compared with the second. The capitalists no longer lent on interest, as this process in itself ceased to be practicable, since the small proprietors had now no need of any considerable surplus, and also was not simple and radical enough; but they bought up the peasant homesteads (*Bauernstellen*) and changed them at best into farms cultivated by slaves. This was still called Agriculture; it was, in point of fact, essentially the employment of capital in the production of the fruits of the earth. The description of the peasantry which Cato gives is excellent and quite correct; but how does it agree with the husbandry which he depicts and recommends? If a Roman Senator—as not seldom may have been the case—possessed four such estates as Cato described, there now lived upon the same space which had supported a hundred or a hundred and fifty peasant families in the time of the old small husbandry, one family of free people, and perhaps fifty slaves, mostly unmarried. If this was the medicine to heal the declining public economy (*Volkswirtschaft*), it was too much like the disease itself.”—Vol. I. p. 832.

“A favorite method was to drive out of the house the wife and children of the peasant while he was in the field, and then bring him to

terms on the theory of the thing being already accomplished." — Vol. II. p. 79.

This is illustrated by Horace (Od. II. 18. 26) : —

"Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos."

"Time only made the condition of things worse. Capital waged war upon Labor,—that is, the freedom of the person,—always, of course, under the severest forms of law, but no longer by the indecent means of reducing the free man to slavery on account of his debts, but from the outset with slaves lawfully bought and paid for; the city usurer of old times appeared in appropriate (*zeitgemäss*) form as owner of a plantation. But the final result was in both cases the same: the decay of the Italian peasantry, the crowding out of small husbandry, first in a part of the provinces, then in Italy, by the cultivation of large estates; the preponderating tendency of these also in Italy towards grazing, and the cultivation of oil and wine; finally, the substitution of slaves for free laborers in the provinces as well as in Italy." — *Ibid.*, Vol. II. p. 72.

In this manner capital possessed itself of the whole field of Roman agriculture; and Italy was devoted to the increase, not of "high-minded men," but of wealth. If the process had stopped here, the ruin would have been certain; republicanism was doomed. But another step hastened the ruin, and destroyed civilization as well as republicanism. This was the abandoning agriculture over a large part of Italy, and converting the arable soil into pasture-ground. As the former step had substituted a few slaves for more than double the number of freemen, this expelled slave labor itself, and a few herdsmen were now seen in place of large gangs of chained slaves. This change is a remarkable one, and deserves examination. Profitable grazing requires that land should be abundant and cheap, and population sparse. Thus at the present day the great grazing regions — Texas, Kentucky, and Vermont, for instance — are remote from the commercial centres. But in Italy, at the period we are considering, although it was a long-settled country, to all appearance increasing every day in power and wealth, it was found more profitable to raise cattle than to cultivate the land. Of course this was not universal. The immediate neighborhood of Rome was no doubt still occu-

pied by villas and market-gardens. It is the fact of the *change* that is noteworthy,—a change that illustrates perhaps better than anything else the decay of Roman civilization. It was a movement toward barbarism; for it substituted wild lands for cultivated, superseded the systematic and laborious life of the farmer by the indolent, roaming life of the herdsman, and finished the work begun by the *latifundia* in absorbing little homesteads into large estates. A proposition at the present day to turn Norfolk County wholly into pasture lands would excite only a smile; but Italy, B. C. 250, was more fertile than Norfolk County, and more densely peopled.

It is interesting to know how this fundamental change not only could be afforded, but could be so lucrative that Cato, when asked what was the most profitable pursuit for a man, answered, “to be a good grazier” (*bene pascere*); what next, “to be a pretty good grazier;” what next, “to be a poor grazier;” and fourthly, to cultivate (Cic. *de Off.*, II. 25). In the first place, the way had been prepared by the *latifundia*, which had depopulated large tracts of land, driving their inhabitants to the cities. The free population of Italy, which had recovered by its inherent vitality from the devastations of the second Punic war, was now rapidly decreasing.

“From the end of the war with Hannibal to B. C. 159,” says Mommsen, “the number of citizens is constantly rising, the cause of which is to be sought in the constant and extensive distributions of domain land;* after B. C. 159, at which time the census reported 328,000 citizens capable of bearing arms, there is exhibited on the other hand a regular decrease, since the register shows, B. C. 154, 324,000, B. C. 147, 322,000, B. C. 131, 319,000 able-bodied citizens,—a fearful result for a period of deep peace within and without.”—Vol. II. p. 79.

“If we can imagine England with its lords, its squires, and especially its city, but with its freeholders and farmers changed into paupers, its workmen and sailors into slaves, we shall form a tolerably good image of the population of the Italian peninsula at this time.”—Vol. II. p. 396.

This fact would perhaps be enough in itself to explain even a

* At least nineteen colonies were planted during this period within the limits of modern Italy; and in all, lots of land were distributed among a number of poor citizens,—a policy precisely analogous to that of our Homestead Bill, and which had the same object in view.

change so momentous as that from a higher to a lower grade of agricultural pursuits. Italy was becoming depopulated and barbarous. But another circumstance nearly as important aided in this.

“Rome began to be the capital of all the states of the Mediterranean, and Italy the mere precinct (*Weichbild*) of Rome. More than this it did not care to be, and with opulent indifference satisfied itself with carrying on a merely passive commerce, such as every city which is nothing but a capital city must carry on; they had money enough, no doubt, to pay for everything which they needed and did not need. On the other hand, the most unproductive of all occupations, brokerage and money-collecting (*Hebungswesen*), were the true seat and firm citadel of Roman economy.” — *Mommsen*, Vol. I. p. 830.

It was a fatal delusion of Rome, that she thought it possible to live without doing her share of the world’s production. Hence that horrible oppression of the subject provinces, which were forced to send the products of their lands to Rome, and limit themselves to a bare subsistence. Hence the largesses to the people,—which could be well afforded when the corn cost nothing,—and the deep demoralization which resulted. The peasants had been driven to the city, and were now to be fed by those who had their lands.

Mommsen censures the government at this juncture for neglecting to protect Italian farmers against competition from without, by duties on the importation of foreign corn, and designates the sale of such corn at nominal prices, and its free distribution among the people, as one cause of the decline of agriculture and the decay of the peasantry. That this had much to do with the corruption of the city population there is no question; but its influence on agrarian relations is more doubtful. To be sure, the competition was an unfair and unhealthy one; for it brought slave-grown products extorted by oppression into competition with those of free and individual labor. But the remedy lay further back, in putting a stop to the oppressions and exactions in the provinces, especially in Sicily. Or if no remedy could be applied, and it was proved that corn could not be grown to advantage in Italy, the alternative was left, to which many a nation has been driven, of turning its industry in another direction. Had this problem been presented

two hundred years earlier, when Italy was inhabited by an energetic and independent people, they would have solved it as easily as did the people of New England, when driven by the tariff to engage in manufactures. So far as productive energy still remained, this was done. Grazing was the resort of most, as giving high profits with little labor; and where cultivation was still carried on, the olive and the vine took the place of corn. "The Aminæan and Falernian began to be mentioned by the side of the Thasian and Chian," and with wine and oil "Italy together with Greece supplied almost exclusively the whole territory of the Mediterranean."

When we say that Italy had ceased to be a producing country, we mean in comparison with its natural powers and its consumption. It still produced and exported; but its commerce was on the whole passive, that is to say, as is the case with the United States at the present day, its imports largely exceeded its exports; while the balance was not left, as in this country, to form a constantly increasing debt, but was plundered with a high hand. Had not the habits of the people ceased to be productive, we might have looked for a still more fundamental change, in the development of manufactures, which never occupied the place in antiquity that they hold in our day. That no such development was made, which might have almost neutralized the destructive changes we have described, is due partly to the simple habits of the mass of the people, who did not demand a large supply of manufactured goods, partly to the want of machinery, which is essential to any extensive manufactures, but chiefly to the rottenness of the social fabric and national character; for neither simple manners nor rude implements could long restrain a really ingenious and productive people.

We have traced the destructive influence of slavery on the common weal, and think we have shown that it may be regarded as the chief instrument by which the economic structure of the Roman state was shaken. We can devote but little space to exhibiting its equally destructive effects on the Roman character. No doubt many causes were at work in this direction, especially that which we have already mentioned, the inordinate and unregulated passion for gain. But, says Wallon, "in order that public depravity could reach

this point, there must be in the bosom of society a being similar to man and freed by public opinion from all the moral obligations proclaimed by the human conscience,—a being who can be turned to vice as well as to virtue without outrage to his nature, all whose excesses are lawful as soon as commanded.” Such was the slave in Rome. The details of his character will be recalled by any one familiar with the Latin comedy.

In other ways, also, slavery was productive of similar results. The common practice of emancipation, hardly less advantageous to the master than to the slave, because the freedman was nearly as much under his control as the slave, created thousands of citizens of low character and of foreign birth, so that the people of Rome was no longer Roman.

“The true Roman people, that plebeian and free race, which had laid the foundation of the greatness of Rome, had long ceased to exist; and slavery had not only enfeebled and degraded it, it had in some sort transformed it. When Scipio *Æ*milianus was resisting the murmurs of the crowd, saying, ‘You will not frighten me, unchained, you whom I brought to Rome loaded with irons,’ he might excite resentment, but could not be contradicted.”—*Wallon*, Vol. II. p. 392.

No doubt emancipation was often a real benefit conferred by a kind or grateful master on a faithful slave; no doubt, too, it often introduced valuable citizens into the state,—we read of freedmen of wealth and character, and we know that teachers and secretaries were chiefly slaves,—but the great mass of the slaves were the refuse of all nations swept into Rome by conquest and kidnapping; and even a good slave was spoiled in a year, by the corrupt atmosphere in which he lived. Of course the root of the evil was slavery itself, and the harm wrought by emancipation was indirect,—giving to wretches whom Rome had first stolen and then corrupted, and “to whom Rome was a stepmother, not a mother,” the government of Italy and of the world. Emancipation in itself was, on the other hand, beneficial so far as it had any influence; and when Augustus endeavored to suppress the practice, he was really cutting off the supply of free citizens.

“Augustus, on founding his empire, was terrified at the mobility of

the soil on which he had to establish it. He wished to render the people stable, and he thought he should reach this result by struggling against the progress of manumissions, not seeing that the mobility of the Roman people came from a double current,—one which swept away the freeman, another which brought the freedman into his place; and that to stop off the second without restraining the first, was not to bring about a reform, but a void.”—*Wallon*, Vol. II. p. 425.

A third evil we have already briefly considered in the reaction on the city population of the absorption of small estates,—a process which drove the peasants to swell that formidable and ever-increasing army, the Roman proletariat,—a true Nemesis, bringing double vengeance on the city for the injustice it had permitted.

Still another mischievous effect of slavery was, that it rendered labor disgraceful. A large number of pursuits, in themselves honorable, were given over to slaves, and hence esteemed servile, while the accepted rule, that “no respectable man would suffer himself to be paid for personal services,”* arose, doubtless, in part from this prejudice.

If in these various ways slavery poisoned the inner life of the state, the insurrections of the seventh century of the city shook its outward frame no less fearfully. The slaves of Italy were not an ignorant, timid race, but were in every way equal to their masters,—cultivated Greeks, wily Cretans, athletic Syrians, fierce Thracians and Dalmatians. Eunus, Athenion, and Spartacus proved themselves more than matches for average Roman commanders, and, knowing that, when one servile war was suppressed, there were still left the same scheming minds, and the same restless spirits, as materials for another, we need not wonder at the barbarity of the vengeance, nor at the watchfulness of the police. After the defeat of Spartacus, six thousand of the insurgents were crucified along the road from Rome to Capua; and an incident related by Cicero is a worthy companion-piece to that of the Italian farmer who successfully defended himself with arms against robbers, and was consequently punished by the Austrian government for having

* For instance, the Lex Cincia forbade a lawyer to receive a fee for arguing a case. No public officer received anything for his services, and agencies, bailments, &c. among friends gave no claim for recompense.

arms in his possession. A slave in Sicily, who had delivered the country from an enormous wild boar, was crucified by the *prætor* for having had the spear with which he killed it in his possession,—“a weak and unworthy piece of cruelty,” says Wallon, “which Cicero does not dare to blame, and which Valerius Maximus approves.”

We have indicated a final stage in the history of Roman slavery, when slaves came to be held rather for luxury and show than for profit. How far this stage existed side by side with the others, it is impossible to determine; but in itself it is a marked characteristic of society under the empire, as was natural with a rudely luxurious people. The theatre and the gladiatorial shows exemplify this in public and on a large scale; for although the owners of the actors and gladiators held them for profit, for the community they were unproductive.* In private the nobles indulged themselves to excess in this species of ostentation. When they went out, they were accompanied by “legions” or “cohorts” of slaves, as ancient writers express it. “The moderation of Cato the Censor, Scipio, Carbo, Mark Antony, and Cato Uticensis is lauded, because they restricted themselves in their expeditions to taking with them three, five, seven, eight, and twelve slaves.” And as regards the two Catos, Valerius Maximus, “after having compared with the three slaves of the elder, the twelve carried by the younger under similar circumstances, adds, ‘It is numerically more, but less when we take into account the difference of manners in their times.’” So rapid had been the growth of luxury. This was still under the republic; under the empire no bounds were placed to extravagance.

“Cato was indignant in his day that more should be paid for a handsome slave than for a piece of land. Martial speaks of entire inheritances absorbed in such purchases; of women, of young children, costing 100,000 sesterces (\$5,000); and Pliny gives a detailed instance, with the names of the merchant and the purchaser. What brought Rome to this prodigality was not only the sensuality which was to be satisfied, but also the pleasures of the mind,—literature, the fine arts; noble fruits of civilization, which ripened freely in the open air in Greece, but whose cultivation in Italy still demanded the care of a foreign hand;

* A respectable show of gladiators cost, says Mommsen, 50,000 thalers (\$37,500).

and, besides, the aristocracy disdained sometimes to cultivate them itself, thinking it had the right to command their services for money. The merchants exerted themselves to meet its wants; they procured men of letters, artists." — *Wallon*, Vol. II. p. 165.

A story told by Seneca (Ep. XXVII. 4 seq.) is cited in illustration of this. It is of a certain Sabinus, a rich man, who had so poor a memory that he could not remember even the names of Ulysses and Achilles.

" Nevertheless, he desired to seem learned. Therefore he devised this short-hand method. A large sum of money bought slaves,—one to have the charge of Homer, one of Hesiod; and among nine others he distributed nine lyric poets. It is not to be wondered at that they cost him much; if he could not find such, he had them made (*faciendos locavit*). When this band was ready, he began to torment his companions. He had at his feet those from whom he would from time to time ask verses to quote, and often break in in the midst of a conversation." One Satellius Quadratus, "when Sabinus had said that each of his slaves cost him a hundred thousand sesterces, answered, 'You might have bought so many cases of books for less.' But he was of opinion that he knew whatever any one in his house knew. The same Satellius began to advise him, a man weak, pale, and slender, to learn to wrestle. When Sabinus answered, 'How can I? I am hardly alive.' 'Do not say so, I beg,' said he; 'do you not see how many vigorous slaves you have?'"

So also there were *virtuosi* in slaves,—men who prided themselves on their collections of slaves of rare qualities and accomplishments, like stock-fanciers at the present day. We will close this division of our subject by quoting from Wallon the account of the household of Livia, wife of Augustus, as seen in her *columbaria*, discovered near the beginning of the eighteenth century in Rome.

" There are slaves for the principal departments of service,—service of chamber and antechamber, care of the body and of health, education of children, the toilet, and what the Latins called, in imitation of the Greeks, the world of the women, *mundus muliebris*; the care of garments, of jewels, the adjustment of pearls, with the delicate mission of choosing among these ornaments that which can make up the most complete *ensemble*, and make of the mistress a work of art;—an injudicious tomb has disclosed to us the *colorator* of Livia. A thousand other minute cares,—to read or hold the tablets, to follow or sit at the

feet, functions in which that more entertaining than useful troop of young children made their *début*; the services of display in which, when grown larger, they played the principal part,—the service of sacred objects, images or statues of ancestors and gods,—finally, general service, and the care of business.”—Vol. II. p. 145.

We have thus reviewed the history of Roman slavery, so far as the plan we proposed to ourselves demands. Into the details of the institution itself and the wretchedness of its victims, we have not thought it desirable to enter: it was its history rather than its antiquities that we wished to consider. This we have done from two points of view,—the changes it underwent in form and nature, and the ruin it brought upon liberty and civilization. But the two aspects have illustrated each other, as slavery and Roman institutions have reacted on each other. It was the degeneracy of the Roman character that made slavery so harsh; but it was in great part slavery that debauched the Roman character. It was the *latifundia* that gave slavery its political power; but slavery enabled the system of *latifundia* to develop itself. It was slave labor that annihilated small estates in Italy; and it was foreign captives, brought as slaves to Rome, that as freedmen crowded the city tribes and constituted the city mob. It seems not too much to say, that slavery more than aught else was the worm which gnawed at the root of ancient civilization; its soundness and vitality gone, the whole fabric fell.

ART. VI.—*The Life of Thomas Jefferson.* By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1858. 3 vols. 8vo.

WE have already given a critical notice of this work, and we now return to it not for the purpose of giving it a thorough examination, still less for that of reopening old subjects of controversy connected with the name of the distinguished man whose career it records. We propose to say a few words concerning the personal character of Mr. Jefferson, leaving his

political principles and measures to other tribunals, and a future epoch.

The characters of her great men are a part of the nation's wealth. For a time, while party conflict rages, the people may seem indifferent to this portion of their possessions ; nay, one half of them may appear to take pride in destroying it. But the lapse of a generation or two removes much that is extraneous and accidental from the history of the conspicuous agents in public events ; charges that were based not on facts but on inferences, pass into oblivion ; and acts that were viewed with abhorrence when recent are seen in retrospect to have been excusable, innocent, and even praiseworthy. Such has been the case with regard to Mr. Jefferson. It is not to be denied, that in this part of the country, fifty years ago, by many whose opinion was entitled to respect, he was held in very low esteem ; and that the usual bitterness of political animosity was increased in regard to him by an infusion of theological odium. He was considered as a representative of that school of infidel philosophers whose writings were thought to have been chiefly instrumental in producing the French Revolution, with all its horrors. Those horrors were so atrocious as to alienate from the side of the reformers almost all those Englishmen and Americans who had hailed the dawning of the Revolution with delight. Wordsworth is a type of the English, and Washington of the American friends of liberty, whose hopes were thus rudely dashed, and their sympathies turned into another channel, by those sad events.

In New England there had probably never been so ardent or so general a hope as in other sections of this country, and the unanimity of abhorrence was consequently greater. Add to this, that our population was very deeply imbued with the religious character of the Puritans. An avowed infidel, except among persons utterly disreputable, was not to be found. The only question of religious faith was of more or less ; all professed belief in the main doctrines of Christianity. What then must have been their horror when they saw the uprising of a great nation, apparently united in rebellion against God himself ! It required extraordinary strength of reason and coolness of judgment to avoid involving the actors in those scenes,

with all their abettors and apologists, in one indiscriminate condemnation. And if there were still any to plead in Mr. Jefferson's behalf, that, though he had, like Franklin and Lafayette, been of one mind with the early promoters of the Revolution, he was by no means to be held an approver of the measures of the later actors upon the scene,—that he left France before the accession to power of the men of violence and blood,—it was urged on the other hand that he made no secret of his sympathy with Priestley and others who were driven from England for their revolutionary practices; and, more than all, with Thomas Paine, the arch-infidel and Jacobin.

It is a curious fact, that the hatred of individuals on account of their opinions has always exceeded in intensity that resulting from any other cause. In proof of this the burnings, massacres, and executions perpetrated in religious persecutions may be cited, as also the rancorous aversion which has separated neighbors and fellow-citizens from one another in political contests. It may be doubted whether even a personal injury sustained from Mr. Jefferson would have wrought in some minds such detestation of him as was caused by the knowledge or supposition that he held certain obnoxious theoretical views. This feeling is not unfruitful; it cannot find vent in action, but it does in words; and the consequence in Mr. Jefferson's case was, that the most atrocious charges were made and admitted against his personal character. We do not attribute such slanders to intentional misrepresentation. They are first hinted as legitimate inferences from avowed opinions, then repeated as current reports, and finally asserted as facts.

There were, perhaps, no two men in our Revolutionary era more diametrically opposed to each other than Mr. Jefferson and Lord North. The latter was commonly regarded in this country as the embodiment of all the cruelty and oppression of which our people complained. The language of his opponents in his own land was harsh and condemnatory in the highest degree, and it fell, in this country, on willing ears and minds prepared to believe it. The unsuccessful results of his administration silenced the friends who might have stood up

in his defence, so that the prevailing impression respecting him, both at home and here, was that he was a statesman without capacity, and a man of hard heart and violent temper. Public opinion continued thus for more than half a century, till, in 1839, Lord Brougham, being engaged in preparing "Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.," applied to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the daughter of Lord North, for information respecting her father. She replied to him in a charming letter, bearing the impress of truth in every line, and describing the character, not of an obstinate imbecile or of a ruthless oppressor, but of a gentleman of great excellence in private life and of more than average ability, whose wit and good humor made him a general favorite. The war with this country was not approved of by him, though he sustained it in Parliament, solely in deference to the wishes of the King. This was a serious error, and a blot upon his character; but it should be alleged in his excuse, that, for three years before his retirement from office, he had made repeated attempts to resign, which were put aside by the King with promises that he would consent to part with him as soon as he could find any one suitable to take his place.

The following passages from Lady Charlotte Lindsay's letter depict her father's character. After describing his social qualities, she says:—

" Yet I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country, on a Saturday and Sunday, with only his own family or one or two intimate friends: he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his elder children, was the companion and intimate friend of his sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl [the writer herself], who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master: if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty, impatient words might escape him; but I never saw him *really out of humor*."

And again:—

" Lord North was a truly pious Christian; yet his religion was quite free from bigotry or intolerance, and consisted more in the beautiful spirit of Christian benevolence than in outward and formal observances. His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be; and those actions of his public life

which appear to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am entirely convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life, the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved."

This was the man of whom his great antagonist, Mr. Fox, in the heat of debate, could allow himself to say, "Such was his opinion of the Minister, that he should deem it unsafe to be alone with him in a room"!*

Lord North's antagonist, Mr. Jefferson, has been viewed with even more bitter feelings, in virtue of the law above alluded to, according to which hatred for opinion's sake exceeds in intensity all other hatred. And yet it is hard it should be so, in his case especially; for he was the first of all men in authority to announce the sentiment that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated if reason is left free to combat it." He has been represented as a demagogue and intriguer, in fine, a person imbued with French principles, which in that day were interpreted to mean atheism in religion, mob-rule in politics, and dissoluteness in morals. On this foundation was built up a conception of him in which no feature of atrocity was wanting; and though this language is strong, those who remember the party literature of fifty years ago will acknowledge that it is not exaggerated.

The publication of Mr. Jefferson's Writings in 1829 did much to change the impression of his character in the minds of the younger portion of his countrymen, and they saw with surprise that this man, so held in abhorrence, had been engaged during his whole career in laying open his heart to his numerous correspondents, avowing most freely his opinions on public events and on abstract topics, and that no unworthy sentiment, no base motives, no selfish views, could be traced in a single line of the voluminous collection. But something was yet wanting. It was possible for a skilful hypocrite to veil his baseness during almost incessant communications by the pen, but it would still be a question whether those who lived in constant intercourse with him might not tell, if they would, a different story. Bad temper,

* See Lord Brougham's Sketch of Lord North.

bad morals, bad ends sought by bad means, would make themselves visible in private life, though not on the written page. Could we have the testimony of those who saw the man most closely and for the longest time, we should then have the means of knowing his true character. We now have this testimony. Mr. Randall has produced it for us, by direct questioning of Mr. Jefferson's descendants, whose replies are spread before us in his book. The principal of these replies are from Mr. Jefferson's granddaughters, who were brought up by him, and grew to maturity in habits of daily intercourse with him. To one of these ladies in particular, who resides in this city, we are indebted for the most ample and most minute portraiture of her grandfather's habits, thoughts, and feelings. These pictures are of an historical value; it is of incalculable importance to the true representation of that momentous era, that they should have been drawn, and placed, before it was too late, where they will be preserved for the student of our history in future times. They are of the highest interest, and exhibit precisely such aspects of the individual as we need for forming a judgment of his actual self. It is vain to say that they are colored by personal partiality, for whence could that personal partiality have arisen, except from the very traits of character which the letters describe?

The letters to which we allude are found chiefly in the third volume of Mr. Randall's Life. We would gladly make extracts from them, but we have the higher privilege of printing for the first time some further communications from the same pen, which relate to topics not introduced, or not so fully treated, in Mr. Randall's work. We first copy a letter addressed in 1845 to Mr. Raumer, of Berlin, who was then preparing a work on the United States.

“SIR, —

“It is more than two months since, through the kind agency of Dr. Carus, I was gratified by the permission to read that part of your unpublished work on America which relates to the public and private life of my grandfather, Mr. Jefferson. Dr. Carus informed me that you were willing to receive any observations I might be disposed to offer, and that you even wished such observations to be made and communi-

cated to you. I should have written immediately to thank you for the great pleasure I derived, even through the imperfect medium of translation, from your manuscript, but a long and enfeebling indisposition has hitherto prevented me from consulting my own wishes in this respect. Even now I can do little more than express my unqualified approbation of the manner in which you have performed a difficult task.

"Mr. Jefferson's administration as President, and indeed his whole career as a public man, is closely associated with that strife of parties which forever agitates the United States. The great question, to what extent man is capable of self-government, divides more or less the civilized world. Mr. Jefferson was in America the head and representative of that party who believe that the only way to prevent the abuse of power is to lodge it in the hands of the many, whose interest it must be to consult the interests of all. Whatever form the contest may assume, the principle is still the same, and with this principle are bound up too many passions and too many prejudices not to excite the fiercest discussions and the bitterest animosities. Mr. Jefferson's name in America has been the watchword of party. On one side it has awakened all the resentment of his unsuccessful opponents; on the other, it has been too often abused to cover the perversities of pretended friends; and whilst few men of modern times have had more devoted adherents, or more rancorous opponents, none have found it more impossible to obtain even-handed justice. Under such circumstances, I congratulate you, sir, on the discrimination and impartiality with which you have discovered and declared the truth. Indeed, from the specimen which this chapter of your work affords of the whole, I cannot but hope that it will give to the world, what the world has never yet had, correct ideas of the political and social state of the great and yet almost unknown republic of the United States of America. Few nations of the globe are more talked of, or less understood. You seem to have placed yourself on high ground, and to have examined from a commanding position the workings of the vast and yet simple machinery which controls this free and energetic people. Where others see only confusion, you have distinguished order, and you have, no doubt, discovered that the aberrations and apparently irregular movements of our political system are, to a certain extent, periodical, and that the system contains within itself the principle of self-adjustment.

"To return to the immediate subject of my letter. Few persons better than myself can appreciate your just estimate of Mr. Jefferson's private character. I grew up under his eye, was the hourly witness of his every-day life, and felt to the full extent the beneficial influence of his home virtues. A being more free from defect in the domestic rela-

tions of life, it has never been my fortune to know ; and it is no exaggerated panegyric, but a simple truth, when I declare that I cannot recollect, in my whole intercourse with him, nor in what I know of his intercourse with others, *one* instance of injustice or unkindness, nor one neglected opportunity of contributing to the happiness of those in immediate connection with himself. His grandchildren, from the age when they climbed lovingly on his knee, to the time when they became his friends and favorite companions, felt for him the utmost degree of affection, reverence, and admiration which it is in the human heart to feel. His friends and neighbors looked up to him with warm attachment and unbounded respect, and his slaves regarded him with the loyal devotion of faithful subjects. Several among them knew that at his death they were to become free. He had promised it to those among them who, possessing a trade by which they could support themselves, ran no risk of falling burdens on the community, or of being reduced to unlawful means of living. Yet these men, far from wishing to hasten the hour of their liberation, were the most afflicted at his death. His own servant, a man who had waited on him with the most faithful affection during the last seventeen years of his life, was of this number.

“ Confidence in his fellow-men was the characteristic of Mr. Jefferson’s temper,—a confidence which his long and varied intercourse with them never disturbed. He believed in the general healthfulness and good proportions of the human intellect and moral conformation ; and that the great Creator had made man neither in mind nor body a cramped and distorted being. Mr. Jefferson thought moral deformity as rare as bodily, and as much the effect of accident and mismanagement. He took it then for granted that men were fit to be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the conduct of their own interests. I have sometimes thought that his opinions on this subject were influenced by his own peculiarly happy constitution of body and mind. He had himself so much to be grateful for to Nature, that he could not understand her playing the stepmother with others. He enjoyed, for seventy-five years or more, almost uninterrupted health. He was strong and active in body, vigorous in understanding, sanguine, cheerful, patient, and laborious. He made no demand on his own faculties to which they did not respond. He was capable of the most persevering effort, and had a firmness of purpose, a fixedness of intent, which I have seldom seen equalled. My mother said of him, that he was never known to give up a point or a friend. He certainly adhered to his principles and to his party with undeviating constancy. Nor could he feel to any great extent the annoyance arising from being

thwarted in his own views by the differing views of his friends. His great decision acted on the minds of all connected with him, and he exercised over all that sort of control which resolution and self-possession, ardor and energy, invariably exercise. These qualities, combined with kindness of temper and courtesy of manners, made him too powerful with his party not to leave him, in the eyes of his opponents, accountable for all the mortification of their own defeat.

“ He could, from his own character and habits, make little allowance for the deficiencies which arise from a weak will. It was remarked, that, when consulted by his friends on the education of their sons, he frequently imposed tasks on the young men which were considered unreasonably severe. In his youth he had been himself so fully equal to such efforts, that he could not easily comprehend how much they were often above the reach of natures less robust than his own. I have known him lay down for a young lady a course of reading which might have startled a university student.

“ In private society he seldom or never gave offence to any one. He was uniformly kind, considerate, and thoughtful of the wishes of others, too courteous to give pain even in trifles, too just not to render to each man his due, and too benevolent not to contribute all in his power to the comfort and satisfaction of all who came within his reach. His powers of conversation were considerable. He was frank, open, and not in the smallest degree overbearing. Young and old took pleasure in his society ; and with young and old he conversed readily, cheerfully, and with a most sympathetic spirit ; entering into their habits of thought, answering their questions, and putting them completely at their ease, except when inveterate prejudice, or preconceived and stubborn opinion, refused to unbend or to believe.

“ But I have already almost exceeded the limits of a letter. I will, therefore, only renew my thanks for the justice you have rendered to the memory of one most dear to me, and the pleasure you have procured me by the sight of your manuscript.

“ I pray you, sir, to accept the assurance of my highest consideration.

“ E. W. C****.”

The following letter was written in 1834, in answer to one from a political friend of Mr. Jefferson, who wished to exculpate him from the charge of infidelity in religion :—

“ He called himself a Christian. He always said that he was a Christian in what he understood to be the right sense of the word, and according to the doctrines which he believed to be truly those of Jesus.

His character, in spite of the mistakes which prevail among many persons with regard to it, was essentially Christian, and could have been formed under no other influences than those of the Gospel. He was, if ever man was, merciful, pure in heart, a peace-maker, one who forgave his enemies, not seven times, but seventy times seven, doing his alms in secret, and praying, not at the corners of the streets, but in the retirement of his closet. His religious opinions have been variously represented, and almost always misrepresented. He entertained the greatest possible admiration and veneration for the character and doctrines of Jesus, and few persons, not theologians, of those who possess most leisure, devote more time than he did to the reading of the New Testament. He frequently had recourse to it in his moments of retirement, and never more than when, under the pressure of sorrow, he sought the rest which is offered to the heavy-laden. Upon one occasion, having experienced an affliction of the severest kind, the loss of a very dear daughter, he was found by his only surviving child, my mother, when she first ventured to interrupt the retirement of his grief, with the sacred volume in his hand; and in this he continued to read, at intervals, sometimes aloud to her, the whole time during which the agony of his feelings absorbed all thoughts but those which even then he could give to the words of the Saviour.

“ Nor was his study of the Scriptures entirely confined to the New Testament. There were parts of the Old, for which he felt the most fervent admiration. I have heard him repeat from memory the most beautiful parts of David’s lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, the mourning over Absalom, as well as several of the Psalms, such as the fifteenth and twenty-third; and the metrical version of the fifteenth, ‘ Lord, who’s the happy man,’ &c., I have seen in more than one place written out in his own hand. He was also in the habit of copying out such occasional hymns as pleased and satisfied him, and I have one or two of these, written on small scraps of paper, which I carefully preserve. It may be worth while to mention, that his voice and manner were particularly impressive when he read aloud, as he sometimes did, passages from the New Testament, or repeated the Psalms. There was a feeling and earnestness in his tones which corresponded with the solemnity of the subject. Of sacred music he was particularly fond, and especially of the old Psalm tunes, which he regretted to find were giving way, in our churches, before more modern compositions. His voice continued singularly sweet and unbroken to the last years of his life; and I have frequently heard him singing to himself passages of psalms and hymns, such as he had sung in his youth. He was as regular an attendant at church as circumstances permitted, and frequently

overcame obstacles of weather and roads which might have deterred younger men. He preferred the Liturgy of the Church of England to any other form of worship, and always kept by him the Book of Common Prayer.

“ Such indications as these of a habit of respect and affection for many things considered sacred, are more worthy of notice, because Mr. Jefferson is well known to have been a fearless and uncompromising man, paying small regard either to persons or to what he considered prejudices. His worst enemies have never, I believe, accused him of hypocrisy, and his assertions of independence, both in speech and action, have often subjected him to misrepresentation and mistake. He was particularly sturdy on the point of his religious belief, viewing with peculiar abhorrence all attempts to establish anything like an inquisition over free thought, particularly on matters which, far beyond human jurisdiction, lie between man and his God, to whom only he should be required to render his account. But to friendly inquiry, or even admonition, Mr. Jefferson was always open and gentle, and I have been pleased and surprised to see what different impressions from those which they brought, good and pious persons would often carry away after long and frank conversation with Mr. Jefferson, on topics of which he equally with themselves admitted the importance, although his individual views might be different from their own.

“ With regard to Mr. Jefferson’s belief in a future state, he has himself expressly declared it in more than one of his writings. I refer to several of his published letters,—such as one (Vol. IV. No. 13) to Governor Page of Virginia, another (No. 144) to Mr. Adams, a third (No. 185) to Thomas Jefferson Smith of Baltimore. These are sufficient in themselves to set this matter at rest with all candid persons. But it is also a fact, that the last words ever traced by his hand, and which I have myself seen, were expressive of the hope and belief that he was going to rejoin the wife of his youth, whose loss he had never ceased to mourn, and a daughter whose untimely death had desolated his advancing age.

“ I know of no clergyman who visited Mr. Jefferson, except as any other friend might do, in his latter days. His intercourse with the clergy of the neighboring town of Charlottesville had always been friendly; but besides, that their views were widely different from his, they were not men calculated to exercise any influence over a mind like his. His sympathies were much stronger with the Unitarians than with any other of the religious denominations. He had known and esteemed Dr. Priestley. The prejudice against Unitarianism (which most persons at the South confounded with Deism, if not Atheism)

was, however, very strong, and there was no such thing as a Unitarian Church in the part of the country where Mr. Jefferson resided.

“ Such, Sir, are the best answers I can make to the questions you have addressed to me. But after all, the true answer to the accusations of Mr. Jefferson’s enemies, and perhaps the more dangerous assertions of his pretended friends, is to be found in the whole tenor of a life passed in the exercise of every Christian virtue, and devoted to the service of his fellow-men. A distinction which he liked to draw between the lessons of Heathen philosophy and the teachings of Jesus was, that, by the first, men were taught to take care of their own happiness ; by the last, to think more of the happiness of others. And if all were not happy who came within the sphere of his influence, it was not for want of the most earnest desire and constant efforts on his part to make them so. In small things and in great the same wish to do good, and to give innocent pleasure formed the spring of his actions. His charities, beginning at home, extended themselves in circles to the utmost limit of his power. At home he had been the best husband, and was the best father and grandfather, the kindest master, the most faithful and active friend, the most useful neighbor! He was loved best where best known. Those who approached him nearest were the most devoted in their affection and veneration, and it was as men receded from him that they lost sight of the true proportions of his character, which became distorted to their eyes through the mists of prejudice and misconception. I repeat again my firm belief, that such a character as my dear grandfather’s could have been formed under no influences but those of the Gospel ; that there is in this world but one good tree capable of bearing such fruit.

“ I make no apology for such praise given to so near a relative. Mr. Jefferson has ceased to belong exclusively to his family,—he belongs to mankind,— and we of his blood should consider ourselves as holding in trust for the use of others that knowledge of his true character which our near approach to him enabled us to become possessed of. His name is often heard, but how few there are who know how much of excellence that name implies. Whatever light, therefore, this letter can throw upon the truth, as it regards a great and good man, is yours, Sir, to make such use of as seems best to you.

“ With sentiments of great respect, I remain, &c.”

ART. VII.—*Life and Complete Works of MARGARET FULLER.*

In 6 vols. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1860.
Uniform Edition.

1. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.* By R. W. EMERSON, W. H. CHANNING, and J. F. CLARKE. 2 vols.
2. *Woman in the Nineteenth Century.*
3. *At Home and Abroad: or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe.*
4. *Art, Literature, and the Drama.*
5. *Life without, and Life within.*

THE horticulturist glows with delight when Nature offers him a new flower. The statelier its aspect, the more intense its tints, the more difficult its culture, the more cordial is his welcome. While its inspiriting fragrance floats through his conservatory, and lifts the very heads of all other plants, hope kindles in his bosom, and every energy is bent to the perfecting of that germ, which is the vehicle of its immortal type, and which shall transmit its grace, its color, and its God-given charm. He does not stay to ask why the stem is coarse and angular, the leaves heavy and viscous, the root moist with a poisonous juice, the calyx set round with thorns; or if he deals with these matters at all, it is to seek their relation to the continuous life of the plant, and not to find fault with the Creator. What precious fluids flow through that angular channel, what honeyed sweets are exhaled through those viscous organs of respiration, what precious medicament lies hidden in the poison, what possible injury to the young germ the thorny crown repels,—these things, indeed, concern him. Would to Heaven that ordinary human creatures stood thus reverent before a new soul, fresh from that Hand which makes and permits no mistakes; that their eyes opened gladly to the unfading beauty of the immortal; and that the angularity, the bitterness, the individual peculiarity or weakness, with which God defends the youth of His best beloved, were heeded only as they reveal the secret of development, or explain the facts of position! Then had we long since ceased to hear of Margaret Fuller's arrogance, conceit, and irreligion,

and recognized her as a noble gift to our time. Now that we have for the first time before us a complete memorial of her, it will be well to review briefly the works which she has left to us,—especially that best of all her works, her life,—and to endeavor, through the pages of this Review, to correct some misapprehensions concerning her which still float on the popular breeze. To those who “wander to and fro on the earth,” fulfilling the varied engagements of the Lyceum, these misapprehensions are familiar as household words. Rumor finished her clumsy work long ago, and it is still too early for the historic sponge to clear the board. “Show us anything that Margaret has left, as fine as many of the things that have been said of her, and we will put faith in your vindication,” said once an intelligent clergyman who should have known better. Is it nothing, then, to prompt to the saying of fine things? “This is the method of genius,” Margaret writes, “to ripen fruit for the crowd, by those rays of whose heat they complain.”

The two volumes of *Memoirs*, now republished, contain, beside the original matter, a touching life of Margaret’s mother, from the pen of her son Richard, and a genealogical record of the Fuller family, which doubtless indicates the force and quality of that blood. It seems to us that the editor is unnecessarily anxious to efface the impression that his father’s discipline was so severe as to overtax even Margaret’s precocity. In her *Autobiography*, a species of writing for which she was admirably qualified by nature, she left on record, in regard to this matter, precisely the statement which she desired should survive. Does the editor call the *Autobiography* a romance? Very well. In its pages the writer sought to convert her own personal experience to universal use. “A more than ordinarily high standard was presented me,” she wrote. “My father’s influence upon me was great, but opposed to the natural unfolding of my character, which was fervent, of strong grasp, and disposed to infatuation and self-forgetfulness.” To foster these peculiarities would have been a worse service than the overstraining, whose results, it seems to us, Margaret naturally enough misjudged, while, by the thorough discipline he maintained, Mr. Fuller

brought an influence to bear on her “infatuation,” the benefits of which she never ceased to feel, and came ultimately to understand. With her nightmares and somnambulisms, also, this severe *régime* and excessive study had little to do. They belong to such natures as hers. They are a part of the dreamy “self-forgetfulness”; and if an occasional indiscretion added to their horrors, they could not have been wholly escaped, under the most tender indulgence, by one of her class. If not overworked by requirements from without, a mind like hers must have overwrought itself. Madame de Staël wrote standing, that she might not seem to be disturbed when her autocratic father entered her apartment. A gifted woman of the present century spent three years of her youth in copying mercantile letters, the only curb her merchant-father could find for an ideality which he did not comprehend. For all such natures, God provides such discipline. It may look harsh. We can trust Him, that it shall prove wise.

None but poets remember their youth, and we prize this autobiographical fragment more than most else of what Margaret has left us. Very beautiful is the conception of the Memoir, a threefold, yet concurrent testimony, which serves to show her many-sided nature. Very grateful ought our public to be to Mr. Clarke, for the crystalline clearness with which he sets before them the story of his intercourse with his friend. He feels his obligations, and with graceful, manly self-reliance acknowledges them. To her other biographers she ministered delight, to him growth. They stood admiring; he felt the woman in the genius. “This record,” he says, “may encourage some youthful souls, as earnest and eager as ours, to trust themselves to their heart’s impulse, and enjoy some such blessing as came to us.” He will never know how many. Nowhere does the remarkable simplicity of her relations with men and women appear to such advantage as in his pages. Not a shadow of coquetry nor mist of passion hovers over the record. Impetuosity, ardor, and high resolve gleam through the rifts of the correspondence, and grant us clear guesses at what we do not see.

The most common charge brought against Margaret is that of arrogance,—a charge which had some show of truth in it, both

as concerns her own peculiarities, and in regard to the temperament which she inherited ; but who are we that bring this charge, and what true significance has it ? May we not be tale-bearers, censorious, meddlers in other men's matters ? and if so, what is the significance of that fact ? For us and her abides the old eternal law. She was human, unlikely therefore to show us perfection, either inherited or attained in the life that now is. The only profitable question is, Did she accept, foster, hug to her bosom her own frailties, or did she in the main, at all events ultimately, see their true nature, and put them under subjection ? To this question there can be but one answer. From a manuscript for some time in our possession, we copy the following statement—a very fair one it seems to us—of the impression she sometimes made upon truly noble souls.

“ My nature would always have resented the assumption of superiority ; but gladly would I have knelt before the humblest human creature in whom I perceived it. Many a pure-hearted child has bent the knee which only stiffened before Margaret, and this, not because I was not willing to acknowledge her fine ability, her great superiority, but because I knew the highest crown we could either of us inherit, it depended upon our own wills to wear,—because I felt myself as much the child of my Heavenly Father as she. To become truly regal, in my eyes, she must have relinquished the love of power for its own sake, must stretch out generous, sustaining tendrils towards feebler souls. In fine, must break up ‘ her court,’ and enter ‘ society.’ If there was anything in my own temper which bore a likeness to her faults, I only felt, on that account, how necessary it was that she should hold them, as I was trying to hold mine, ‘ under her heel.’ Margaret was, even then, at times, beautifully tender and considerate, but it was from the height of her queenliness that she was so. Her possibilities enthralled me, but never her actual self.”

This statement, nowhere so distinctly made in the Memoirs, but involved in facts to which they bear witness, may for the sake of truth be made once, but for the sake of all honor and nobleness it should be for ever after set aside. We balance it, first, by her own words concerning Carlyle, showing how much more just she could be to others than we are to her, and then by the prayer which Mr. Channing quotes from her Diary, under date of the very hour which rang with complaints of her conceit and coldness.

"His arrogance," she says of Carlyle, "does not in the least proceed from an unwillingness to allow freedom to others. No man would more enjoy a manly resistance. It is the habit of a mind accustomed to follow its own impulse, as a hawk does its prey. He is indeed arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no trace of littleness or self-love. It is in his nature, in the untamable energy that has given him power to crush the dragons."

All this was true of her who wrote it, and who, at the moment of misapprehension, wrote also this truly Christianlike prayer: "Father, let me not injure my fellows during this period of repression. I feel that, when we meet, my tones are not so sweet as I would have them. O let me not wound! I who know so well how wounds can burn and ache should not inflict them. Let my touch be light and gentle. Let me not fail to be kind and tender when need is." Here her keen intellectuality detected a pharisaic satisfaction in the very humility of her petition, and her truth breaks through to close in these words: "Yet I would not assume an overstrained poetic magnanimity. Help me to do *just right*, and no more." Do the records of womanhood show us a finer instance of self-knowledge and humble seeking?

Next to be considered is the common charge of an irreligious character. This the volumes before us by no means rebut in so forcible a manner as could be wished. Mr. Clarke's expression of "*almost Christian*" when he speaks of her aim in self-culture, Mr. Emerson's evident want of faith in her religious experiences, of a nature which it was impossible he should understand, and his dwelling so long upon her belief in demonology and fate, in omens and presentiments, have done much to strengthen the popular mistake. She had a Goethe-like faculty of seeming and being all things to all men. The being hardly lived to whom she would have breathed her vital religious experiences in all their force. To the cold and flippant,—before the merely intellectual or philosophic,—she was dumb as death. When she presented to an observer a single glittering surface, she was necessarily misunderstood. She forgot her own past, and did not pause to explain changes. In his usual spirit of fairness, Mr. Emerson offers us the key to the riddle, so far as it concerns himself.

“The religious nature remained unknown to you,” Margaret writes, “because it would not proclaim itself, but claimed to be divined. The deepest soul that approached you was, in your eyes, nothing but a magic lantern.”

It seems to us that Mr. Clarke came nearer to her personally than any of her biographers; and if so, it was on account of the deep religious glow in his own soul, which hers answered with a faint, but decided reflection. He undoubtedly strove to make the truth manifest in this regard, and failed not for lack of material,—for there is an abundance in his pages,—but from some accidental inability to marshal it in effective array. The book followed, as most memoirs do now-a-days, too soon after the death of its subject, and could not meet a public prejudice, not as yet fully recognized.

Margaret’s profound truthfulness was religious in its very nature, and she herself perceived the relation. Truth is God-like to our human view; and she expressed an underlying and shaping fact of her own inward life when she wrote, “The man of truth, that is, of God.” “She had so profound a faith in truth, that thoughts to her were things,” writes Mr. Clarke; and because they were of the essence of God himself, she dealt with them so subtilely, so earnestly, and so unsparingly. It was religious aspiration which spoke in her when she wrote, “No fortunate purple isle exists for me now, and all these hopes and fancies are lifted from the sea into the sky.” “Never was my mind so active,” she writes a little afterward, “and the subjects are God, the universe, and immortality.” Are we to believe that she thought of such things in vain? If her religious instincts failed anywhere, at first, it was in practical recognition of the brotherhood of man; but the walls of Sing-Sing and the pavements of the Roman hospitals cry out with later answers to that charge. One friend she gladly sought for his “compact, thoroughly-considered views of God and the world.” “Tangible promises, well-defined hopes, are things of which I do not now feel the need,” she wrote once; and on the next page, “Blessed Father! lead me any way to truth and goodness, but if it might be, I would not pass from idol to idol. Lead me, my Father, enable me to root out pride and selfishness.”

“ Margaret, has God’s light dawned on your soul ? ” some friend questions ; and she answers, with a truly Christian humility, “ I think it has.” Indeed, so far from being irreligious, it might almost be said of her, from the testimony of these pages, that she received a sudden illumination, and was converted in the stricter evangelical sense of the word. It was in experiences like this that Emerson put no faith. Their ecstasy did not suit his cool head, and, in her periods of bitterest anxiety for her husband and child, she wrote from Italy that his fears were justified. Her faith had not lasted. But her own words, written at such a moment, must not be allowed to condemn her. If such feelings sometimes flicker, as we all know, they are none the less real on that account,—they are the seed of a yet profounder experience. It is our human weakness which cries out in Gethsemane, and children of God we still are, whether we can read our family name or not. “ I thought I should die,” she wrote after her sickness at Groton ; “ but I was calm, and looked to God, without fear. Nothing sustains me now but the thought of God, who saw fit to restore me to life, when I was very willing to leave it. I shall be obliged to give up selfishness in the end. May God enable me to see the way clear.” When she wrote this, she was not accusing herself of any low form of selfishness, only of that intense desire of self-culture which possessed her like a demon, and which it was the will of God, working through circumstances, perpetually to thwart. “ I have faith,” she says again, “ in a glorious explanation, which shall make manifest perfect justice and wisdom.” “ I reverence the serenity of a truly religious mind so much, that I think I may attain to it.” “ Like Timon, I have liked to give, not so much from beneficence as from restless love. I return to Thee, my Father, from the husks that have been offered me. But I return as one who *meant not* to leave Thee.” In July, 1838, she says : “ I partook to-day, for the first time, of the Lord’s supper. I had often wished to do so.” Were these the utterances of an irreligious spirit ? Nay ; they came from a profoundly religious spirit, yet one far too individual, to accept commonplace conclusions, or to be content with a second-hand faith. Very slowly did this side of her nature develop, but with

soundness and entire freedom. Could she have seen as little children see, when she so bitterly regretted her defeated hope of visiting Europe, she would have known that in all earthly experience, whether of travel, or of artistic or literary culture, there is but one end to be gained,—an end which God inevitably secures for every human soul, though he may sometimes postpone it; and in this faith, every thwarted purpose glows in the light of hope.

Too much is said in these volumes of her own dissatisfaction at her lack of personal charms. She herself said, and said truly, that this was “mere superficial, temporary tragedy!”

It surprises us, also, that one of her biographers should expect impossibilities of her. Strange he thinks it, that she had not studied the natural sciences, and could write only vapid descriptions of “skyscape.” But it was never in her to observe or to criticise Nature or Art for itself alone. The subtle change of air, earth, and sea, she heeded only as the æsthetic influence stole over her, and then she described, not Nature’s change, but the soothing, recreating power of Nature over the human soul.

“It remains to say,” says Emerson, and we say with him, “that all these powers and accomplishments found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation,—a conversation which those who have heard it unanimously, so far as I know, pronounced to be in elegance, in range and flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable, surprising, and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers.”

In the third volume of the present series is published “Woman in the Nineteenth Century;” several papers concerning woman and her interests; and some letters from and concerning Margaret, which would more properly have been included in the Memoirs. Some of these last show her religious feeling and her sweet womanliness in so bright an aspect, that we would gladly quote them. “Woman in the Nineteenth Century” is, perhaps, more widely known than any of her works. We shall avoid any lengthened criticism of it, because it must open a discussion of the still unfolding “Woman Question,” for which we have neither space nor

time. It is doubtless the most complete, brilliant, and scholarly statement ever made upon this subject. Its terse epigrammatic sentences have furnished more than one watchword to the reformers with whom the author herself was never associated. The book is interesting as the strongest expression of the aggressive and reformatory element in her. She was interested in the social pioneers of whom she often spoke lightly, and it was reserved for Italy to teach her the practical value of an abstract idea. In the Preface to this volume, the editor bears touching testimony to her domestic virtues.

The fourth volume contains "Summer on the Lakes,"—her "Letters from Europe to the Tribune," giving the details of Italian politics,—some letters to friends, portions of which had been already incorporated into her Memoirs,—and details of the fatal shipwreck. "Summer on the Lakes" has long been one of our favorite summer classics. It first won us, not more by the vital individuality and grace of the style, in which it stands alone among her lighter works, than by the beauty of the little brown etchings with which her friend Miss Clarke adorned the first edition. In the matter of style, it was Margaret's peculiarity to have none when she spoke from her memory. The narrative portions of her "Letters from Abroad," for example, might just as well have been written by any one else. But once arouse her heart and mind, and out flowed the personality! Let her speak of Mazzini, or describe a fringed flower in the moonbeams, and no one could mistake the author. This volume is especially interesting, as containing all that remains of her Italian experience, her complete work on "Italy" having shared, to our bitter regret, her own fate.

"Art, Literature, and the Drama," is a reprint of the volume which she published on the eve of her departure for Europe. A friendly gift to those she was leaving, it proved, in many respects, the most popular thing she had printed,—and deservedly, for her mind was eminently critical. She was often misled in her first judgment, as in one well-known instance, by the strength of her affection and her sympathy; but let the merit be real, and of a kind which she was glad to recognize, and no one ever did more exquisite justice to

thought and to its form. Every word which she ever wrote of Goethe was admirable, and yet what we possess was only *her preparation* for better work. Nothing was ever more tender and true than her sketch of "The Two Herberts" in this volume. Let the reader dwell also on what she has to say of "American Literature," and the "Lives of the Great Composers."

The closing volume of this series, entitled, "Life without and Life within," strikes us as the most interesting portion of her miscellaneous writings, and its contents are almost entirely new to the public. Here we have the best of what remained about Goethe,—pleasant criticisms, and ideal sketches of various kinds,—appeals for the unhappy also, and words which, if the fault-finders will but read them, will show, not merely her spiritual capacity, but, in some respects, the measure of her attainment.

It is impossible, in closing, to criticise these works as they deserve. We repeat what is well known; and has been often said, that their *suggestiveness* is their chief and perpetual charm. No one can read attentively what she wrote, without learning to think for himself. The difference between her written works and her marvellous conversation was well indicated by a compliment paid by the Comte de Ségur to Madame de Staël. "Tell me, Count," she asked in a vivacious moment, "which do you like best, my conversation or my printed works?" "Your conversation, Madame," was the immediate reply, "for it does not give you leisure to become obscure."

Some poems are added to the last volume, and these have been severely criticised. It is quite probable that Margaret never would have published them,—that she would have said of them at last, what she wrote at the first, that her verses were merely "vents for her personal experience." Nevertheless, let them be as faulty in artistic form as the critics would represent them, we are glad to have them, as revelations of her inward life. She wrote never a word to be spared. We feel an unbounded confidence in her, and we thank her brother for sharing in it. One of these poems, at least, seems to us to have exquisite truth and beauty, both in thought and form.

We refer to the "Lines" addressed to the lady who illustrated her "Summer on the Lakes."

These volumes are stereotyped clearly, on good paper, in tasteful array. Yet one criticism upon their form we cannot withhold. We deeply regret that all the biographical matter was not thrown together, according to its period, even if Appendix after Appendix had been thus made needful. It is further a matter of regret, that the essays themselves are not dated. We are quite aware that this is not usual; but in this particular case their psychological value would have been much increased by such a means of tracing development. We should have been glad to extract largely from these volumes; but to do it, we must have resigned all hope of speaking at length in regard to Madame Ossoli's personal character, which we were unwilling to pass without our tribute of sincere, yet we trust not undiscriminating, respect and gratitude.

We could hardly believe, till we had turned the six volumes over repeatedly, that the only portrait offered in this complete edition is one from the picture painted by Hicks, during the last few months of her life in Rome. It was well to have this preserved, for there is great ideality and sweetness in the expression,—a certain look we always hoped would dawn and nestle there. Those who saw her after a mother's hope had risen in her heart say that this was a good likeness; but we cannot but miss the old portrait, published, we think, in a former edition of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." If the later portrait gives an idea of more personal beauty than Margaret possessed, it wholly fails of that majestic, Juno-like curve of the throat, which was more than beauty. If it was, as in the engraved countenance now given us, that her eyes dilated and her lips grew tender when she gazed upon the wounded men in those Italian hospitals, let us know it; but we cannot be satisfied to possess only a likeness which not one of her early friends would recognize.

ART. VIII.—1. *Life of Jesus. A Manual for Academic Study.* By DR. CARL HASE, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the German of the Third and Fourth Improved Editions, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 267.

2. *The Life of Jesus, critically examined.* By DR. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by MARIAN EVANS, Translator of Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1856. 8vo. pp. 901.

3. *Christ in History.* By ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., Author of "Genius of Scotland," "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland," "Life Pictures from a Pastor's Note-Book," etc. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. 12mo. pp. 540.

4. *Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels.—Matthew.* By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 538.

5. *Illustrations of Scripture; suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land.* By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. 12mo. pp. 354.

THE assaults upon Christianity and its records never leave tokens of even partial success; their only enduring memorials are to be found in added buttresses at the points of attack. Many of the richest departments of religious literature owe their existence, in which unborn generations will rejoice, to transient and obsolete phases of infidelity, so that the opposers of the truth have unwittingly raised up for it defenders and interpreters, and have brought into clearer view the elements of its beauty, strength, and grandeur. Such has been the consequence of the bold onslaught made upon historical Christianity by Strauss's Life of Jesus; and we avail ourselves of the appearance of Hase's work in Mr. Clarke's Translation to review the theory, which, in common with so many other re-

cent works, it is designed to refute.* It is, indeed, a late period for us to take our first distinct cognizance of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*; but we have reason to believe that this book is constantly passing into the hands of fresh readers, and, while it probably makes few disciples, is creating no small amount of scepticism and unbelief as regards the facts recorded in our canonical Gospels.

The theory which bears the name of Strauss could hardly have originated anywhere but in Germany; nor is it easy for a well-ordered Anglo-Saxon mind to conceive of its being seriously propounded and actually believed. It is far from being clearly defined and self-consistent in the author's own statement; and his *Life of Jesus*, while a work of great learning in detail, is singularly deficient in comprehensiveness and unity. To one aim only is it true, and that is the undermining of every statement in the Gospels which would make them the authentic history of a God-born teacher and a supernatural revelation.

The theory, in brief, is this. Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary. In his childhood he manifested unusual intelligence and promise, as compared with his external advantages, and was the object of admiration in the humble family circle in which his lot was cast. He early became a disciple of John the Baptist, and, sympathizing at first with John's fervent expectation of the speedy advent of the Messiah, he soon conceived the idea of assuming that character, and personated it so successfully as to become his own dupe, thus passing unconsciously from venial imposture to sincere enthusiasm as a reformer and innovator. He made proselytes, chose disciples, and uttered discourses which impressed themselves profoundly upon the popular mind, and drew upon him the hostility of the chief men of the nation, especially of the Pharisees. They procured his execution as a traitor. He perhaps only swooned from loss of blood, and the story of his resurrection may have had a basis of fact. If he died, the story of his resurrection

* The first edition of Hase's work was published before the appearance of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*; but after the publication of the last-named work, Hase so entirely reconstructed his *Life of Jesus* as to give it throughout an aspect of having been written with special reference to Strauss's theory.

was of later date ; and in either case, it would have naturally connected with itself that of his ascension to heaven. After his death, many marvellous incidents concerning his life gradually gained currency. Some of these were the spontaneous outgrowth of popular credulity ; others were symbolical forms in which his disciples sought to embody the doctrines and precepts which had formed the staple of his discourses. His miraculous birth was invented and believed, because it seemed impossible that the Messiah should have been born like other men. Supernatural works were ascribed to him, because they had been attributed in the Hebrew legends to the ancient prophets ; and it was indispensable that he who was greater than they, and of whom they were thought to have written glowing predictions, should have performed more numerous and more marvellous miracles than any of them. His appearances after his resurrection — if it be admitted that he died — were fabricated to meet the improbability that he should have returned to life without having been seen. These wonderful stories were circulated orally among his disciples for half a century or more, and were during the lapse of those years both magnified and multiplied. After a while different persons — none of them his immediate disciples — compiled such narratives as had reached their ears ; and of these compilations there have come down to us our four Gospels (which were written not far from the close of the first century), together with other fragmentary works of equal authority, commonly called the Apocryphal Gospels.

This theory admits, as our readers perceive, a slender thread of actual history, on which are strung an unwieldy and incongruous cluster of myths. But how are we to distinguish between facts and myths ? First, Strauss knows, and so does every philosophic interpreter, that the observed order of Nature has never been suspended or superseded ; consequently every supernatural incident is a myth. In the next place, Jesus having been conceived of as the Messiah, it was inevitable that representations should be made of him in accordance with the Hebrew notions of the Messiah. Therefore all representations of this class, though not supernatural, such as his birth in Bethlehem, his descent from David, his flight

into Egypt, may most appropriately be set down as myths. Then, again, his admirers would have been likely to attribute to him sayings and deeds corresponding with those of various distinguished persons in the Jewish history, and every portion of the narrative which bears any resemblance or analogy to any incident recorded in the Old Testament is accordingly mythical. But, on the other hand, Jesus was a Jew, confined within the circle of Jewish ideas, and not under any training or influences which could have enlarged that circle; consequently every alleged utterance of his, and every idea of his mission and character, that is broader and higher than the narrowest Judaism, is also mythical. We thus have an historical personage, of whom we are forbidden to believe, first, everything national, and then, everything extra-national. It is as if, in the life of Washington or John Adams, a critic should cast suspicion equally on all that he is alleged to have said or done as a loyal American, because he was one, and of course what appertained to one would be attributed to him; and on what he is alleged to have said or done from the impulse of a larger humanity, because, being an American, he could not have been anything more,—a style of criticism which, were it applied to any other than a sacred personage, would be regarded as too silly to need refutation. But this is not all. Though among secular historians of well-known periods there are discrepancies in minor details, and these are held to be mutual confirmations of the main facts, as showing so many independent authorities for them, every minute discrepancy in the Gospels casts just suspicion on the facts thus differently described by two or more of the Evangelists. This suspicion is extended even to the omission of very slight particulars, without any allowance for the different points of view which several independent witnesses must necessarily occupy, and the different portions of a prolonged transaction or discourse which would reach their eyes or ears, according as they were nearer or more remote, earlier or later on the ground, more or less absorbed in what was passing. All, therefore, in which the Evangelists vary from one another is mythical. But while their variance always indicates a myth, their very close agreement demands the same con-

struction; for where the several historians coincide circumstantially and verbally, they must have drawn from a common legendary source. Thus mutually inconsistent and contradictory are the tests applied to separate myth from fact. We are constantly reminded, in reading the "Criteria by which to distinguish the unhistorical in the Gospel narrative," of a passage in Goldsmith's *Essay on Mad Dogs*. "A crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand on the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for 'a mad dog always snaps at everything.' If, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for 'mad dogs always run straight forward before them.' "

But there is one generalization which will embrace all Strauss's tests. Let the reader pass from chapter to chapter of each Gospel, and mark every deed and utterance of Jesus which illustrates either the divinity of his mission, his transcendent wisdom, or the exceeding loveliness of his spirit; he may thus make a full and accurate list of the myths recorded by the Evangelists.

Yet while Jesus is represented as in part an impostor, in part self-deluded, and his history in all its distinctive features is branded as utterly fictitious, strange to say, Strauss recognizes this history as symbolical of the moral history of mankind. What was false as to the individual, Jesus, is true of the race. Humanity is God manifest in the flesh, the child of the visible mother, Nature, and the invisible father, Spirit. It works miracles; for it subdues Nature in and around itself by the power of the Spirit. It is sinless; for pollution cleaves to the individual, and does not affect the race or its history. It dies, rises, and ascends to heaven; for the suppression of its personal and earthly mortality is a reunion with its father, Spirit. Faith in this metaphysical jargon is justifying and sanctifying Christian faith. Thus a history, which is the joint offspring of imposture and credulity, by some unexplained fortuity, resolves itself into a compend of true spiritual philosophy.

The system is one which it is hardly conceivable that any

person, except its author, should regard as a form of Christianity, or that any infidel of common sense should regard as a tenable form of infidelity. Its mischievous tendency results from the malign skill with which its author brings together all possible elements of sceptical criticism on the successive portions of the Gospel narrative. It covers so much ground, and with such minuteness of detail, that, while every individual part of the argument is weak, it presents a cumulative power which seems formidable, and could be answered only by a treatise equally minute and exhaustive in detail.

The mythical hypothesis rests on the assumption that miracles are impossible. But why? The power which established the order of Nature includes the power to suspend it, as the greater includes the less. If that order was established with a moral and spiritual purpose,—for the benefit of reasoning, accountable, and immortal beings,—and if that purpose may be essentially served by the suspension of proximate causes at any one period of human history, then we may expect to trace such an epoch in human history. All that is demanded, in order to make miracles credible, is the discovery of an adequate purpose and a justifying end. Such a purpose, such an end, is the development of the most noble and beautiful traits in human character and conduct. The question, then, is, Have miracles, or has a belief in miracles, borne any agency in the development of such traits? Let us try this issue.

Let the reader take in succession every period and division of authentic history, and write the names of all those persons who in moral excellence have stood confessedly pre-eminent,—Orientals, Greeks, Romans,—ancient, modern,—the lights of dark ages, the *élite* of the various schools of philosophy, the finished products of the highest civilization of every type,—reformers, philanthropists,—those who have adorned the loftiest stations, and those who have made the lowliest stations illustrious. Then let him copy these names in two columns, writing in one column the Christians, in the other all the rest. He will find that he has made a horizontal division, the least name in the Christian column being greater than the greatest

out of it. From Paul, Peter, and John,—from Xavier, Fénelon, Boyle, Doddridge, Martyn, Heber, Judson, Channing, men whose genius and culture conspired with their piety to make them eminent, down to the unlettered Bedford tinker, the poor cobbler John Pounds, the dairyman's daughter with just education enough to read her Bible and to know the will of her Lord,—we find in all thoroughly developed Christians traits of character, which in part are wholly unshared, in part but remotely approached, by the best persons outside of the Christian pale.

Now, when we look into the forming processes and elements of these Christian characters, we perceive that the miracles of the New Testament hold a prominent place. Among the naturalists, rationalists, and Straussians who have assumed the Christian name, while there have been persons of merit and reputation, we think ourselves justified in saying that there has not yet appeared one whose illustrious virtue, piety, and self-sacrifice would demand for him a rank among the pre-eminently good. Nor is it easy to imagine in the Straussian system an adequate inspiration or motive for high spiritual endeavors or attainments. We cannot conceive of Paul as compassing sea and land, laying bare his back to the smiter, reaching after the crown of martyrdom, to defend a mythical resurrection and ascension of humanity. We cannot think of Martyn or Judson as turning away from all the immunities of civilized life, and courting sufferings and hardships a hundredfold worse than death, to substitute one set of myths for another in the minds of Pagans. We cannot imagine Strauss's Life of Jesus as taking the place of Matthew's or John's in the hands of the tinker or the servant-girl, making obscure scenes and callings in life radiantly beautiful, and heralding the triumphant deaths of which we have such frequent record in the annals of the poor. In the characters of such Christians as have left us their finished testimony, the miracles of the evangelic narrative have borne an essential part. These holy men and women have been guided and sustained in virtue by the authority of a divinely commissioned lawgiver, whose words they have received because he had been proclaimed and attested as the Son of God by peculiar manifestations of "power

from on high." They have followed his example step by step, and transcribed his features trait by trait, because they believed him sinless and perfect. They have placed implicit faith and trust in his teachings, because the works which God wrought through him bore witness of him. They have had a working faith in immortality, such a faith as no reasoning, or analogy, or instinct could have given them, because they have stood in thought by the bier at the gate of Nain and by the tomb of Bethany, have seen the light that streams from the broken sepulchre of the Crucified, and heard the voice of the resurrection-angel. St. Paul but gives utterance to the universal sentiment of such Christians as have done the highest honor to their name and their Master, when he says, "If Christ be not risen, our faith is vain."

The argument which we would urge from the undoubted facts we have cited is this:—If the development of the highest style of human character be a purpose worthy of man's God and Father, and if a belief in miracles has actually borne an essential part in the development of this style of character, then are miracles not only possible, but intrinsically probable. This is an argument which certainly must remain unimpeached, till Straussianism shall have furnished at least a few illustrious exemplars of goodness,—model men whom we can place by the side of those that have been formed by the common faith of Christendom.

Miracle, clearly lying as it does within the scope of Omnipotence, needs only the assertion of honest and competent witnesses to make it credible. Human testimony is, indeed, relied on to prove the unbroken order of nature; but it proves no such thing. We can follow back no line of testimony, which does not reach a miraculous epoch. Nay, if there be any one element of human nature which is universal, with exceptions as rare as idiocy or insanity, it is the appetency for miracle,—the tendency to believe events aside from the common course of nature. So strong is this, that many of the arch-infidels of modern times have been the prey of puerile superstitions; and in our own day none are so ready to receive the drivellings of hyper-electrified women as utterances from departed spirits, and to accept with omnivorous credulity

the absurdities of the newest form of necromancy, as those who set aside the simple, glorious miracles of the New Testament, and cast contempt on the risen Saviour. Now, as God furnishes for every instinctive craving of human nature an adequate and healthy supply, we believe that he has met the native craving for miracle, which will find its food somewhere and somehow, by authentic voices from the spirit-realm, by authentic glimpses from behind the veil of sense, by authentic forth-reachings of the Almighty arm from beneath the involucre of proximate causes.

We pass to another line of argument. Strauss, as we have said, denies the possibility of miracles, and maintains the uniformity of the law of causation in all times, both in the material and the intellectual universe, so that no intellectual phenomenon can make its appearance except under causes and conditions adapted to bring it into being. Myths, therefore, cannot originate, except from causes and under conditions favorable to their birth and growth. Now if we examine the undoubted myths connected with the history and religion of various nations, we shall find that they had their origin prior to the era of written literature; that their nucleus is to be sought in historical personages and events of a very early date; that they grew into fantastic forms and vast proportions by their transmission from tongue to tongue, whether in story or in song; that their discrepancies were the result of oral tradition through different channels, as in the separate states of Greece, and the aboriginal tribes or pre-historical colonists of Italy; and that they ceased to receive essential additions or modifications after the establishment of a national literature. Thus the latest of the gods, demigods, and wonder-working heroes of Grecian fable—such of them as ever lived—lived seven centuries before the time of Herodotus, and not less than four centuries before Hesiod and Homer; the various accounts we have of them appear to have been extant before the earliest period of Greek literature; nor have we proof of the origin of any complex or extended myth after that period, or any instance of a mythical personage who lived after that period. The case is similar with the distinctly Roman myths and the mythical portions of Roman history, which bear a

date anterior to the age of the written history and literature of Rome. The mythical and the historical periods of all nations are entirely distinct, the one from the other. Now the Christian era lies far within the historical period. Isolated prodigies are indeed related in the history of that age, and they occasionally occur in modern history; but the leading incidents of individual lives and the successive stages of individual transactions are related with the same literalness with which the history of the last century is written. Yet, had the conditions for the growth of myths existed, there were not wanting personages of that era whose vast ability, extended fame, and wonderful experiences would have made them mythical. It is hardly possible that there could have been a richer supply of materials for myths in the life of Hercules, Cadmus, or Medea, than in that of Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, or Cleopatra.

Nor can it be maintained that in this respect Judæa belonged to an earlier and more primitive period than Rome or Egypt. Josephus was born not far from the date of the death of Jesus Christ, and wrote nearly at the time assigned by Strauss for the composition of our canonical Gospels. In addition to what we believe to have been the miracles of the Old Testament, he records many undoubted myths of the early Hebrew ages; but his history of his own times, with now and then a touch of the marvellous, is for the most part a record of unquestionable facts, and in this respect will bear a favorable comparison with the accounts of the same epoch which have come down to us from the Roman historians. In fine, there was nothing in the condition of that age, more than in that of our own, which could give rise or currency to a mythical history.

Moreover, myths are vague, dateless, incoherent, dreamy, poetical, while the Gospel narratives are eminently prosaic and circumstantial, connected with the names and biographical anecdotes of numerous persons, and with the frequent designations of places and dates. The genealogies given by Matthew and Luke are represented by Strauss as mythical; yet nothing could be more opposed to our idea of a myth, and to the character of the acknowledged myths of antiquity, than

such catalogues of names. The two genealogies may, for aught we can say to the contrary, be both authentic; for Matthew professes to give the natural and actual pedigree of Joseph; while, as we are inclined to translate the word employed by Luke in introducing his table (*ἐνομίζετο*), he records the legal genealogy, which, as every one conversant with Jewish customs knows, might vary very widely from the natural. But, even were we to admit the alleged inconsistency of the two, they both bear incontestable marks of having been copied from existing documents, and not imagined or invented.

All through the Gospels we find, in close connection with the miracles of Christ, details of common Jewish life, often so minute and trivial that they would have been altogether below the aim of ambitious fiction or tumid fancy, and could have found a place in the narrative only because they actually occurred. The miracles are not in a setting of their own kind, as they would have been in a fictitious narrative. They are imbedded in a singularly natural and life-like, humble and unpretending history. The style of the Evangelists is not that of men who either wondered themselves, or expected their readers to wonder, at what they related; but it is the unambitious style of men who expected to be believed, and who were personally familiar with the events they described. If we, born and bred on the level sea-coast of New England, were to write about Swiss scenery, it would be with a glowing pen, in burning words, in a style bearing constant evidence of the novelty of the theme and the intensity of our own enthusiasm; while a Swiss mountaineer would write about glaciers and avalanches, snow-crowned summits and gorgeous elemental phenomena, as coldly and dispassionately as we should about the common features of our native scenery. In like manner, men who had never been conversant with miracles, if they had described them from rumor or from fancy, must have written about them in an intense and inflated style, with magnifying epithets, with warm appeals to the sentiment of the marvellous, with frequent exclamations of wonder, not unmixed with the show of argument to convince the incredulous. When we find, on the other hand, not a ripple of swollen diction on the current of the Evangelic story, not a deviation from the

quiet, prosaic, circumstantial course of narrative, in describing such events as the walking on the sea, the raising of Lazarus, or the ascension of Jesus to heaven, we can account for this unique phenomenon in literature only by supposing that the writers had become so familiar with the supernatural that it had ceased to excite their amazement.

Another conclusive argument against the mythical theory is derived from the sufferings and the martyrdom of the early Christians. At the time which Strauss assigns for the origin of our Gospels, there were still living very many of the contemporaries of Jesus, who had ample means of ascertaining the truth with regard to his history. Fable which involved no serious consequences to those who received it might have passed unquestioned, and might have been devoured by large numbers with easy credulity. But men are not wont to stake ease, honor, fortune, and life on stories which they have the means of testing, without looking carefully into the evidence of their truth. Now no fact in ancient or modern history is more certain, than that, within half a century from the death of Christ, a large number of persons, many of them natives of Judæa, suffered the severest persecution, and incurred violent and ignominious death by fire, by crucifixion, and by exposure to wild beasts, solely for their belief in the specially divine mission, the miracles, and the resurrection of Jesus. Not a few of these persons were men of superior intelligence and cultivation. They must have known how far what they believed to be facts were confirmed by eyewitnesses, and how far and on what grounds they were called in question. They lived at a time when they could have examined the evidence for and against these alleged facts, and they must have been more or less than men if they threw away their lives for mere exaggerations or fables.

The genuineness of most of Paul's Epistles, and the fact of his protracted sacrifices and sufferings and his final martyrdom, are not called in question even by Strauss and the sceptics of his school. Paul's Epistles evince him to have been a man of eminent power and culture,—in our regard the greatest man God ever made, and to every intelligent mind far above mediocrity. Born a Jew, brought up at Jerusalem,

familiar with the alleged scenes and witnesses of Christ's miracles, at first a persecutor of the infant Church, he could have become a believer and champion of the Christian faith only on strong evidence, and after a full examination of the grounds for unbelief and doubt. We have his own statement of what he believed, and especially of his unquestioning faith in the resurrection of Jesus. No man's testimony could be worth more than his, and certainly no testimony could be more explicit and positive than his is as to the authenticity of the leading facts in the Gospel history. But we must multiply his testimony by hundreds, nay, by thousands, in order to appreciate the full amount of attestation given to these facts by the sacrifice, suffering, and martyrdom of those who lived within the period and the range of trustworthy evidence in the premises, and whose worldly interests were all opposed to their faith. We certainly are authorized to cite this entire array of confessors and martyrs as believers in the miracles of Christ; for even Strauss could not contend that they suffered and died for what they knew or supposed to be myths. There is that in their testimony which renders even the authorship of the Gospels a question of secondary importance. We doubt not that they were written by the men whose names they bear, and three of them, at least, at an earlier date than that assigned by Strauss. But, if possible, they might seem more authentic if written anonymously and at a later period; for in this case they embody narratives which bear the sure seal of martyr blood from a cloud of witnesses, and are thus not the mere story of the individual writers, but the story of the whole Church.

The moral character of the primitive Christians is also an impregnable argument for the truth of the Gospel history. There is no room for doubt, that with Christ commenced the regeneration of humanity. Virtues which hardly had a name before sprang into being. Vices which had been embalmed in song and were cherished in the heart of the highest civilization of the Roman Empire were denounced and condemned. A loftier ethical standard than had been imagined before—a standard which has not yet been improved upon—was announced by the earliest Christian writers, and recognized in

all the Christian communities. There were in the Church of the first century types of character which have never been surpassed, hardly equalled, since. According to Strauss there are no uncaused effects,—no effects which have not causes fully commensurate with themselves. A Jewish youth, half impostor and half enthusiast, must have been immeasurably inferior to those philosophers and moralists of classic antiquity, who hardly made an impression on the depravity of their times, and whose influence was, at the most, confined within very narrow limits. Such a youth must have had strangely incoherent notions of morality, and must have presented but a mixed and faulty example of excellence. He might have founded a sect of fanatics, but not a body of signally pure, true, and holy men. There is a glaring inadequacy, nay, an entire and irreconcilable discrepancy, between the alleged cause and the known effect. We can account for the moral renovation that followed the ministry of Christ only by supposing him endowed with a loftier and calmer wisdom, a profounder sense of truth and right, and a more commanding influence over the human heart and conscience, than ever belonged to any son of man beside. But whence this superiority? Outwardly he was an humbly born, illiterate Jew, in a degenerate age, of a corrupt national stock, “a root out of a dry ground”; and the problem of his pre-eminence over all other teachers of truth and duty is wholly incapable of solution, unless we believe that he held by the gift of God a pre-eminence, of which his sway over nature and his victory over death were but the natural and fitting expression.

Strauss bases his theory, as we have said, on the assumption that our Gospels were not written by the men whose names they bear. But, in point of fact, there is more abundant proof of the authorship of those books by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, than there is of the authorship of the *Aeneid* by Virgil, or the *De Officiis* by Cicero. In the earlier ages the composition of the Gospels by their reputed writers was never denied or called in question, not even by those heretics who rejected some of them, or repudiated portions of their contents, on dogmatical grounds,—not even by Jewish and Gentile opposers of Christianity, who argued vehemently and bitterly against

the religion without impugning the genuineness of its records. Justin Martyr, who wrote about the middle of the second century, speaks repeatedly of Memoirs composed by the Apostles, called Gospels, and in his works there are numerous coincidences, not only in substance, but in words and in passages of considerable length, with our Gospels. He was a man of singularly inquisitive mind, educated successively in the Stoic, Peripatetic, and Platonistic philosophies, and of vast and varied erudition; and it is impossible that he should not have known whether these books were received without suspicion, or whether they rested under the imputation of spurious authorship. Irenæus, who wrote a little later, gives a detailed description of our four Gospels, designates their respective authors, and states the order in which, and the circumstances under which, they were respectively composed; and he writes thus, not in his own name alone, but in that of the whole Church, expressly saying that the genuineness of these books was not, and had never been, disputed by any. About the same time Celsus wrote against Christianity, and he quoted so largely from our Gospels as authorized narratives of the life of Christ, that a continuous biography of the Saviour might be well-nigh reconstructed from the fragments of his writings that have been preserved. These are but specimens of numerous similar authorities which might be cited.

Moreover, in the middle of the second century there were large bodies of Christians in every part of the civilized world, and the copies of the Gospels in circulation must have been numbered by many thousands. Their universal reception as the works of the men whose names they bear, can be accounted for only by their genuineness. Suppose them spurious, yet written and circulated under the names now attached to them in the lifetime of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, it is impossible that they should not have openly denied their authorship, and that this denial should not have left traces of itself in the days of Justin Martyr and Irenæus. Suppose them first published under the names of their reputed authors, after the death of those authors, it would have been asked why these books did not make their appearance while the writers were living, and their late publication must have given rise to

doubts and questions which could not have been quieted for several generations. Suppose them to have been at the outset published anonymously, there must have been a time when the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were first attached to them, and it is impossible that the attaching of the names of distinguished men to books which had been anonymous should not have been attended by grave doubt.

Again, the statement of Luke, and the very nature of the case, render it certain that numerous other accounts of the life of Christ, more or less authentic, were early written, and some such accounts, commonly called the Apocryphal Gospels, are still extant. But we have ample evidence that none of these writings were ever received as of authority, read in the churches, or sanctioned by the office-bearers and leading men of the Christian communities; and most of them disappeared at an early date. Now it is impossible to account for the discrediting and suppression of these writings, unless the Church were in possession of authoritative records. If our Gospels had no higher basis of authority than those narratives had, all the friendly narratives of the life of Jesus would have been received and transmitted with equal credit. But if there were four narratives written by eyewitnesses and their accredited associates, while all the others were written by persons unknown, or known to be possessed of inferior means of information, then we may account, as in no other way we can, for the admitted fact that these four Gospels crowded all others out of the Church, and drove them into disrepute, and almost into oblivion.

There are various other aspects in which, did our space and leisure permit, we should be glad to exhibit the mythical theory. But we must pass to the fulfilment of a purpose held in view in the inception of this article, namely, the criticism of the books whose titles, together with that of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, stand as our text.

As to Hase's work, we wish that it were either better or worse. We have no doubt that in Germany it has met an actual want, and has been among the agencies in the revival of faith in positive Christianity. It is to be commended for the simplicity and completeness of its arrangement, and we should

also say for the perspicuity of its style, had not Mr. Clarke, by quoting a German sentence than which nothing could be more involved and unwieldy, led us to suppose that for this merit, so difficult to be imagined in a German book, we are indebted chiefly to the well-known skill and taste of the translator. As a syllabus of subjects, and an index of points open for discussion, it would be of great value to a critical student of the New Testament, especially in suggesting questions which it does not satisfactorily answer, and in dropping such seeds of thought as require an educated and reflecting mind for their germination. But as an interpretation of the life of Jesus, either from the stand-point of the Apostles, or from that of the Christian consciousness of our own day, it is utterly defective. The author starts, as does Strauss, with his own theory of Christ, with *a priori* notions of what the Gospels must contain ; and his aim is not to determine what the Evangelists meant to relate, but to mould their representations into conformity with his own ideal of the Christ. He admits the supernatural element in the Gospels, but subordinates it to his own æsthetic sense, and, wherever a miracle seems to him superfluous or in bad taste, he sets it aside. His own point of view is a very low humanitarianism ; and, though he is perfectly reverent throughout, (and this we have cause to commemorate with gratitude in an age when professedly Christian works so often abound in blasphemy,) we have not detected, as Mr. Clarke has, the "warm heart of love throbbing beneath." On the other hand, the book seems to us stone-cold. Of the translator's part in the work we would speak in the highest praise ; and perhaps we might express ourselves in more laudatory terms as to Hase's labors on the Gospels, had we not tacitly taken Neander's Life of Christ as our standard of comparison. The main difference between the two works is, that the one is an exposition of the Gospel according to the Evangelists, the other is a new Gospel according to Hase.

Dr. Turnbull's "Christ in History" connects itself with the main subject of this article by an admirably written chapter on the Mythic Theory. The central thought of the work might not be suggested to every mind by its title ; yet we regard the title as eminently felicitous. The theophany which

was consummated in Jesus Christ, is the central light and force of human history. The Logos, which dwelt among men in his person, was always in the world, and reminiscences of its early revelations, illumining rays forcing their way from it through the penumbra of ignorance and depravity, and providential preparations for the time when it should become manifest in the flesh, may be traced, not in Judaism alone, but equally in all the ancient religions and philosophies. Since the Christian era, events have constantly shaped and grouped themselves with relation to Christianity, and the nations that can be properly called historical present themselves chiefly as auxiliary or antagonistic to its development, and as attesting its divinity and omnipotence, equally when yielding to its influence, or succumbing to the penalties of its violated law. As a treatise at once profoundly philosophic and reverently Christian, this work merits the warmest commendation, and will be most highly appreciated by the soundest minds and the most devout hearts.

The pervading spirit of Dr. Morison's Commentary is best expressed in the following sentence from his Introduction : "We must remember that, as students of the New Testament, one is our Master, even Christ, and that, as no want of faith can be an excuse for setting aside anything that he has taught, so neither should any preconceived opinions of ours, or creeds drawn up and established by human authority, stand as a barrier between his words and us." In accordance with this sentiment, the author's aim is to determine, not what the Evangelist and his Divine Master ought to have taught, but what they actually did teach. The volume before us is a careful, humble, believing, and revering interpretation of Matthew's record. There is no trace of adherence to a sect. On the other hand, the author, on several important points, such as the agency of evil spirits, diverges widely from the current opinions of the body of Christians to which he reputedly belongs. We are inclined to dissent from some of his conclusions ; but we cannot express too strongly our admiration of his method. If we have indeed a divine revelation, our only rational course is that of lowly piety, the shaping of our convictions by its records, not the revision of its records

by our self-spun philosophy. The capacity for such a revision would render the revelation needless. Nor does any more or less strict theory of inspiration modify our office and duty as interpreters. If God has vouchsafed to become our instructor, there is no room for doubt that he has given us his instruction in an authentic form, in a form that demands our implicit credence. The plenary authority of the Gospels—their right to be believed—rests on no technical definition of the mode or measure in which their authors were inspired, but on the necessity of the case, on the only conditions under which alone a divine revelation could have been needed and given. For loyalty to the sacred record, freedom from party bias, the thoroughness with which the lights of philology, archaeology, and parallel Scripture are concentrated on the first Gospel, and the conscientious exclusion of other than legitimate sources of illustration, we can safely commend the *Disquisitions and Notes on Matthew* to Christians of every name.

Of Dr. Hackett's work we expressed our high appreciation on its first appearance. Many of the illustrations are new, and those that are not so are virtually original, as they come to us confirmed by the actual observation of one second to no living Biblical critic in sound judgment, acute discernment, and ripe scholarship. This volume, by the weight and worth of its contents, merits a place on the table of every clergyman and student in theology; while its simplicity of style, its attractive form, and its moderate dimensions adapt it to the use of common readers, and render it invaluable as a manual for families and Sunday schools.

ART. IX.—1. *Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the Year 1859.*
2. *Annual Report of the Boston City Missionary Society, for the Year 1859.*
3. *Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. 1860.*

FIFTEEN years ago we published a list of the religious, benevolent, and educational societies and institutions that had received large sums of money from citizens of Boston, and mentioned the monuments of various kinds which had been erected in memory of distinguished individuals among us within that period. We now recur to the subject, and propose to lay before our readers a similar catalogue of contributions for the public good, and for objects of interest beyond the limits of our own community, by inhabitants of our city; embracing the larger gifts of the rich, and the gathered contributions of the poor, for a curious and interesting variety of purposes. This, as we think, is a species of statistics which it is important to collect for various reasons. If institutions exist for the relief of the misfortunes and troubles to which all are liable, it is important that they should be known, in order that they may be useful. If experiments are tried,—and every new benevolent association is an experiment,—their results should be made known, that the institution may be imitated, or improved, wherever a similar spirit and a similar want can be found. And it is not likely that any harm will be done by excessive liberality in founding or endowing charitable institutions, either at home or abroad, which can be traced to the influence of our example. We trust, on the contrary, that the influence of such example would be to produce imitators rather than barren approvers, and thus to cherish institutions of beneficence and utility. Neither can it be said that we are fostering a narrow spirit, while we thus justify our love for our own city. We know what is done here, and we do not know what is accomplished elsewhere. It may be that as much or more is effected, in a similar manner, in other places. We know that the liberality and the

attachment to home, which lead to precisely such a result, are felt elsewhere, as well as in Boston ; and we should like very much to see a similar statement of the channels of benevolence, their direction, width, and depth, from other cities and towns. There is no doubt that we could learn many lessons of wisdom and of kindness from such a record of the foundations of past generations in the great European cities, where enlightened experience has been longer observed than here ; and, from the early ages of Christianity, when benevolence had its birth, to the present time, there have been eminent examples, both public and private, of the same spirit which animated our fathers, and which, we rejoice to believe, has not deserted their descendants.

It would not be difficult to show that a wise and refined beneficence produces fruits of direct utility which the most cunning selfishness could not reach ; and therefore that charity, in all its forms, is an agent and a producer of good in a much larger proportion than selfishness. Does not a hospital restore the health and strength of many a poor man, who saves his family from becoming a burden on society ? Is not many a child rendered a producer, instead of a mere consumer, by the asylums, the Sunday schools, and the day and evening schools, that are supported by public contribution and private charity ? If the industrial and productive effect of many of the institutions called charities were capable of being seen and known, would they not be proved to be a remunerative expenditure ? — remunerative, we mean, not to the individual founder or benefactor, for in that case there could be no charity, but to the community in which they exist. This view makes every founder and supporter of a useful scheme of benevolence a public as well as a private benefactor ; and adds dignity as well as utility to his labors or his gifts. In a country like this, growing every day in wants as well as in means,—all classes of society, the rich, the poor, and every variety of the one and the other, increasing each day,—institutions of charity must increase with equal growth, and must multiply with the multiplying employments and wants of the population, or else great numbers will be left without resource in the worst calamities

and most distressing circumstances of life. Large portions of the community are found in a new condition in every succeeding generation; foundations which were well adapted to their times are, at later periods, either inadequate or comparatively useless; and the charitable as well as other institutions must be modified, or new ones must be created, to meet the wants of each successive age. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we observe in our present list so many associations, whose names and objects are new; which have, indeed, begun to exist since 1845, and which show, or tend at least to show, that the resources upon which public spirit may draw are neither hoarded nor exhausted. The old institutions are kept up, and new ones are formed, very generally by voluntary contribution; in a few instances only, by permanent funds; and thus successive generations meet new occasions, without forgetting the perpetual wants of society.

There is one contribution for the general benefit, which, as it comes in the shape of a tax, may not be considered as charity; but the spirit, the essence of charity is in it, and it is in fact principally a contribution by the richer classes for the benefit of all; namely, the school tax, which is larger or smaller in every town, according to the liberality with which the inhabitants provide for the public schools which by law they are obliged to maintain. In Boston it would be thought little to comply with the bare letter of the law. The schools are sustained with a liberality, and a judicious abundance, both in number and in apparatus, which show a spirit quite beyond that of the mere law, for providing adequate instruction for all, and compelling all to avail themselves of it. There are, unhappily, some parents, who are so little aware of the advantage of having their children attend school, and acquire the elements of knowledge, as to render compulsion necessary to bring the young within reach of instruction; and there are officers employed by the city to gather vagrant children to the schools to which they properly belong, and to put them in the way, at least, of learning something better than the instructions of the street. For the fifteen years last past, the average expense of the public schools has amounted to \$324,263.15 per annum, of which the sum of

\$164,620.97 has been the annual cost of the grammar schools, \$83,437.35 of the primary schools, and \$76,204.83 of the various school-houses, making a total amount of \$4,863,947.23 within the period named. This appears a large amount. Whether it is larger than the necessities of the population demand, can be known by the school committee only; while the figures are certainly large enough to arrest the attention of the inhabitants who are called upon to pay these expenses. In their hands they may safely be left, as it is no part of our purpose to invite inquiry as to the economical expenditure of the sums contributed by the city government. There are whole departments of that government whose especial business it is to attend to this subject, and we have no doubt it will be investigated with sufficient care.

There is another kind of city expenditure which approaches more nearly to the character of charity,—a provision for those who are absolutely destitute of ability and of means for self-support. This includes the inmates of the House of Industry, and the Lunatic Hospital maintained by the city, the former of which has, within fifteen years, required for its support \$781,150, and the latter \$84,841.32. Besides these sums the Overseers of the Poor have distributed to those who need a partial support in their own houses, the amount of \$441,568.77; and the city has also been charged with the sum of \$13,043.03 for the support of paupers in the State Lunatic Hospital, making a total amount of \$1,320,603.12 spent in what may be called the corporate charity of the city. The sums distributed in this manner have increased of late years with great and unexampled rapidity, from causes which we cannot search out, but are content to leave in the competent hands of the government. Thus the expense of the House of Industry was \$13,514.02 in the year 1845; in 1850 it had risen to \$61,898.67; in 1855 it was \$58,786.93; and in 1859 it was \$77,817.95. The Overseers of the Poor also in 1845 expended \$7,655.19; in 1850, \$21,761; in 1855, \$37,314.39; and in 1859, \$55,277.74. After making appropriate allowance for the increase of population, and the depreciation of gold, we cannot but think these figures adapted to startle even the extravagant, and to make prudent men inquire with more than

usual strictness into the character and the necessity of the expenditure. The idea of one's speculating upon the benevolent disposition of his neighbors, and of making money out of the easy kindness of the City Council, is peculiarly offensive to all who are endowed with the smallest portion of Yankee shrewdness. Credulity, moreover, is not to be confounded with charity. "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

There are many contributions made in our churches for various objects of benevolence, which are sometimes specified, and are sometimes left to the discretion of the executive committee, of the wardens and vestry, or of the minister. Of these it is impossible to give a minutely accurate account. We have been able to obtain, however, a statement of the appropriation of the annual contributions of several parishes of very different sizes and means, which will afford, perhaps, a fair average of the expenditure made by them all for missions, both foreign and domestic. The average contributions of twenty-five parishes in the city to these purposes is \$582.14, which would make an aggregate for the whole number (about a hundred) of \$58,214 per annum for the fifteen years of which we are rendering an account. Of this the whole is devoted to the purposes of several of the societies enumerated in our list, especially missionary societies; and a further sum is raised for the specific charities of the parishes to the poor within their own limits. As nearly as we can judge from various considerations, we are disposed to estimate the average expense for these parish charities at \$150 each. This would make \$15,000 a year for the hundred parishes of the city.

A favorite mode of administering to the wants of the poor, as well mental and spiritual as physical, is through the agency of missionaries, either self-appointed, or delegated by others. The rills of charity flow through many such channels; but it is not possible, nor perhaps desirable, to know the precise extent to which distribution of material aid and of spiritual encouragement and comfort is effected in this manner. After all that is, or can be, done by institutions and establishments created by combined resources, there must always be an abundance of cases necessarily left to individual care. To these is

to be applied our Saviour's injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and we rejoice to be quite sure of some instances, and to believe in many more, in which the rule has been strictly and faithfully obeyed. The extent of this carefully concealed benevolence cannot be known, of course. But if it may be estimated by one or two instances, of which we have knowledge, it must be very great. We wish it were allowable to mention names and circumstances with which we are acquainted, in this connection; but we respect the sacred wish of kind hearts, and are willing to leave them to the care of Him who "will reward them openly." The agents of parishes, and others employed in charitable labors, know well to whom to apply, in case of sudden emergency; and there are and must be multitudes of cases in which immediate action, without the intervention of any one, is taken by those who delight in doing good.

The following catalogue embraces the donations by inhabitants of Boston only, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, for the benefit of those who would not otherwise have enjoyed the advantages procured for them. Many of the societies have been founded within the fifteen years of which we give the statistics, as will be seen by the dates annexed; and all the occasional expenditures have of course occurred within that period. Some also are known to exist from which we have not been able to obtain returns.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM JANUARY 1, 1845, TO JANUARY 1, 1860.

For Religious Objects.

Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America,	\$ 13,607.07
Massachusetts Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,	15,698.18
1853. Southern Aid Society,	55,842.48
City Missionary Society,	124,212.49
American Tract Society,	55,258.00
" Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,	322,045.15
Amount carried over,	\$ 586,663.37

	Amount brought over,	\$ 586,663.37
American Home Missionary Society,	95,084.67	
" Baptist Missionary Union,	85,000.00	
Foreign and Domestic Missions (Epis. Church),	30,381.00	
Episcopal City Mission,	14,270.00	
E. B. Society,	31,000.00	
Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Clergymen,	1,000.00	
Episcopal Diocesan Missions,	13,500.00	
American Education Society,	28,554.71	
St. Mary's Free Church for Sailors,	16,000.00	
Benevolent Fraternity of Churches,	102,571.80	
Methodist Episcopal Church, for foreign missions and church building,	216,701.16	
		\$ 1,220,726.71

For Charitable Objects.

	Massachusetts General Hospital and Asylum for the Insane,	\$ 357,530.50
1851.	" Eye and Ear Infirmary,	46,518.75
	" School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth,	78,680.00
	" Temperance Society,	6,000.00
1857.	" Medical Benevolent Society,	1,673.00
	Boston Dispensary,	35,253.75
	" Female Asylum,	30,267.11
	" Port Society,	38,598.00
	" Marine Society,	11,300.00
	" Children's Friend Society,	53,597.72
1849.	Association for Relief of Aged and Indigent Females,	117,373.93
1847.	Temporary Home for the Destitute,	35,955.53
	Penitent Female Refuge,	25,638.13
	Needlewoman's Friend Society,	3,031.00
	Old South Quarterly Lecture,	16,887.60
	Howard Benevolent Society,	65,902.05
	Widow's Society,	12,741.35
	Fragment Society,	1,764.75
	Seaman's Friend Society, and Sailor's Home,	34,334.96
	" Aid Society,	30,957.00
	Sailor's Snug Harbor,	65,000.00
1849.	Society for Relief of Aged and Indigent Ministers,	18,158.00
	St. Stephen's Mission to the Poor,	46,421.00
	Amount carried over,	\$ 1,133,584.13

	Amount brought over,	\$ 1,133,584.13
1849. St. Stephen's Brotherhood,	3,545.00	
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism,	21,416.65	
1847. German Aid Society,	* 2,767.24	
1855. Church Home for Orphan and Destitute Children,	21,037.91	
Warren Street Chapel,	75,000.00	
" " for rebuilding,	5,000.00	
1852. Provident Institution (Franklin Street),	† 71,745.26	
Charitable Association of Boston Fire Department,	5,460.17	
1858. Channing Home,	3,469.44	
1856. House of the Angel Guardian,	28,669.00	
Colonization Society,	23,060.99	
1849. Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute,	21,935.00	
Charitable Orthopedic Institution,	1,500.00	
Charitable Irish Society,	3,353.00	
Methodist Episcopal Church,	61,182.64	
		\$ 1,482,726.43

For Purposes of Education.

1857. Boston Public Library, cost,	363,633.83
" " " donations,	74,100.00
" Athenæum, donations,	65,000.00
" " " subscription to new shares,	158,362.07
Harvard College,	706,333.96
1858. Museum of Natural History, at Cambridge,	75,000.00
Trustees of Donations for Education in Liberia,	33,781.50
1855. Massachusetts Institution for Girls, at Lancaster,	19,875.00
Perkins Institution for the Blind,	66,301.00
Boston Asylum and Farm School,	68,064.79
American Academy of Arts and Sciences,	11,500.00
1846. State Reform School,	73,500.00
1853. Industrial School for Girls,	18,000.00
1852. Tufts College,	100,000.00
Latin School,	4,500.00
1851. School of Design,	8,000.00
Massachusetts Historical Society,	† 34,075.00
Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association,	2,091.95
Methodist Episcopal Church,	173,590.36
	\$ 2,055,709.46

* Estimate of receipts of German Aid Society, previous to 1845, \$ 4,000.

† Twenty per cent may be added for clothing sent in by dealers in suitable articles.

‡ Previous to 1845, \$ 5,300.

For Monuments.

1852-9.	Washington Memorial, by Mr. Everett,	.* \$70,000.00
1854-6.	“ “ “ Mrs. Otis,	6,000.00
1856.	Statue of Franklin,	20,000.00
1853.	“ Webster,	24,550.50
1859.	“ Rev. Hosea Ballou, collected in Boston,	1,734.00
1850-60.	Statues at Mount Auburn,	21,000.00
1859.	Copley's Picture of Charles I. in the House of Commons,	7,500.00
1851.	Healy's Picture of Webster in the Senate of the United States,	5,000.00
1858.	Arcadian Boy, by Story, in City Library,	1,500.00
1856.	Plymouth Monument by Billings, subscribed in Boston,	11,500.00
		<hr/>
		\$ 168,784.50

Miscellaneous.

1847-8.	Contribution for Ireland, during famine,	\$ 52,162.02
1859.	Model Lodging-Houses (by an individual),	50,000.00
1858.	Contribution for Fayal, during famine,	9,800.00
	Annuities since 1845,	64,000.00
1847.	Contribution for Nantucket, after fire,	18,124.81
	Prison Discipline Society, in ten years,	18,000.00
		<hr/>
		\$ 212,086.83

Recapitulation.

For Religious Objects,	.\$ 1,220,726.71
“ Charitable Purposes,	1,482,726.43
“ Education,	2,055,709.46
“ Monuments,	168,784.50
“ Miscellaneous,	212,086.83
	<hr/>
	\$ 5,140,033.93

We are almost tempted to leave the above list to speak for itself, without a word of comment from us; but there are some observations drawn rather from our experience than from the mere catalogue we have recited, which we are disposed

* Collected in various parts of the United States, by the labors of a Boston patriot and scholar.

to add. The multiplicity of objects of interest cannot fail to be observed, and while it is well, certainly, that all those new incidents and phases of life which require aid should be attended to, yet it must not be forgotten that the ancient course of accident, poverty, and disease is not interrupted, that education requires not only new adaptations to constantly new desires, but the replenishing of the older fountains for the necessities of new times, and the enlargement of means with the extension of social wants. This alone presupposes a great increase of all modes of instruction, and if we mean to show the spirit of our fathers, we must enlarge the old as well as establish the new; we must look forward, as well as we can, to the probable, the certain growth of the country, and adapt our ideas to the wants, not only of this, but of the coming age. We must not fritter away our means, which, however great they may be, are not and cannot be greater than our needs, upon a multiplicity of objects, which will be partially attained, but should rather condense our efforts upon those which cannot be of doubtful necessity, and which are the proper foundation upon which to build the charitable establishments we require. Religion and education are the fundamental and permanent necessities of human nature, the objects of instincts which ought to be rightly directed and properly fostered, in order that they may attain their just development, and produce their appropriate fruits. On the former of these subjects there has always been a great, and in the opinion of many a sufficient, interest in New England, while some will undoubtedly say it has been excessive and absorbing. However that may be, none will deny that the zeal for education has been very fluctuating among us; sometimes prominent, and marked with a good degree of efficiency, then subsiding into comparative torpor, and again reviving to a useful activity. The instinct of ambitious benevolence, however, has been oftener shown in providing for the gratification of new wishes than of old necessities, in making a partial, rather than a liberal provision for acknowledged wants, and in furnishing ornamental culture when substantial advantages were loudly called for. Examples of this tendency mark the history of Harvard College, where, with a great variety of foundations, not one is

sufficient for the maintenance of a professor, and where, while some less imperative needs are more or less provided for, no one has yet established a professorship of such primary importance as that of the Latin language.* In like manner, in the benevolent institutions of the city, though we cannot say that any are superfluous, yet it is manifest that there are several associations with objects so nearly allied, or it may be identical, that they might be combined, with great mutual advantage, if the religious or personal obstacles to a union could be surmounted. It should be remembered that combined action would, in many if not all cases, diminish the expense of management, and thus increase the real amount given to those necessities which the associations were designed to relieve. We do not doubt that this process of assimilation and combination will take place, at some time, as it is a natural consequence of the abatement of sectarian and party violence, of which we have witnessed much within the period of an average human life; and we would fain do what we can to recommend the amalgamation of many of those societies above named, which do not differ in the objects of their endeavors so much as in the religious views of their several members and patrons. It should be remembered, in many cases, that the charity has really nothing whatever to do with the religious ideas or judgments of the contributors; that a limb may be saved, or an alphabet may be taught, even though the subscribers to the fund which enables one to save a limb, and another to teach the accidence, may not be all of one mind as to the Divine nature, or the total depravity of the human soul. Shall we, unmindful of the rebuke of our Saviour, refuse our aid to a suffering fellow-mortal, because "he followeth not us"? "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?" asks the Apostle. Would he not have occasion to ask a sim-

* There is a professorship on "the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts," i. e. "de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis," and one on "Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity," requiring a variety of knowledge, and a versatility of talent, of which few examples can be found in the history of the human race. While some subjects are thus singularly mixed in one professorship, there are other instances of two professors in one department. It requires all the ingenuity of the Faculty and the Corporation to arrange the duties of the professors without conflict or superfluity.

ilar question, were he among us to-day? It is a curious incongruity of human nature, that in our very charities we should find means to be uncharitable; that while we seek to do good, we have not learned to avoid that which is evil; that we do not fully understand the doctrine of the parable of the priest, Levite, and Samaritan. The world has not yet learned the second great commandment, and, at the present and past rate of progress, it will be some years before that attainment is reached. Meantime, a few steps have been taken. We have got over some of the obstacles which closed us in, and we can see a part, at least, of the great fields beyond.

While we thus suggest a combination of effort, in some cases, there are others in which it seems to us that at least enough has already been done in one direction, and that it would be much better to found a new institution, than to enlarge an old one beyond convenient limits. Thus the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the care and cure of the sick and the insane, seems to us to be as large as can be advantageously managed by one set of directors and officers; and perhaps the suggestion that the time has come for another institution, with a similar purpose, may not be regarded as untimely or impertinent.

There is one subject of action, in relation to which the liberality of Boston has been frequently called upon in the course of the last fifteen years, but respecting which it would be impossible to collect statistics that would be worthy of confidence; namely, the purchase of slaves for the purpose of giving them freedom. The instances have been frequent in which considerable sums have been given, in an unobtrusive way, for an object second to few, if any, in kindness to one party, and justice to another. The fact should be known, for the honor of those who show the sincerity of their desire for the freedom and happiness of their fellow-men in deed as well as in word, and who do what they can to secure the well-being of the slave without injury to the master.

Considerable sums have been collected, also, from time to time, by agents for particular objects elsewhere, such as building a church in a remote settlement in the West or the Northwest, and by missionaries for particular purposes, who have

been attracted by the reputation of the city for dispensing its abundance. The opinion seems to have become pretty common, however, that these applications are of a kind that do not deserve the favor they seek, as, in general, there can be no sufficient guaranty for the proper application of donations, and the necessities of a particular neighborhood ought to be met by the exertions or the liberality of those who are near enough to have personal knowledge of the merits of each case.

There is a view to be taken of the relative amount of the charities enumerated, and the public objects promoted, in the preceding catalogue, to the property taxed in the city (generally supposed to be below the amount actually possessed), which is well adapted to diminish any feeling of exultation or self-approbation into which we may be betrayed by the survey of the considerable aggregates we have enumerated. The valuation on which taxes were assessed in 1845 was \$135,948,700. In 1859 it was \$263,429,000. The mean would be about \$200,000,000, the lowest probable income of which is from ten to twelve millions annually. The sum of the amounts expended for the public objects enumerated above is about \$5,140,000; but calling it \$5,300,000, to make full allowance for anything omitted or unknown, the average is \$353,333 per annum, which would leave from \$9,646,000 to \$11,646,000 for expenditure and reinvestment. Whatever allowance may be made for error or miscalculation, in this estimate of income, enough will remain to show that the donations in charity, or for great and permanent objects, are not of an amount that need cause any alarm for the permanent decrease of our resources from extravagance in this luxury; but that as long as the property of the city doubles in about fifteen years, its charities should also double, in order to maintain the ancient reputation.

In our advance as a people in age, population, and resources, the physical wants and calamities of life are not likely to be neglected among us. They are obvious to the eye, and of a nature adapted to awaken, in every feeling heart, a strong and active sympathy. There is no reason to apprehend that they will ever be forgotten or neglected. We wish

it were so with the interest of that vitally important concern of life, education. We have reached that condition of society, in which the value of elementary instruction is universally perceived and acknowledged ; and we feel every day the immense advantage which the spread of knowledge so far in our community has given us, in the character, the ambition, and the success of our population over those of any equal number without similar privileges. But we have not yet attained an adequate sense of the extent to which instruction is a benefit. We are too apt to think that the common school is all we want,—that it is glory enough for us, in the way of education, to have made its elements universal ; and it is a matter of boasting that every person in New England can read. But of what use would be the power of reading, if no opportunity were furnished of usefully exercising the power, by the perusal of books containing the last and best results of study and research ? We must have among us minds cultivated to the necessary point of furnishing the best books and materials for study, or we must be ingloriously dependent upon other nations for all progress, and even for preventing a retrograde movement. We must be advancing or retreating ; and in this country, with such entire security from foreign interference, and such rapid accumulation of material wealth, there is nothing wanting for progress but the perception of what is necessary, and the willingness to devote the appropriate pecuniary resources to its attainment. Of the latter there is obviously an abundant supply. The moment it is perceived that any particular object is desirable, the means are readily and eagerly furnished by men of mental and pecuniary ability. The great difficulty is to persuade them that any particular study or acquisition is necessary ; and we do not wonder at the existence of the difficulty, so long as all that was thought important was the knowledge of the past, without much reference to the present and the future. But the relative value of particular studies is much changed. The past history and languages of men and nations are not the only attainments which are now to be mastered by the scholar. The laws of mind and of matter are to be investigated, with a thoroughness and precision which have not heretofore been reached, nor even

sought. The planet upon which we live is full of subjects upon which men are still profoundly ignorant, and the investigation of which will well employ, for ages to come, the limited number who are able, from their organization and circumstances, to pursue such studies. Those, however, who are best fitted by organization and circumstances for the more recondite pursuits of science, philosophy, religion, and law, need a preliminary instruction in a variety of branches of knowledge, for which colleges and universities are the appropriate institutions. The young man must be carefully trained, as far as training can carry him, if he is to be expected to advance beyond his predecessors in the career of knowledge. Discoveries in the external world are not made by accident, so much as by the application of mind to the circumstances around us; and mind, in order to be productive, must be cultivated. Nor can its own laws be investigated by those who are not versed in all that has yet been ascertained with regard to the intellectual and immortal part of human nature. If, then, either mind or matter is to be intelligently studied, we must have something more than the common school, which simply gives the first means of progress, and of appreciating, perhaps, the greater advancement of the higher order of minds. The grammar-school is indispensable, but so much more are the college, the university, the professional and the scientific school. We rejoice to perceive, in the foregoing catalogue, some evidence that this truth is beginning to be acknowledged in our community; and that a larger proportion than heretofore of the wealth distributed both by the public and by private persons, has been devoted to our highest educational institution. The very considerable sums given by the Legislature and by individuals to Harvard College, the greater part of which are for well-considered and most important objects, are valuable evidence of the general progress of ideas upon the subject of education. But they must be still further extended, before the wants of the age, and of all ages, are seen and supplied; and when this is done, there must be one thing more accomplished, and that is a change in the comparative estimation by the public of scientific and political reputation. When it is seen, as one would think it

must be seen, sooner or later, that political advancement, in this country, does not imply, as it has done in other times and nations, great power over the relations of society, and much less over individual members of society, the exclusive ambition for political distinction, which is a sort of contagious mania among us, must subside ; and other objects, such as science, theology, and law, must share, at least to a greater extent than heretofore, the devotion of aspiring minds. Power, we know, will always be the object of ambition ; but, we trust, not necessarily nor exclusively political power. In this country, already, the possession of political power means a very different thing from what it means on the Continent of Europe, or even in England. The material rewards are much less dazzling, and much less really important ; and it would be by no means surprising, if such a revolution of ideas should take place, that men should consider political office an encumbrance and a burden, to be avoided by almost any sacrifice. Municipal offices are so regarded, at this hour, in some cities of Germany, and men who are elected, or whose turn has come to undertake the toils of office, are subjected to heavy and almost ruinous fines, if they refuse the proffered honor and labor.

But, without contemplating so remote and so vast a change of ideas and feelings, we can imagine the claims of knowledge to be more widely admitted than they are at present. This is nothing more nor less than believing in the progress of civilization ; and that depends upon many other things besides political institutions. Nobody can be more free, or less happy, in social relations, than a North American Indian. In the absence of external control, which constitutes what is commonly understood by freedom, self-control becomes more and more important ; and self-control is one of the last and best results of the highest religious, moral, and intellectual cultivation. Upon the extension of personal self-control, as a principle to guide our public and private conduct, depends the success not only of individuals, but of nations, in the career of humanity ; and whoever desires to see the institutions and the liberty of the country preserved must desire the progress of education in every department, until all the powers of the

human mind shall be so appropriately and adequately cultivated, as to make them subservient to a virtuous will. It is to intellectual culture in all departments of mind, therefore, that we desire to call the attention of the philanthropic among us, most particularly in the present state of our institutions and our charities. It would seem that all other departments to which liberality may be called to extend its benefactions are now more or less faithfully provided for. Elementary education, physical suffering, poverty, old age, and mental infirmity, are all furnished with the means of supply or relief. Vast sums are annually sent abroad for the religious instruction of those who are not yet in a condition to be benefited by it ; while the proper and sufficient collegiate education of our own young men, for our own wants, is not adequately provided for. It is on all accounts desirable that our colleges should be better furnished with pecuniary resources in almost every department of learning. Scarcely a professor can be found who is properly supplied with the means of comfort, nor an institution of the class referred to, with the libraries and collections necessary for adequate instruction in this day of progress. It is at once gratifying and humbling to witness the eagerness with which young men crowd to institutions, which, however imperfect, are yet the best that can be found in the country ; how fully appreciated and how eagerly used are the means of progress which are supplied ; and ample guaranty is thus given that increased advantages would be neither neglected nor misused. We shall deem no labor lost which shall tend in any degree to arouse the community of our age and nation to a sense of the importance of affording to all who seek it the means of the most thorough and accurate instruction in every branch of human knowledge. By this process we shall not only raise the standard and increase the product of intellectual studies and pursuits, but we shall secure for all future time the great charities, and the religious and literary institutions, which are the protection, the ornament, and the glory of nations.

ART. X.—1. *Thoughts on Government and Legislation.* By LORD WROTTESLEY, F. R. S. London: John Murray. 1860.

2. *Literary Remains, consisting of Lectures and Tracts on Political Economy, of the late REV. RICHARD JONES, formerly Professor of Political Economy at the East India College, Haileybury, and Member of the Tithe and Charity Commissions.* Edited, with a Prefatory Note, by the REV. WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John Murray. 1859.

3. *Four Introductory Lectures on Political Economy, delivered before the University of Oxford.* By NASSAU W. SENIOR, A. M. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1852.

4. *Tracts and other Publications on Metallic and Paper Currency.* By the RIGHT HONORABLE LORD OVERSTONE. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1858.

WE gladly welcome the treatise of Lord Wrottesley upon Government and Legislation; for although it professes to be only elementary in its character, it presents many valuable thoughts upon the philosophy of an art which demands far more attention than it is apt to receive, even from those whose business it is to practise it, few of whom, it is to be feared, have any adequate sense of the profound political and economical science requisite to an intelligent discharge of the duties of a legislator. In a chapter upon the studies and qualifications of legislators, the author says that there are no educational institutions in England whose professed object is to prepare the future statesman for the performance of legislative and administrative functions; that there are no books which can in strictness be said to have been written with a special view to this end; and that thus the noblest of all branches of knowledge must be picked up at hazard by all who aspire to conversance with it. In his Preface, he expresses the hope that the publication of his work may prove useful, not only in the higher class of schools and in the Universities, but, perhaps, even to those who are looking forward to a seat in either House of Parliament. We feel certain that this unpretending treatise will be of assistance not only to

those who are preparing themselves for the discharge of legislative duties, but to legislators themselves. If any believe that there is little or nothing to learn about the general principles of legislation, or that questions demanding for their solution an accurate knowledge of the leading principles of social and economical science can be discussed with profit in the careless manner in which they are often handled, both in society and in the senate, the perusal of this book may undeceive them. When we seriously reflect on the nature of the functions which a legislator is called upon to perform, it would seem at first sight, that the knowledge necessary to their highest discharge must be almost universal.

“On what subject,” asks the writer, “may not the statesman be called upon to speak and legislate? The disheartening descriptions given by Cicero of the amount of previous study necessary to form an accomplished orator, will apply with equal, if not greater force, to the senator of modern times. What subjects should this knowledge comprise? Whence and how is it to be sought for and acquired? To these and other similar questions an answer may be expected, but a complete reply to them is perhaps impossible in the present state of our knowledge.”

The author proceeds to point out the principal subjects of study which should go to the preparation of men for legislative duties, giving estimates of the merits of different writers upon these subjects, and practical hints as to the actual conduct of legislation.

Lord Wrottesley maintains that a thorough knowledge of political science is indispensable, not only to legislators, but to artisans and operatives, and all the vital members of society. The prevalent ignorance of the first principles of this science is one of the chief drawbacks to the advantages derivable from free institutions. Of course, the more liberal the institutions of a country are, the more important it is that a knowledge of their principles should be extended; for legislation must then conform to public opinion. In England and the United States the influence of the political institutions handed down from our Anglo-Saxon progenitors has led the people more and more to consider and discuss questions of legal and political science, and gradually to pre-

pare them for the exercise of political power. An enlightened public opinion has by degrees been created, and its influence has become controlling. Sir G. C. Lewis, in the Preface to his "Treatise on the Government of Dependencies," remarks that the ulterior progress of the chief nations of Europe and America "mainly depends upon the nature of the opinions prevailing among the bulk of the people; that where public opinion is unenlightened, no political forms can be an effectual security against unwise and mischievous exercises of the power of government; and that where the public opinion is enlightened, political forms lose a large portion of their meaning and importance." Mr. Austin, in his "Province of Jurisprudence," writes, that "the best moral security for good government, and therefore for national happiness so far as it be dependent thereon, is a wide diffusion of the soundest political science." Lord Wrottesley urges the necessity of further public provision for the extension of such knowledge, as a means of insuring the gradual destruction of those existing opinions and prejudices which arrest the course of political improvement, and of securing improved legislation in every department.

The work of Richard Jones, the title of which is cited at the head of our article, consists of lectures and tracts on various branches of the science of political economy, although it is chiefly devoted to the discussion of rent, wages, and cognate subjects. As the title indicates, this is not a systematic treatise. Dr. Whewell, in his Prefatory Note, states that Mr. Jones had, to the last, cherished the hope of giving a complete and systematic character to his speculative views of this science, but was prevented by his business engagements, by his habits of social intercourse, and by his impatience of the labor requisite to give literary symmetry to his writings. His writings show that the tendency of his mind was rather to practical ends than to scientific analysis; and that he possessed eminent administrative abilities is evinced by the large part he bore in successfully constructing and carrying out measures for great social improvements. It is evident that his sympathies were with the practical aims of life. In his writings he makes more frequent reference to

facts than to fixed principles for the support of his views. He distinctly avows induction to be the proper method of reasoning in political economy. He says:—

“The principles which determine the position and progress, and govern the conduct, of large bodies of the human race, placed under different circumstances, can be learnt only by an appeal to experience. It would be absurd to suppose that any one, by mere efforts of consciousness, by consulting his own views, feelings, and motives, and the narrow sphere of his own personal observation, and reasoning *a priori* from them, could anticipate the conduct, progress, and fortunes of large bodies of men, differing from himself in moral or physical temperament, and influenced by differences, varying in extent and variously combined, in climate, soil, religion, education, and government.”

The chief defect of Mr. Jones’s work is, in our opinion, due to his having assumed that the inductive method is the only one applicable to questions of political economy. When he discusses the practical management of economical affairs, his thoughts are always valuable; and the papers contained in his volume will prove a valuable contribution to this department of literature.

The works which stand at the head of this article suggest an inquiry into the influence of political economy upon the legislation of modern times.

It is only about a century since the first principles of political economy were reduced to a body of precepts having anything of a scientific character. At the present day it is ranked as an established science; but “every one is aware,” says Senior, “that political economy is in a state of imperfect development, I will not say characteristic of infancy, but certainly very far from maturity.” There was no lack of opinions, however, upon many of its topics, long before there had been any scientific investigation in this department. But they were for the most part strangely erroneous. Till commerce sprang up, there was little inducement and little opportunity to seek information about the industrial resources of foreign nations, or any of the phenomena of wealth. No inquiry was made by the wisest of the ancients as to the origin and na-

ture of wealth. The Greeks, with a broad civilization, and with the highest achievements in some branches of philosophy, do not show the slightest acquaintance with this branch of knowledge, either in their literature or their legislation. The Romans, too, in their prejudice against trade, commerce, and manufactures, display an entire ignorance of its first principles. The political history of antiquity, as well as that of the Middle Age, is mostly a record of wars, conquests, and political changes. Before the sixteenth century there was no legislation worthy of the name which had for its object the promotion of the industrial interests of society. Commerce and manufactures, if they existed at all, were left to take care of themselves, or were directly discouraged ; for the attempts that were made to affect these interests in any way were quite apt to be in utter violation of the principles which have since been framed into the science of political economy. At the present day, however, this class of subjects occupies a far more prominent place in legislation than is given to anything else ; and the rulers and legislators of enlightened nations no longer make it the chief object of their economical regulations to raise the largest amount of revenue with the least trouble to themselves, but rather to develop the resources of the state, whose strength and security they regard as contingent upon the prosperity of the people.

Since the year 1500 great advances have been made in every branch of mental science ; and this is the era from which many of the physical sciences date their origin. Political economy presupposes much, both in mental and in physical science ; and in the natural order of things we should look for its development late in the progress of knowledge. We accordingly find that it was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the conditions of the accumulation and distribution of wealth were well enough understood to constitute a science. It is true, that before this period many precepts and rules of practice had been laid down, and political economy may be said to have existed as a rude and unsystematic art. Before this time, too, many writers had treated of various topics within the province of this science. But it was hard for them to break away from the popular prejudices that had

gathered round it, and their opinions were often wrong. Even if authors had been capable of pointing out the prevalent mistakes in theory, or the evils that resulted from vicious laws and customs, it would not always have been safe to do so. But something was effected in this direction. In 1581, William Stafford dedicated his "Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicie" to Queen Elizabeth. Some sound and intelligent views were hinted at; and Mr. Buckle pronounces this striking essay to be, on the whole, the most important work on the theory of politics of its own and previous times. It was worth something then that there could be found any one who would declare that "the Queen's Majesty cannot have treasure when her subjects have none." Although the author recommended free trade in corn, he advocated the prohibition of the exportation of wool and undressed cloth from the kingdom; and if any of his opinions produced an effect upon the policy of the times, it was probably those which confirmed the old system of restriction. The transporting of wool and sheep out of the kingdom was an offence at common law known by the name of *owling*. This offence is mentioned in the *Mirror des Justices*, and again in a statute of Edward III.; while a statute enacted in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign—"for sundry good causes and considerations moved in the High Court of Parliament"—makes the transportation of live sheep, or the embarking them on board any ship, an offence punishable by forfeiture of goods and imprisonment for a year, and declares that the offender, "at the year's end, shall in some open market-town, in the fulness of the market, on the market-day, have his left hand cut off, and that to be nailed upon the openest place of such market." It is instructive to notice that various statutes of the reigns of Charles II. and William III. imposed restrictions on similar exportations, and that these statutes were amended and enforced by several others, the last of which is as late as 19 George II., while they were not repealed till 5 George IV.

About the time that Stafford, in England, was inquiring how the subsidies could be large "when the subjects have little to depart with," the Duc de Sully, Minister of Finance under Henry IV. of France, was aware "that, if he made money pass

through the hands of the people, there would necessarily flow into the public treasury a proportionate quantity, which no one would regret." He was the first statesman in France entitled to the character of a political economist, and his measures for arousing the industry of the people, and developing the resources of the country, were attended with remarkable success. The maxim upon which he acted was, that "tillage and pasturage are the nursing mothers of the state." So efficient was a wise system of encouragement given to one branch of industry, that, while the taxes and duties of the kingdom were greatly reduced, much of the state debt was paid off, provinces alienated by the king's predecessors repurchased, and the revenue largely increased. But Sully participated in the prejudices of the times as to commerce and manufactures, which he greatly discouraged. The king's favorites were allowed to practise various extortions upon different branches of commerce for their own benefit. Taxes so onerous were levied upon all commodities from the Levant, that France lost the great transit trade to the North of Europe, which had built up the flourishing cities of Marseilles and Lyons. A deputy from Lyons, complaining of this ruinous policy, said: "The city of Lyons, illustrious and flourishing as it has been, is hastening to become a desert unless liberty is restored to traffic. The burdens which nations bear, although they may be heavy, have ever been considered as sanctioned by divine and human law; but they are intended to serve the same purpose for a state which sails serve for a vessel, namely, to propel it in an onward course, and to keep it upright, not to overload and sink it." This was well said, but the government took no notice of it. France did not become aware of the injury that had been done till some years afterward, when she found that a commerce had been diverted which no efforts of hers could bring back, and manufactures stopped which it was hard to build up again.

In ancient times restraints were often placed upon trade from political considerations, or from a feeling of proud exclusiveness; but in modern times these restraints have been imposed from a belief that the wealth of the nation would thus be increased. A great number of laws prohibiting or restrain-

ing exportation and importation may be found upon the statute-books of every commercial nation of Europe. It is said that no fewer than two thousand laws with respect to commerce had been passed in England before 1820. It was thought that commerce could not flourish without the continual interference of the government. Most of these laws were made under mistaken views of the nature of wealth. Till the time of M. Quesnay, whose views were published about the middle of the eighteenth century, wealth was supposed to consist of gold and silver. Consequently economical legislation had for its object the increase of the amount of the precious metals in the country; that commerce which brought home gold and silver was encouraged, and that which carried them off was restrained. The labor of the people was interfered with, and directed to particular objects. It was supposed that agricultural products might be made cheaper by prohibiting their exportation, and that manufactures, which might be exported and sold for money, would be thus favored. It was with this view that the duties upon the exportation of corn from England were made so very high as almost to amount to a prohibition, till about the time of the accession of William III. Under this mistaken theory of the nature of wealth, legislators thought that the interests of their own people were promoted by receiving few commodities from others, and by doing all they could to injure the trade of foreign nations. In 1620 the English House of Commons, in much alarm, passed a resolution, "that the importation of tobacco out of Spain is one reason of the scarcity of money in this kingdom." A few years after this, it was argued in the same House that the Netherlands were becoming weakened by their trade with the East Indies, because it carried money out of the country.

The idea that a nation's wealth is measured mainly by its stock of the precious metals, is very old. We find Cicero declaring, in his Oration for Flaccus, that the Senate had often determined, and during his consulship it came to a most solemn resolution, that gold ought not to be exported. The statutes of all the commercial nations of Europe show that their statesmen at one period of their history thought that national wealth was promoted by the simple expedient of getting all the

gold and silver they could into the country, and keeping it there. This opinion appears in the preamble of a statute passed in England in the time of Richard II., forbidding the exportation of the precious metals, on pain of forfeiture: "For the great mischief which this realm suffereth, and long hath done, for that gold and silver are carried out of the realm, so that, in effect, there is none thereof left, which thing, if it should longer be suffered, would shortly be the destruction of the same realm, which God prohibit."

Various complicated measures were adopted in order to make the precious metals flow into England, and then to keep them there. To effect these purposes, staple towns and the corporation of the staple were established, so as to bring together the dealings in the chief articles exported from the country, and thus enable the government officers to inspect every bargain in these commodities, and see that the transaction turned out productive of bullion. When foreign coin was brought into the country, in order to prevent its passing at an unauthorized value, or its going out of the country again, it was provided that it should not be used in England for any other purpose than that of being exchanged for English coin at the king's mint, or that the king's exchanger should receive it at his own valuation. It was also provided, that, when foreign merchants imported their cargoes into England, they should not leave the country until they had given satisfactory proof that they had employed all the moneys they had received for their goods in the purchase of English commodities for exportation. The statutes passed to effect this object were called by the old writers Statutes of Employments, the most complete and stringent of which is probably one of 18 Henry VI. "The obliging foreign merchants to reside with official hosts," says Mr. Jones, "was an old regulation, which might probably, with some pains, be traced to other countries and remoter ages. These strangers' hosts were sometimes the object of bitter denunciations for forestalling, and other wicked deeds; but they were now selected by Henry and his councillors as the fittest instruments for carrying out their object of securing the employment of the moneys received by foreigners in the purchase

of British commodities." After reciting in the preamble, among other things, that "great damages and losses daily come to the king and to his people, as well by the buyings and sellings that merchants, aliens, and strangers do make at their proper will and liberty, without any notice, governance, and survey of any of the king's lawful liege people;" that great treasure by the same aliens is carried out of the realm; and that the earlier remedies have been found insufficient;—the statute provides that no alien merchant shall sell merchandise to another alien on pain of forfeiture; that all alien merchants shall be under the survey of certain persons, to be called hosts or surveyors, to be appointed by the mayors of the several cities, the hosts to be good and credible natives, expert in merchandise, but not of the same trade as the alien under their survey. The hosts are to be privy to all sales and contracts of the aliens, and to see that within eight months they sell their whole cargoes and employ the proceeds in the purchase of English goods; and the hosts are to keep books, in which they shall register all the contracts, and twice a year deliver a transcript of the books to the Exchequer. For this trouble they are to levy two-pence in the pound on all such contracts. Any alien merchant refusing to submit to these regulations is to be imprisoned till he gives security to comply with them, and to be fined at the king's will; and if he make any contract without the privity of his host, he is to forfeit the value of the goods.

Spain presents a notable example of the vain attempt to prevent the exportation of the precious metals. When she found herself in possession of the unrivalled opulence which the discovery of the rich mines of Mexico and Peru had brought her, she thought to keep it all by shutting up the avenues of trade and retaining her precious metals within the country. Her statesmen, seeing that the exchangeable value of silver in Spain had depreciated, and that it would naturally leave the country in exchange for other articles, labored to check foreign commerce by establishing exorbitant duties upon imports, and by restraining the mercantile enterprise of the people. But they could devise no restraints that would permanently supersede the natural laws, according to which the

prices and amounts of commodities are equalized throughout the commercial world; and Spain found that she could no more shut up within her borders her great surplus of silver, than she could dam up the flow of her rivers.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the economical affairs of Europe had come to be of too great importance to escape careful examination. Writers now exposed some of the old errors. Among these writers, Serra is said to have been the first to prove the absurdity of the expedients usually resorted to in order to render gold and silver abundant. But political economists seem to have had very little immediate influence upon the policy of the times. The old policy of restriction had been acted upon so long, that men seemed to accept it as something fixed in the order of things; and even when experience had conclusively shown that it was injurious, there was a long period of vacillation between the old errors that were familiar to the public mind, and the new truths, which seemed incomplete because they were new. It was not till long after the increasing commerce of Europe had practically refuted the ancient prejudices, that the reasonings of economists had any practical weight. The change from the prohibitive system to that which obtained the name of the *mercantile*, was the result of circumstances rather than of any abstract reasoning.

It is not clearly settled where or when the mercantile system had its origin. In England it followed the opening of a direct intercourse with India, and the springing up of a profitable Indian trade. It was found impossible to carry on this trade without a constant exportation of specie. In spite of the still ruling belief, that the prosperity of the country was measured by the amount of money it could accumulate and retain, men could not help seeing that the exportation of money was advantageous in some way or other, they hardly knew how. But an explanation was at length found, which was for a long time deemed satisfactory. It was supposed that the advantage arose from the re-exportation of the greater part of the commodities purchased by bullion to other countries, where a greater price was obtained for them than they originally cost. The East-India Company on its first establishment, in 1600,

obtained leave to export a limited amount of specie ; and finally through its influence the prohibition upon the exportation of specie, which had existed for more than four centuries, was wholly removed by a statute of 15 Charles II., the preamble of which sets forth the new ideas which now prevailed. “ Forasmuch,” says the act, “ as several considerable foreign trades cannot be conveniently driven without the species of money and bullion, and that it is found by experience that the species of money and bullion are carried in greatest abundance, as to a common market, to such places as give free liberty of exporting the same, and the better to keep in and increase the current coins of this kingdom, be it enacted that it shall be lawful to export all sorts of foreign coin and bullion, first entering the same at the custom-house.”

It will be observed that the object of this statute purported to be “ the better to keep in and increase the current coins of this kingdom.” Mistaken notions of the true nature of wealth and of the true object of trade still prevailed. But something had been gained. Under the new order of things commerce began to flourish, and a general intercourse to prevail among nations. The mercantile system proposed to do something, too, for the productive industry of the country, instead of checking it, as the old exclusive system had. But, what was of vastly more consequence, men learned that the prosperity of a nation may be greatly influenced by its commercial regulations ; that the general welfare of society may be most materially affected by the social arrangements of the government as to property ; and that legislation upon these subjects is susceptible of great, and perhaps indefinite improvement. It now began to be seen that governments had sadly mistaken the road to wealth. There had been much to account for the ignorance that had existed as to the nature of wealth and the principles which regulate its production and distribution, in the systems of government that had prevailed. Under monarchical forms rulers had often regarded the public revenue as a portion of their private income, and their chief concern had been to collect it with the least trouble to themselves. It was not for the people to inquire how it was obtained or how it was spent ; and they seemed to care little about it, if they were not

called upon to pay direct taxes. This indifference to the financial affairs of the state was sometimes increased by the circumstance, that in certain cases the private estate of the sovereign was so ample as to render him in a measure independent of his subjects. But this state of things for the most part passed away with the feudal system. The people came to understand that they had an interest in the administration of the public revenue; and the sovereign, too, was made aware that the well-being of the people was deserving of his attentive consideration. All parties were anxious to ascertain the arrangements that would conduce to a greater amount of prosperity than had already been attained. The possibility of this was seen, and political economy was called upon to point out the mode. Of these M. Quesnay was the first to explain in what wealth consists, and he did much toward establishing some of the other most important principles of the science. It was seen that something certain had been found out. A large band of devoted disciples took up Quesnay's opinions, and zealously engaged in their promulgation; and the influence of the system they established was very great, especially upon the policy of France.

The Italians regard their own Bandini as the precursor of Quesnay in some of the leading principles of his system. But his object seems to have been rather to influence the conduct of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, than to establish comprehensive principles. He had the good fortune to see his theories embodied in practice, and the most happy results followed from them. Count Peechio, in his History of Political Economy in Italy, giving an account of these results, observes: "Such were the effects of a good book upon a good prince."

But it was reserved for Adam Smith to take the first important step toward establishing the science of political economy. He discovered many of its important principles; and was the first to arrange these, and many others which previous investigations had traced out, but had left to exist as single truths, into a system having the air of a science. The truths of political economy are to a great extent mutually dependent; and it is often unsafe to follow out one of them alone to its ultimate results, without considering its relation to others. They

are all interwoven. Although, as a system, the "Wealth of Nations" is quite imperfect, yet it has been the foundation for all subsequent systematic labors. This work is pronounced by Mr. Buckle to be "the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man towards establishing the principles on which government should be based;" and its influence has been very great throughout the civilized world.

Since the time of Adam Smith, political economy is said to have had more writers and students than any other department of research. Among these have been men of the very highest talent and genius, and though they have not perfected the science, they have done much toward settling its general principles and defining its limits. But probably no one has done so much to place political economy in the rank of the pure sciences as Mr. Senior; and no more essential service was demanded in this branch of knowledge than an elucidation of the science of political economy as distinguished from the art. All the early and most of the later treatises upon political economy, though speaking of it as a science, have proceeded to treat it as an art. Very much of the uncertainty and contradiction in which it has been involved is owing to the ignoring of this distinction. Safe conclusions seem impossible, as long as it is unknown whether they are scientific generalizations or merely empirical rules of conduct. The truth is best attained by a purely scientific treatment of the subject, though this is one of the latest stages in the progress of every branch of knowledge. In the work of Mr. Senior, the title of which is given at the head of this article, the distinction between the science and the art of political economy is very clearly drawn. If treated as a science, he defines political economy as "the science which states the laws regulating the production and distribution of wealth, so far as they depend on the action of the human mind." If treated as an art, he defines it as "the art which points out the institutions and habits most conducive to the production and accumulation of wealth."

If it were our purpose specially to state the progress of political economy, it would be necessary to refer to the labors of many other writers. But our object is only to give such an account of its rise, progress, and condition, as may be necessary

to illustrate our views of its influence upon modern legislation. In connection with this sketch of the science, it is worthy of note that its more important principles are fast becoming matters of popular knowledge. For the last half-century various topics of political economy have been carefully examined in the reviews and freely discussed in the newspapers. Works upon this subject are frequently referred to in our legislatures, and many statesmen are profoundly versed in the science. All who have written and spoken upon it have not pretended to be political economists. But every legislator who has appealed to it for arguments upon the currency, upon the tariff question, or upon the financial policy of the government, has done something toward creating a popular knowledge of its teachings upon these topics; and every writer who has given his views upon the credit system or upon the increase of gold, though they may have been quite fallacious, has done something toward calling attention to questions within the domain of political economy, which very intimately concern the welfare and happiness of all men. And now, when new measures, affecting the commercial, industrial, or financial interests of the state, are proposed for adoption in legislative assemblies, the nature and effect of these measures immediately become subjects of familiar reflection and daily discussion with persons of ordinary intelligence in all parts of the country.

It cannot but be noticed, that there is a kinship between the prevalence of more correct views of political economy, and the improvements that have taken place in modern times in the laws relating to economical matters. But has science or legislation taken the lead? Have writers drawn the principles of their science from the practice of legislators, or have legislators based their laws upon principles of abstract science deduced by political economists?

We have seen that legislators were practising political economy as an art long before it existed as a science. The political measures which were adopted at that period were founded upon prejudices rather than reason, upon traditional errors rather than scientific principles. The early writers, too, upon political economy seem often to have been under the control

of the same influences, and in some instances to have adopted the political policy of the times as the basis of their doctrines. But the establishment of the science, and its subsequent improvements, have been the work of philosophy, not of legislative experiments. Political economy belongs to the department of mind, and is a science of reasoning rather than one of observation. It is affirmed by Mr. Senior, "that the facts on which its general principles rest may be stated in a very few sentences, or rather in a very few words, and that the difficulty is merely in reasoning from them." The science results from the wants and inclinations of man, so far as property and his relations to external things are concerned. There are elements existing at all times and in every place. It is only by deduction from these facts, that the great body of truths under the name of political economy is arrived at. Truth is the only direct end of the science. Legislation did not construct the science ; it might have existed before all legislation. The science furnishes economical conclusions ; and it is for legislators and men of business to go to these for information upon economical matters of practice. But practical men have been far enough from using all the assistance they might have derived from this science. They have not always acquainted themselves with the discoveries made in it ; and they have been distrustful of the conclusions of men whom they have sometimes sneeringly denominated theorists. It is true, that in many instances the principles of the science have been adopted by legislators immediately upon their promulgation. Thus, many of the artificial restrictions upon labor and trade in England, to which Adam Smith had called attention as being contrary to sound principles of political economy, were abolished not long afterward. At a later period, the reports of select committees of the British Houses of Parliament upon various economical questions have been founded upon the evidence and opinions given before them by political economists ; and thereupon principles of the science have been recognized by the public laws, and have become a part of the economical policy of the country. This mode of influencing legislation is illustrated in Lord Overstone's volume upon the currency, a large portion of this valuable publication being made up of

extracts from evidence given by the author before Parliamentary committees. Instances of this kind of influence upon legislation are also to be met with in other countries. But the far more important influence of the science upon legislation has been silent and gradual. It is difficult to form any correct idea of the extent of this influence. The principles of the science have been stealing into the minds of men so imperceptibly, that, though many of them which a century ago were unknown have now become simple truths, familiar to all men, no one can tell when they became predominant. Change must necessarily follow the diffusion of knowledge ; and as the knowledge of political economy has become more and more accurate, and more and more generally diffused, its principles have been working their way into the legislation of all civilized communities ; so that their policy in economical affairs has been greatly amended, and vast improvements are still going on.

But with all the great improvements that nations have recently made in their economical policy, has the influence of political economy, whatever may have been the manner of its operation, kept pace with the progress of the science itself ? It is an old remark, that “ nations are slow and reluctant learners.” The consequences of legislative changes are so momentous and uncertain, that some statesmen are for this reason slow to embody into law opinions of which their reason is convinced. It is necessary that time should familiarize new opinions to the minds of such men, before they can feel sufficient confidence in their truth to adopt them as the basis of legislative action. Great caution ought always to be exercised against applying unsettled principles to the actual affairs of nations. The welfare of a whole people is too great a thing to be rashly experimented upon. Even when new principles are perfectly clear, their practical adoption should not be precipitate.

But other causes than a sense of responsibility and a conservative prudence have more frequently delayed or prevented the abandonment of errors in legislation for more enlightened views. Political economy has encountered its full share of such difficulties as beset all political progress.

It has had to work its way against the ignorance, pride, and self-confidence of statesmen and rulers. It is well known that Napoleon Bonaparte regarded the science as a pretentious and artificial philosophy; and it was a saying of his, that "if an empire were made of adamant, the economists could grind it to powder." Political economy has had to contend, too, against popular prejudices and superstitions. Changes in the economical policy of states are especially apt to excite the fears of those who do not understand the principles upon which they are based, because they so directly concern their pecuniary interests. When the excellent new Poor Law of England was proposed, "it was greeted with the curses of those very farmers and squires who now not only carry it out lovingly and willingly to the very letter, but are too ready to resist any improvement or relaxation in it which may be proposed by that very Poor-Law Board from which it emanated." Many instances might be mentioned in which the fears of the ignorant and prejudiced have long prevailed against the adoption of measures based upon sound principles of political economy. The presumption in favor of the existing state of things is very strong with some minds. And then there is a certain inconvenience attendant upon the introduction of legislative changes, even if they are unquestionably right. "The disposition is too prevalent," says Lord Overstone, "to compromise or to suspend principles altogether, when the immediate consequence to which they lead involves temporary inconvenience or partial suffering; and if at such a moment the wavering are reminded of the principles which they have acknowledged, and are called upon to maintain their consistency, the response is not unmixed with a half-suppressed but angry murmur against the narrow-minded or the hard-hearted theorist."

Among the peculiar difficulties which political economy has met in finding recognition among statesmen, has been the aversion which they have entertained against it because it is abstract and theoretical. There is too often a misunderstanding between practical men and theorists. Their aims are different, and their modes of thought different; and they

sometimes forget that they are laboring for different objects. Political economists should have no other direct end in their labors than to ascertain the truth, and to point out the consequences of economical principles. It is for legislators and statesmen to apply these conclusions to the affairs of nations, so as to promote their highest interests in general. In many cases the correctness of a principle is only a secondary motive for its direct adoption. There may be numberless other considerations, moral and political, to which thought must be given in obtaining the solution of the problem how to produce the greatest amount of permanent good. With these considerations political economists have nothing to do; although they have often encroached upon the exclusive domain of statesmanship by discussing questions of a purely political character. It is not their business to discourse of duty or expediency,—to enjoin precepts, or recommend maxims of conduct. Men of science are for the most part wanting in the practical knowledge requisite to a wise application of their doctrines to the actual conduct of affairs. They have often betrayed their ignorance by advocating a naked application of general principles of science, without taking into account other facts and considerations touching the public welfare. In this way they have appeared to jealous statesmen and a prejudiced public as “theoretical innovators in state matters;” and practical men have thus been deterred sometimes from going to political economy for guidance in the affairs of nations.

The cultivators of this science have sometimes brought discredit upon it by framing theories according to the anomalous and peculiar circumstances of a particular country, and promulgating them as of universal application. Of this description are the theories of Malthus on population, and Ricardo on rent. There are instances, too, of theories which have proved false after they had been received with general assent. But not unfrequently have sound principles of political economy been brought into discredit by a wrong application of them by legislators themselves. Such principles have sometimes been crudely and hastily embodied into legislation, before the elements involved in them were duly compared with the wants

of the actual case. "Political economy," says Mr. Samuel Laing, "is not a universal science, of which the principles are applicable to all men under all circumstances, and equally good and true for all nations." Its principles must be submitted to different modifications in almost every particular application of them. And then it is exceedingly difficult to estimate the disturbances that may come into the working of each separate principle. Measures provided with reference only to the ordinary course of events may not suffice to meet an unanticipated crisis. In such cases political economy has often been held accountable for failures which resulted wholly from the want of caution, practical skill, or knowledge of facts on the part of those who applied it. It has sometimes been the case, too, that political writers have incorrectly deduced maxims of conduct from the science, and then the science itself has been censured for them. In this way fear and distrust of the abstract propositions of political economy have been created in the minds of practical politicians.

Another cause of distrust exists in the newness and imperfection of the science of political economy. Many of its first laws have without doubt been discovered, and some of these have obtained universal recognition. But there is no general agreement as to others, and it will not be denied that there is still much to be established and defined. This newness of the science, with the mistakes of its cultivators, and the mistakes of legislators, has made it easy to represent it as wanting in exactness and certainty ; and as needing more facts and more experience to support its principles before they become firm enough to be securely built upon. But in fact the settled principles of political economy are as demonstrable as any moral truths can be, and experiment can add nothing to their certainty.

The circumstance that political economy relates directly to the interests of men, has been a disturbing cause equally in the study of the science and in its influence upon legislation. Archbishop Whately has remarked, that the demonstrations of Euclid would not have commanded universal assent, if they had been applicable to the pursuits and fortunes of individuals. When changes in the economical laws of states have

been proposed, there has been the easiest scope for the working of prejudice and short-sighted interest.

The difficulty that political economy has had in gaining an influence over the policy of nations would be illustrated by a history of the course of legislation upon any one of the various subjects within its domain ; while such a history would be emphatically one of progress,—of the abandonment of ancient errors, and of a laborious onward movement through much complication and difficulty to ever more enlightened views. But the point of particular significance which would be brought out by such a survey would be the fact that legislation has gradually come to recognize as its basis, in a large degree, economical principles which have been arrived at by processes of reasoning and logical deduction. Theories which were formerly rejected have been reduced to practical operation, and their acceptance completed by the practical realization of their benefits. With every advance which has been made in the science of political economy, a corresponding movement sooner or later is seen to ensue in legislation.

Meanwhile, in the whole history of modern legislation, there is no truth which can be read in clearer characters than that progress is made exactly in proportion as a knowledge of the truths of political science is generally diffused. Under all free and liberal governments, it is every day becoming more and more apparent that all political improvements come from the people. In all representative governments, whatever the people generally believe to be true and expedient in politics will find its way sooner or later into legislative halls, and be placed upon the statute-book. Especially in England and the United States, when old systems are to be set aside, or new systems to be instituted, it is necessary to appeal to the great public ; and before any important alteration can be made, or at least made permanent, the people must be convinced of its advantage. This is an age when intelligent men take an interest in the laws and institutions under which they live, and are aware how materially their welfare is affected by them. They much desire to know what possibility there is for the attainment of a greater amount of prosperity, and to learn the mode of such attainment. It is the glory of the present age, that the num-

ber who are able to understand the principles on which their welfare rests is large, and is constantly becoming larger. Political economy has never been a popular science, but some of its general principles are fast becoming matters of common knowledge. When original writers upon the science now expound their principles, it is not the thinking few only whom they may hope to reach. Besides those who will study their works, there is a great public capable of an intellectual influence through the agency of the more learned, and by means of the press, which diffuses knowledge among all classes of society. Public opinion is thus instructed ; the truths which scientific investigators have arrived at, reach the mass of the people, and gradually convince them ; and perhaps even the reasons of these truths are disseminated. But where the discoveries of the science are not generally understood, there is a popular respect for knowledge and science which gives weight to the authority of learned and scientific men. In our own country, the members of our State Legislatures are especially of the people, and unless the people are made familiar with scientific principles, or have confidence in the teachings of science, there is little hope of their being adopted into legislation. Our legislators are the exponents of the public opinion of the State in political matters, and public opinion must be the source of our social progress. Nowhere is this moral power greater, and nowhere has it accomplished greater things in the way of political improvement.

It is doubtless true, that the science of political economy has for the last century had a greater influence over the legislation of England and of the United States, than over that of other countries. This can only be explained by the fact that in these countries there is a higher standard of intelligence among the middle ranks of society, and that these have had a far greater power in the government of these countries than elsewhere. This element, so essential to peaceable progression, has not its freest scope anywhere else. Under governments less liberal, even if accurate political knowledge were as generally diffused, its influence upon legislation would be slower and much less certain. It is often very long after sound political views have been promulgated, in the most enlightened community, and

under the most liberal form of government, before they convince the nation and find their way into its legislation. But when the truth has a chance to work in this way, it will always prevail sooner or later. Under arbitrary governments the pressure from the people must be very great before legislation gives way to it. It is true that there has been a great change in the character of such governments within a few years. The welfare of the whole people has come to be recognized as the proper end of legislation. This change has had a great influence upon their economical policy, and their rulers have been more willing to listen to the teachings of science. But the surest means of influence which political economy can have, is a free and enlightened public. It is a fact of history, that political improvements usually come from the people rather than from their rulers. This fact, together with the agency of popular knowledge in producing changes, is very forcibly illustrated by Mr. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England." The commercial reforms of that country have certainly been wrought through the people. The repeal of the Corn Laws did not come from the ministry, but from the people, who had been convinced of the desirableness of the change through the reasonings of political economists. Legislative reforms and improvements become inevitable when the mass of the population have ascertained what is correct, and have patiently waited a while for the operation of the great moral power of disseminated truth.

It cannot but be noticed that the principal improvement which has been made in the economical legislation of modern times, has consisted in undoing earlier legislation. We have already noticed some of the restrictions that were formerly placed upon trade, under the mistaken belief that the national industry would thereby be benefited. There were heavy duties upon exportations, and heavy duties upon importations ; while foreign trade in many articles was wholly prohibited. The exchange of commodities was so hampered with numberless restrictions, that it has recently been declared by a French writer of great authority on the history of political economy, that, had it not been for smuggling, commerce must have perished. Besides the more strictly commercial restrictions, there

were oppressive laws of apprenticeship, laws to regulate wages and prices, and laws to regulate profits and expenses. Legislatures had marked out for the people the particular branches of industry which they might pursue, the way in which they might exercise them, and the extent to which they might carry them. It has been the merit of modern legislation to remove many of these unnatural impediments, and to leave society free to choose its own path of industry. The *laissez faire* principle has been a ruling one of modern economical progress. Under its influence many useless and mischievous laws, which had long encumbered our statute-books, have been passing away one after the other. But although the principle is a wise one, and has accomplished much good, it should be kept in mind, that, like all other principles of political economy, it is not directly applicable in all countries and under all circumstances.

Till a very recent day, the prosperity of one country has generally been thought to be inconsistent with the prosperity of its neighbors. Each country did what it could to injure the commerce and depress the industry of every other. This mistaken view of national policy has been conspicuous among the causes of war during the last two or three centuries ; and it was a mistake, not only of jealous rulers, but even of philosophers. “Such is the condition of humanity,” says Voltaire, “that to wish the greatness of one’s own country, is to wish evil to one’s neighbors. It is clear that one country cannot gain except another loses.” The Earl of Shaftesbury, while Lord Chancellor of England, declared that the time had come when the English must go to war with the Dutch ; for that it was “impossible both should stand upon a balance, and that, if we do not master their trade, they will ours. They or we must truckle. One must and will give the law to the other. There is no compounding where the contest is for the trade of the whole world.” Ideas of this kind were founded upon ignorance of the true nature of trade. It is the science of political economy which has shown that man’s relation to man rests upon no such ruinous basis ; but that every nation has an interest in the prosperity of its neighbors ; and that a calamity to one member of the great family of nations is a

calamity to all. This felicitous doctrine is beginning to be reduced to practical realization in the intercourse of nations. The most happy consequences have already ensued from it; and human progress has great hope in it for the future.

Enough has already been said to show that the legislation of modern times is largely indebted to the science of political economy for its improvement. The science itself is daily assuming a more definite form, and daily gaining increased respect from practical men. Economical legislation has now a surer ground than mere opinion to rest upon; and we may hope that it will cease making vast and uncertain experiments with the welfare of nations, and will seek a solution of its great problems by means of the fixed principles of political economy. It is certainly incumbent upon legislators vigilantly to learn its truths, to watch its development, and to note all the changes which time produces in it; and then to see that the art which they practise keeps pace with the science which is its chief aid. But the condition of the greatest influence of political economy upon legislation is popular knowledge; and in the general diffusion of knowledge and the enlightened spirit of the age it has its surest means of advancing the progress of humanity.

ART. XI.—1. *Les Lettres d'Everard.* Par P. LANFREY.
2. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Tom. XVII. Par M. THIERS.
3. *Le Duc Job. Une Comédie.* Par LÉON LAYA.
4. *Le Père Prodigue. Une Comédie.* Par A. DUMAS (Fils).
5. *Port Royal.* Par SAINTE BEUVE. 6 vols.

RARELY has a book had the success of *Les Lettres d'Everard*, and rarely has a book so thoroughly merited success. We are not aware that any article has been written upon it, or that any journal of note has ever alluded to it; yet this curious work is in every hand in France, and it is hard to meet any one who has not read it, and who has not

formed upon it the same favorable opinion we have above recorded. Report, from sources which we cannot but regard as perfectly authentic, affirms that the most positive orders were issued in Paris to the entire government press, enjoining that no notice whatever should be taken of the book; and we confess that, after carefully reading it, we can fully understand the apparent necessity of such a proceeding to persons used to the practices of despotism. M. Lanfrey's work, without mentioning the name of the Emperor, is the most severe attack upon the second Empire that has been published. But it is not an attack upon the Empire only, it is an attack also upon France,—upon the condition to which her present institutions, coming as they do after a series of revolutions, have brought the French race.

It is difficult at first to see under what precise category of works of fiction *Les Lettres d'Everard* is to be classed. It is not a biography nor an autobiography, although its sole subject is the psychological development of one man, and the record of the sufferings which end by crushing him out of life. It is hardly to be styled a novel, for it has no plot and no love-story; there is scarcely what is to be called an "incident," certainly not an "adventure," in the whole volume; and yet it seizes on the reader with the charm of romance, and this charm attaches itself to a fictitious personage. We, however, suppose the great interest of the work to have its source in what circumscribes that interest, and, so to speak, *localizes* it. What attracts the reader of M. Lanfrey's volume is its truth, and that truth can be appreciated only by those who have lived long enough in France to enter into the conflicting feelings of the present generation. We doubt whether *Les Lettres d'Everard* could be read to the end by any one who is not familiar with French civilization in these days; whereas to those who either know anything of modern France, or have any care for her grandeur or decay, the book is one of such intense attraction that it cannot be laid down when once opened.

We look upon *Les Lettres d'Everard* as a work so very important to the foreign reader, that we will, as much as

possible, let the author speak for himself, only guiding the attention of our countrymen to this or that topic, as it is treated in these strange pages. In the very first pages of the Introduction, M. Lanfrey tells us who and what his hero is:—

“At all periods of time men are to be met, whose ideas, characters, passions, tastes, and prejudices even, are in direct contradiction to the spirit of their age, and who refuse obstinately to bend before that spirit, to bow to the authority of their time. This resistance to the despotic sway of received opinions does not always come, as the crowd likes to declare, from mere eccentricity of temper, which is the pretext of cowards and the excuse of fools. From this revolt have sprung heroes who are the honor of human nature, and by this one particular form of opposition none are tempted save proud and powerful natures.”

This at once tells us that M. Lanfrey’s *Everard* is one of these solitary strugglers, out of harmony with the age; and out of harmony with it precisely because he is in perfect harmony with everything noble and great, and vibrates through every fibre of his whole being to the faintest touch of the sublime. Now it may be objected, at the outset, that characters like this have been produced at all periods, and in other countries than France; but there are peculiarities in the incompatibility visible between Everard and all around him, that mark him with the exclusive impress of the Frenchman of our present epoch. At almost every period of the world’s history there has been some one point in time and space where a despotism has established itself, and been opposed by a resolute few. The chronicles of oppression are everywhere the chronicles of contest, of courage, and mostly of success, that in the end crowns a righteous cause. But what characterizes the actual condition of France is the hopeless, helpless lassitude of an entire race, its complicity in its own debasement, its acquiescence in its own shame. It is against this that M. Lanfrey’s hero protests. “One may rise up against a mere tyrant,” he exclaims, “and the chances are that your movement will be the signal of a general rising against his force; but you cannot rise up against the heavy, stupid, unimpassible weight of a *crowd*.” It is against the languid, dull,

lethargic state to which the French nation has gradually come, that M. Lanfrey raises his voice. With all this palsied old age his youth can find no sympathy, with this utter listlessness and torpor his activity has no possible contact, with these political corpses the strong political life within him has no possible communion.

“These letters,” says the author, “are the records of the last vain, useless effort made by Everard to vanquish the obstacles surrounding him; his last endeavor to break from a solitude that ill suited his temper and his years; the last struggle to obtain for his own ideas the support of an exterior and combined force. Perhaps it will be said that the attempt was a foolish one, because its issue was unsatisfactory; but the result is not the infallible rule whereby everything is to be judged. In nine cases out of ten, the future reverses the sentence of the immediate past. Nothing is lost in this world, nothing occurs in vain, not even a defeat, when the defeat is suffered in the pursuit of a high and legitimate aim; for — let it be well reflected upon — ultimate success springs, for the most part, only from a long line of lesser failures which break up the path. It is easy to say that his age condemns this man or that, — it being a dogma of our time that the judgment of the age is sure to be right; but that proves nothing to the thinker, and were all the maxim-makers of all centuries to rise up against the defeated and condemn him, there is still this to be said: that when so many rare and noble qualities, when love of freedom, honor-worship, fidelity to convictions, noble and disinterested ambition, — when these become the inevitable cause of utter ruin to him who clings to them devotedly, — of his ruin for the reason that *he clings to them when the epoch has forsaken them*, — when the case stands thus, who shall give preference to the age over the man? Who shall hesitate to say where lies the right, and where the crime?”

These few lines show at once the tendencies of the book, and nobler tendencies never were. But the book can have its full effect, and achieve its entire aim, only when read by those who either have already an extensive knowledge of the affairs of contemporary France, or who desire seriously to be made more familiar with them. Whether, therefore, the work be opened by persons to whom its contents only bring the complement of large stores of information already gained, or whether it be full of absolute revelations, *Les Lettres d'Everard* is a work of pre-eminent importance in the literary history of our

day, and in the philosophical and moral history of a nation and a race. We, whose special study has been the moral, political, and social state of France for many years, deliberately declare it as our opinion, that nothing, since the appearance of M. de Châteaubriand's *René*, has attained to anything like the importance of this book; and we can readily comprehend the eagerness of the ruling authorities to prevent its being publicly noticed, for it contains their condemnation, as well as the eagerness of the public to absorb its contents, for its contents are Truth.

Among the numerous evils which the permanently unsettled state of France has allowed to spring up and flourish, none is perhaps easier to be accounted for, or more fatal in its consequences, than the slavish idolatry of the unintelligent crowd. What M. Thiers once styled "the vile multitude," is now the supreme arbiter of France; and a witty saying of the late Madame de Girardin is about to be verified: "*Il n'y a plus d'individus; nous allons au culte de 'l'on.'*"*

It is perfectly certain, that for the last thirty or forty years — if not since the Great Revolution — the constant tendency of France has been toward the suppression of the individual, and the establishment of the supremacy of the abstraction called "Society." The many reign supreme in modern France, for the sole reason that they are the many. This, as it would not be hard to show, leads directly and inevitably to the idolatry of success, and consequently to the tacit recognition of the superiority of success to desert. If the trouble be taken to examine the whole minutely, it will be seen that *parvenu*-ism, in its strict etymological sense, is one of the vital principles of contemporary — we do not even say "Imperial" — France. The question asked is, "What has such a one arrived at?" (*À quoi est il parvenu?*) and never, "What is such a one's merit? what is his value as a man?" The consecration of notoriety, the sanction of the crowd, the stamp of success, these are what are necessary in modern France. It is easy then to comprehend that what goes under the denomination of public opinion invariably gives its verdict in favor of the age

* The impersonal pronoun *on*, which corresponds with the English term *they*. The expression may be translated by "they-worship."

against any protestant individual. What the age and what "everybody" approves, is what ought to be, and is not to be carped or cavilled at, nor described as immoral or wrong. What "all the world" does, and what meets with the approval of "the time," cannot be wrong. This is the creed of contemporary France, who is worn and worried beyond endurance by all she has been made to undergo and suffer for more than half a century, and who now, like many elderly ladies toward the close of a misspent life, seeks a refuge from all care and all pre-occupation in that utter indifference to great and serious things which characterizes premature decay and incurable disease. France, after restlessly turning from side to side of her sick couch, has now, under the influence of a strong soporific, found a posture of absolute repose for her wearied, aching frame, and in a languid tone, from the depths of her half-slumbering, barely conscious state, she begs above all things not to be "disturbed"!

This is what M. Lanfrey so very clearly perceives and so very truly represents; it is this condition of helpless torpor against which his hero, Everard, so protests and inveighs. And it is for this reason—because he so accurately sees the dangerous prostration of his country, and because he so protests against it—that we unhesitatingly say *Everard* is the most thoroughly representative book that has appeared in France since *René*.

M. de Châteaubriand's *René* is at one and the same time a *chef-d'œuvre* and representative. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* because it is whole and entire,—the book of him who wrote it, and of him only; it is representative, because its author happens to be pre-eminently representative of his epoch. *René* and *Everard* are not the same individual; but, in the order of poetic generation, *Everard* is engendered by *René* as surely as ever son was by father. *René* is the mere dreamer, who springs from a period during which men of action have lorded it over a whole land. Besides what he may be personally, he is typically the incarnation of the recoil of thought against action. He is the offspring of the disgust felt by poetic temperaments at the aspect of the reign of brute force, as exemplified in the first Revolu-

lution and the Empire. He is also the type of that vague, ill-defined character which usually belongs to the men who put intellect above everything else, and who, from overstraining and overtaxing the intellectual faculties, warp them, and grow to be wholly incapable of doing a plain, manly deed. René, in fine, is the Frenchman necessarily produced by the convulsions of the early revolutionary period. M. Lanfrey's hero is the child of the epoch that succeeds to the over-intellectual time,—the offspring of an era of weakness, lassitude, and discouragement, in which hopelessness has taken the place even of doubt! “Doubt!”—he exclaims in one of his letters,—“I have not even that resource; doubt even is not of our age; we cannot doubt vigorously, because *we do not feel interested in believing.*” Such, alas! is the truth; and these very sad words contain a fearfully lifelike picture of the condition to which the youth of contemporary France are now reduced.

As to Everard's history, he is a young man of good family and sufficient fortune, with enough of every qualification and every advantage to make for himself a road to distinction, to renown, in any country where men are free, where they can express or assert themselves,—in short, be themselves. Here is precisely the point where he is met by the Impossible. Everard is ambitious, nobly ambitious;—there is no place for ambition in Imperial France. He is upright, sincere, and honest;—honesty, sincerity, and uprightness have nothing to hope for or to achieve under the Empire. By all that is best, worthiest, and noblest in him, he is incapacitated from taking part in the affairs of his country. His nature prompts him to act, and there is in France no room for action;—men are required only to serve. He longs healthily, manfully, to stem the tide of stirring events, to partake largely of public life;—there is no public life in France. This is the whole story of M. Lanfrey's hero, this his romance, this his ruin; and it is strange to say, but it is true, that so thoroughly does this representation sum up the aggregate existence of society in France, that for those who are familiar with its condition the somewhat imaginative sufferings of Everard have the real, living interest of a novel.

full of incidents and catastrophes. Those who know what the Empire has made of France know that a high-minded, ambitious young man could have no other destiny than that of Everard. Nor do we say this entirely in censure. The faults and follies of the race must be counted for something in its present sufferings and humiliations. It is not the despotic tendencies of Louis Napoleon that are alone answerable for the wretched condition to which Frenchmen are reduced. Had they been better fitted for freedom, they would probably have been deprived of it less easily. Self-preservation is the law of governments as of individuals, and it is an incontrovertible fact that the Empire can preserve existence only by unmitigated tyranny, by a compression whose hold is never for one instant relaxed. For this, as we say, we do not wholly blame the Emperor; but that the necessities of his position oblige him to pursue a policy which prevents all healthy political development in the nation, is a fact which his own warmest adherents cannot deny. The better fitted any man should be for becoming a great and good citizen, the less would it be possible for him to attain to his proper development in France. *Les Lettres d'Everard* is the protest of a young, brave, and ardent spirit against this state of things, the record of the sufferings and “despair unto death” of a victim to the *régime* which the weakness and levity of France have entailed upon herself.

Everard has no passion except the passion for public life, that passion for which the advance of this nineteenth century seems to have guaranteed the gratification in all that feel it. This exclusively political passion is natural to our age; more than ever before it may be that to which a high-minded man should consecrate his life. Yet the Frenchman may not venture to cherish it; he must be content to devote his energies to lesser aims, to scatter them abroad in small and various achievements, for it is forbidden him to direct them to the attainment of any noble public purpose.

Everard instinctively feels this, and in his first burst of anger retires to the solitude of the country. This however soon appears to him an unmanly and unworthy abandonment of self, and he buckles on his moral armor, and, repairing to Paris,

bravely throws himself into the *mélée*, resolved to play his part to the uttermost in the life-battle, and desirous of achieving any public good at the cost of any personal sacrifice. His determination is to do all he can do, and he very soon discovers that he can do nothing; for there is nothing to be done;—nothing which a man, however great, good, or heroic, can do to be useful to France; and the more he is great, good, or heroic, the less is there anything he can do. Freedom being destroyed, and the circulation of the national life stopped for that very reason, perturbation only can be occasioned by any individual action. Here is the secret of Everard's discouragement. He sees himself defeated, and defeated because he so largely possesses those qualities which in any healthily-organized state must insure his being victorious.

Of course the book ends with the death of its hero; but as mere discouragement, however profound, rarely kills a well-constituted young man under thirty, the author is obliged to resort to a dramatic effect, which is perhaps somewhat out of keeping with the rest of the work. Everard, sick at heart, despairing of France, disdainful of the men of his age and race, turns to a field of action out of his own country, joins one of the late plots for liberating Italy, (we take it, Bentivenga's insurrection in Sicily,) and is the very first victim who falls. It is difficult to see what other end could be found for him; but the manner of his end does not occupy the reader an instant, so absorbed are we by the manner of his life,—by the impossible position made for him by events.

We have spoken of successive revolutions as having contributed to bring Frenchmen into their actual state. From this point of view, every phase of the revolutionary history of France, from 1793 until now, is full of interest; but it is impossible not to note in the first Empire, and the reactions it brought about, one of the immediate causes of the lassitude and utter exhaustion of the French people at this moment. M. Thiers himself is so struck with this, that, in spite of all his admiration for Napoleon, he does not flinch from the acknowledgment that the Emperor had not only "worn France out," but helped to tire and exhaust the whole human race. "If," says the historian, speaking of the first abdication in April,

1814,—“if his indefatigable lieutenants were at this moment so over-fatigued, it was because he had struck in them at the very source and principle of vital energy, and had spared nothing, neither events nor men. Nor was it they only who were worn out,—it was the whole universe; and here lay the cause of their desertion of him.”

No truer word was ever uttered. The sacrifices imposed upon the European races, whether for attack or defence, by the insatiable ambition of one man, had, to employ a familiar phrase, “used up” the entire reserve even of human energies that was laid up for the exigencies of the future, and when those exigencies came, they found everywhere a strange lassitude and a distaste for enterprise. France is more demoralized than the other nations of Europe; it is doubtful whether she is more weakened by fatigue. But if we would see clearly where lies the origin of the present deplorable state into which the French have sunk as a race, we think there may be some profit in reading, in the pages of Napoleon’s most enthusiastic historian, the account of the manner in which the men who had shared his greatness fell off from him in his adverse fortune. We know of few episodes more dramatic in history, ancient or modern.

On the 6th of April, 1814, at Fontainebleau, after the previous night and all the morning had been absorbed in preparing the act of abdication, the Marshals were sent for by the Emperor, to be informed of what had just passed. When they were admitted to his presence, they knew nothing of all that had occurred, and the first thing they did was to recommence all their complaints, and to recapitulate their grievances. One after the other they repeated the same phrases, saying that “the army was powerless,—had no more blood to shed, so much having been wasted already”; and in such haste were these men to obtain leave to go and offer their homage to the new government, that, according to M. Thiers, they would, “had they met with any resistance on his part, have failed in respect” toward their old master. He took a malicious pleasure in leaving them for some few moments in all their anxiety, and then, looking them in the face, said:—

“Gentlemen, calm your apprehensions. Neither you nor the army

will be required to make further sacrifices ; no more blood need be shed. I have consented to abdicate without any longer negotiation. I could have wished, as much for you as for my own family, to have secured to my son the succession to the throne. I believe this arrangement would have been more beneficial even to you than to me ; for you would then have been called upon to live under a government suited to your origin, to your sentiments, to your interests. This settlement of affairs was, I conceive, a possible one, but an infamous desertion* has deprived you of a position I had tried to insure to you. If it had not been for the betrayal of the sixth *corps d'armée*, we might have secured what I allude to, and even more ; we might have restored to France something of what she has now lost. Events have been otherwise ordained. I submit to my destiny,—do you submit to yours. Resign yourselves to serve the Bourbons, and to serve them faithfully. You longed for repose,—you will have it ; but (God grant I may be mistaken !) I do not believe ours to be a generation fitted to repose. I believe your so much-wished-for peace will destroy more amongst you on your soft feather-beds than would have been destroyed by war in our camp-life."

After these words, Napoleon read to his companions in arms his formal abdication. M. Thiers's description of this scene, and his own commentaries on it, are worth quoting :—

" When they had heard the Act of Abdication read to them, the lieutenants of Napoleon threw themselves eagerly forward upon their chief, and, seizing his hands, thanked him with effusion for his 'sacrifice,' loudly repeating what they had already declared touching his former conditional abdication, namely, that in thus descending from the throne he showed himself greater than ever. He permitted their secret joy to indulge in these last flatteries, and let them say what they chose, for he had no desire to degrade either them or himself by any miserable recriminations. And in truth, who and what had made these men what they were ? Who, but he himself,—but he only, who, by despotism, had enervated those around him, undermining their moral strength, while on the other hand wearing them out materially by war ? He had therefore no right to complain, and he did well in recognizing what was the inevitable result of his own errors, and in yielding to necessity without any resistance, which would have been in reality humiliating both to others and to himself."

* The going over of Marmont to the coalition army.

In alluding to the dramatic power with which this scene at Fontainebleau is given by M. Thiers, we cannot refrain from recalling the reader's attention to what we ourselves had occasion to remark in a recent number of this Review, in reference to Victor Hugo's last work, *La Légende des Siècles*. It is impossible, while reading *Le Consulat et l'Empire*, and seeing the actors in the colossal drama live as they do before you, not to feel that the whole is essentially epic, and finds its fittest form in the magnificent verse of the inspired bard of modern France. Charlemagne, offering in vain gold, lands, and titles to his gorged, worn-out warriors, just to make one last effort, just once more to act over again their own exploits of the past, and meeting with refusal and sullen discontent,—this is even a more real description of the shameful and sad desertion of Napoleon in 1814, than the statement made by M. Thiers; and it is so simply for the reason that the events themselves are "larger than life." Poetry fits them better than prose.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that though, as far as honor was concerned, the conduct of his Marshals to the Emperor was indefensible, it was, considered from the mere point of view of human nature and human weakness, the most natural behavior possible. It was, as M. Thiers says, an "inevitable result" of Napoleon's own mistakes; and it is in this light that we have to do with it, as bearing immediately upon succeeding generations of Frenchmen.

Pascal has wisely said, "*L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête.*" Nothing can be more evident. Human nature is human, not "angelic," and those who attempt to stretch it beyond its natural compass, to force it into regions not its own, produce surely a reaction more violent even than was the action; and, for having tried to compel human power to achievements superior to humanity, they see that power escape them, and, rebounding, sink far beneath the level for which it was originally intended. To serve his restless, insane ambition, Napoleon would have condemned his companions to a continuance of fabulous deeds, such as are recorded in mythological annals. The result was, that the men from whom he so long required more than men could do, showed themselves at last capable only of less

than men ought to do. The wars of Napoleon so exhausted the strength and ardor of the French people, that the generation immediately derived from the race which had been overtaxed in activity had a repugnance and disgust for all activity of every kind, and was a generation of disputants and dreamers, of would-be poets and philosophers, of men who, simply because they did not and could not act, denominated themselves thinkers. We would have it well understood that we are not seeking to undervalue the really distinguished men who, during the post-Imperial period, took the lead in France; the fifteen years of the Restoration count some of the most eminent individuals French civilization can boast during the last two centuries,—but they are individuals only. The French race was grievously the worse for having so long been placed in contact with other races only by reciprocal carnage. The race, as a race, was exhausted, worn out, and essentially unmanly. It was quite capable of being again, at some future period, roused to mere warlike action, because, as Emerson has truly remarked in his "English Traits," the populations that are not manly may be warlike; but for that perfect development of mind and body which makes men and citizens, the French race was, by the Bonapartean rule, unfitted. This is what is made manifest by an attentive study of M. Thiers's seventeenth volume, and the effects of this it is that we are called upon to recognize in M. Lanfrey's psychological rather even than political tale of *Les Lettres d'Everard*.

There is, throughout these concluding pages on the Consulate and Empire, a conflicting and undeniably melancholy feeling. You see that the author is divided in his own mind between his admiration for the conqueror, for the military genius, who made France so famous, who caused her to be so much talked of in the world, and his grief at the admission he is forced to make of the inferiority of his countrymen in a political point of view,—an inferiority proceeding, he does not deny it, from the despotic *régime* to which they had been so ruthlessly subjected. When you have finished the perusal of this very remarkable book, you feel that you hold the key to nearly all that has occurred in France since the epoch of which it treats, and you are perfectly sure that

you could not have been listening to a more incontrovertible authority than its writer, when a question of the nation's political unworthiness is involved. M. Thiers is so violently national, he is, whatever may be his other defects, so flaming with patriotic zeal, that any acknowledgment coming from him of an insufficiency or a wrong in France comes with irresistible weight. A more authentic record, therefore, of the irretrievable harm done to Frenchmen by the Bonapartean rule can nowhere be found than in this latest volume of M. Thiers, and that is, perhaps, one of the reasons why no foreigner ought to leave the book unread.

This is not, however, its only merit. We have already touched upon the extraordinary dramatic force with which some of the scenes are painted; there is also no slight interest attaching to certain incidents related, we believe for the first time, by M. Thiers in these pages. Many of these reveal not only the singular mental state of the man whose closing career is narrated, but the singular state to which that man himself felt and avowed that he had brought the country. We cite as an illustration the following:—

“In the midst of his perpetual ‘adventures,’ and of the varying chances of war, Napoleon, chiefly called upon to witness the heroism of the army, and its devotion, although its discontent was also frequently visible, was far from despairing of his ultimate success; he counted on his own genius, believed more than ever in the resources of his art, though at the same time he did not indulge in any illusion as to the difficulties of his political position. He hesitated somewhat at avowing to what a degree he had alienated the nation from himself by his continual wars, and by his arbitrary rule; still, on the whole, he was not blind to the moral state of France. After the battle of Arcis sur Aube (the last at which Napoleon commanded in person during the memorable *campagne de France*), he had a curious conversation with General Sebastiani. It was on the field of action itself, the last sounds of battle not having yet died away; he was familiarly conversing with his countryman (Sebastiani was a Corsican like himself), in whom he recognized a sharp and strong political sense. All at once he exclaimed, ‘Well, General, what do you say to all you have seen?’ ‘I say,’ was the reply, ‘that of course your Majesty is possessed of some resources we know not of.’ ‘Those only which you see before your eyes,’ were Napoleon’s words;

‘none other!’ ‘In that case,’ rejoined Sebastiani, ‘how is it that your Majesty does not try the experiment of raising up the nation?’ The Emperor smiled sadly. ‘That is a chimera,’ he answered, ‘a dream, borrowed from the traditions of Spain, and of the French Revolution. Raise up the nation indeed!—raise up a nation in which the Revolution has destroyed the nobles and the priests, and in which I have myself destroyed the Revolution! There is nothing to be done.’”

M. Thiers, commenting upon this, says:—

“The General was stupefied with astonishment, and in boundless admiration of the coolness and profoundness of judgment here evinced; but he asked himself how it was that so much genius had not succeeded in preventing such gross mistakes.”

Well might he ask this, for it is what every one has asked himself who has carefully studied the history of France for the last three quarters of a century. And here we come again necessarily to the great and all-important question of the compatibility or incompatibility of revolutionary principles of government with an old-world race, and to the question also whether Napoleonism, properly so called, did any good to France, or did it the very greatest harm possible. The possibility of “raising the nation” in 1814 and 1815 has been, and still is, one of the great points of controversy between the rival schools of French politicians. The Imperialists, of course, maintain that, had the Emperor ventured upon the experiment, the whole nation would have risen; while the Liberals and anti-Bonapartists (to a man) say the experiment was an impossible one, for there was no nation to raise. The Republicans have another theory. They say: “There was a nation, but you could not raise it; it would not rise for you.” Now, we are bound in all justice to say, that subsequent events seem to bear witness in favor of the discouraging assertion that there was no nation to raise; for certainly, since the period here alluded to, no nation has risen to defend itself against an enemy, external or internal, and we have here, through the most Bonapartist and most intensely national of all French historians, the acknowledgment of Napoleon that, as far as he was personally concerned, he had partaken of the opinion

of those most opposed to his own sway, most wedded to the conviction that he had been the main destroyer of all national power and high independent spirit in France.

Though certainly no book that we have read more clearly proves the harm done to France by the despotic sway of the first Napoleon, it would be unjust to say that this is the only thing proved by M. Thiers's work. There are in it, here and there, documents which place the higher personal qualities of the Emperor in a striking light, and which give him a claim to the title of hero, while too many others evince that he pre-eminently deserved the name of tyrant. We are particularly struck with this letter, written during the campaign of 1814, to Augereau, who had neglected the orders given him to organize a *corps d'armée* at Lyons. The letter is dated Nogent sur Seine, February 21, 1814, and runs thus:—

“The Minister of War has just put under my eyes the letter you wrote to him on the 16th. This letter pains me much. What! six hours after having received the first troops coming from Spain, you were not already in the field! Six hours' rest was sufficient for them. I gained the battle of Nangis with the brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, and the men had not unbitted their horses since leaving Bayonne. The six battalions from Nismes are, you say, wanting in clothing and equipments, and in proper instruction also. What a poor excuse this is, Augereau! I have destroyed eighty thousand of the enemy with battalions composed of raw recruits, without knapsacks, and only half clothed. You say that the National Guardsmen are miserable. I have four thousand such here, from Anjou and Brittany, with round hats, no sacks, but having good fire-arms; I have got a good deal out of them. There is no money, you say. Now pray where did you think money was to come from? You can hope for none till we shall have taken back our own receipts from the enemy. You have no horses, you complain. Take them everywhere! You have ‘no storehouses’! This is too ridiculous. I positively order you to start twelve hours after receiving this letter, and to take the field. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep the command you now have; if your sixty years weigh upon you, resign it, and put it into the hands of your ablest general officer. The country is threatened,—is in danger; it can be saved only by daring and strong good-will,—certainly not by vain temporizing.

You ought to have a little knot of about six thousand picked troops, at least; I have not so many, yet with what I have, I have routed three armies, made forty thousand prisoners, taken two hundred guns, and three times saved the capital. The enemy is flying on all sides, going toward Troyes. Be the first in the fire. It is of no use acting now as later times have accustomed you to do; you must draw on your heavy boots, and recur to your strong will of '93. When the French see once more your *panache* in the van, and know that you are foremost where bullets rain, you will do with them whatever you choose."

There can be no doubt about the heroic qualities of the writer of this letter, and at the present moment, when the unintelligent mass is pressing France down beneath its weight, it is satisfactory to revert even to this striking instance of individualism, though it be pervaded through and through with the intensest egotism. There is selfishness, no doubt, in it, but there is self-assertion, and in the present day the lack of whatever approaches this is utterly ruining France.

We would recommend those even who have not read the sixteen previous volumes, to read this seventeenth of M. Thiers's History. It, in reality, stands by itself, and is independent, making, as it were, a sort of *résumé* of the whole of the first Napoleon's career. M. Thiers himself has so thoroughly looked upon this volume as standing alone, that more than a hundred of its concluding pages are consecrated to a study of the rise and fall of Bonaparte, whom he conducts from Brienne to St. Helena, though in point of fact he gives no circumstantial narrative beyond the abdication at Fontainebleau. As to the Hundred Days and the campaign of 1815, the Imperialist historian (it is impossible to characterize him otherwise) will, if he touches upon this at all, (which has often been thought a matter of doubt,) touch upon it in the form of a sequel or an appendix to a History which is meant to be the chronicle of the glories of France, and to flatter the national vanity, even when the individual who is the chief object of the narration is forcedly sacrificed.

From one and all of these studies of the past we gain a deeper knowledge of the various causes of the phenomena of the present. France, who, of all countries, writes most about

herself, does all she can to help us to familiarity with her social state. At the present hour the stage is doing perhaps more in the virtual memoir-writing of the nation than any other branch of literature. Alexandre Dumas, the son, began this dramatic movement, with what is, after all, perhaps his very best piece, *Diane de Lys*. He opened his theatrical career with a drama that has nothing of the character of his later works about it,—with the so very famous *Dame aux Camélias*. This might have been written at any period, and did not necessarily reveal any of the signs of the present time in France. It was a conventional tale set forth in true phraseology, but one in which truth went not beyond mere expression. Marguerite Gauthier became plainly a heroine throughout the world, but Marguerite Gauthier was not original, neither was she true to her time; she was a product of the past, and represented nothing when she made her appearance at the Vaudeville, in the year 1849. She was engendered by the Romantic epoch, and was simply the child of Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme*. The old love-story succeeded, however, and in a country where the notions of right and wrong are so dim and vaguely defined as in France, the interest attaching to moral disorder was, as usual, very strong. But so evidently was it felt that the sentimental courtesan represented nothing in France, that an instant reaction took place, and *Les Filles de Marbre*, from the first hour of its performance, carried all before it. No one saw so clearly or so quickly what was passing as did young Dumas, and from that day to this he has never attempted to transform any sinner into a saint, but, on the contrary, has been harder on the sinners than most people. From the first representation of *Les Filles de Marbre* a new system of stage ethics was established, and there dates from that period a kind of attempt to preach morality to the public. M. Barrière, the author of the piece above mentioned, was undoubtedly the originator of this reaction, but the proof of its being a genuine one lies in the fact of its having been so universally followed. We will return to young Alexandre Dumas later; for the moment let us chronicle a sort of revolution that has taken place in the domain of so-called "classic art" in France. Hitherto, the representative dramas have

been confined to the lesser theatres, such as the Vaudeville and Gymnase ; they have never stormed that fortress of all conventionalism in art, the Théâtre Français. All at once, however, early in the winter of 1859–60, a “first representation” took place, and the next day a great success was registered. *Le Duc Job* was the name of the play, which, while we write, has attained the unheard of reign of a “hundred nights.” Such a fact stands isolated in the annals of the Théâtre Français, and proves how eternally true is the reply of the wife of Molière’s Sganarelle to the busybody who wishes to prevent her from being beaten by her spouse : “*Mais si je veux être battue moi ?*” The solemn company known as the *Sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français (and constituted by nothing less than the famous “Moscow Decree” of Napoleon I. in 1812) veiled its countenance in shame at the bare idea of being made the instrument of humiliation to its mighty lord and master, the public ; it vowed that its elegant, well-bred vocabulary could not furnish the hard, rough terms wherewith minor theatres castigated contemporary society,—it was too polite, too well brought up, too obedient to old traditions, and it protested that it could not and would not agree to utter rude truths to the first society of the first country in the world. Nevertheless, Sganarelle’s wife would be beaten, and she only went to the places where the sound drubbing was sure to be met with. The courtly Théâtre Français was deserted by the public. All at once comes forth *Le Duc Job*, the public is “beaten” to its heart’s content, not an unbruised spot is left, and the public, delighted thereat, flocks to the Théâtre Français every night, and applauds with the energy of the “Roughs” at the *Porte St. Martin*.

Le Duc Job is the work of a second-rate author, M. Léon Laya, whose literary fame will in no degree be augmented by this last production, which has no literary merit whatever, but is eminently representative, whence its prodigious and enduring success.

The hero of the drama is a young man of the highest family and connections, who has been left without fortune. He has enlisted in the African army, and, by dint of sheer courage

and good conduct, has at an early age won the rank of captain, and the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur. His real name is the Duc de Rieux, but from his poverty and his cheerful resignation he has been surnamed "Duke Job." Of course in his person are exemplified all the chivalrous virtues, all the qualities most diametrically opposed to the cold-blooded rapacious characteristics of the money-getting France of our days. In one respect the play is little more than the prose version of Ponsard's *Honneur et Argent*, inasmuch as all its attacks are directed against the one form of national corruption, which is comprised in the accusation of "gold worship." From its first to its last scene, *Le Duc Job* is the protest of real honesty, not only against dishonest practices, but against the spirit of compromise in which dishonest practices are met by persons who would not commit them themselves, but who profit by their commission, and tacitly approve of their success. The character opposed to that of the Duke Job is a certain Valette, who represents that individual now so frequently to be met with in French society, who goes by the denomination of a *faiseur*, and who makes his fortune, at the same time contriving to keep clear of the tribunals, and of any public scandal. This man is not dishonest: by no means; he aims, on the contrary, as much at having the reputation of an honest man as he does at making his fortune. He does nothing that the law can lay hold of, but he is forever doing something that just keeps clear of the law by only a hair's breadth, and something that no high-minded, conscientious man could be brought to do. His whole condemnation is to be found in the following words, addressed to him by the Duke Job: "If you force me to speak seriously, I must then say that—you are a very good fellow indeed, but that, what you do every day—I am obliged to say that I—(you insist on my being quite frank)—well, I would not do it for any number of millions."

Of course, from anything in the shape of a plot *Le Duc Job* is entirely free; it is one of the conditions of the modern French stage, that there shall be as little as possible of that old encumbrance termed a plot. The entire interest turns upon the fact of the Duke Job's being in love with his cousin, and knowing it, while she is in love with him, and does not know

it. The character of this girl is one for which too much credit cannot be given to M. Laya. She is the type of the unmarried Frenchwoman of this day, such as subdivision of property, vanity, absence of principle, and dislike of moral responsibility have made her. Yet she is thoroughly original, and we are not aware that anything resembling her has yet been attempted in the literature of contemporary France. Emma is the daughter of a banker, who married the Duc de Rieux's aunt, a handsome portionless girl, to whom the name of Madame David seemed preferable to her former condition. M. David is, on the whole, a worthy man; but his daughter is his daughter, and she is fully convinced that life without money is impracticable. Money to her mind represents the comforts and respectabilities of life. She has been taught that people who are not rich are not! She dates from the era of Balzac, who said that "women living higher up than a first floor, and not having plenty of 'luxury' round them, might be 'housewives,' but could not be called women." Now Mlle. Emma's existence is manifested only by the command of certain material superfluities, and in her way she evinces some heart, by setting to work to see how she can reconcile her "inclinations" and her "serious requirements." She diminishes the number of her horses, the price of her apartments, the cost of her dress, &c.; but of an imprudence or of a sacrifice her girl's heart of seventeen never once dreams. This is true to the life, and M. Laya deserves unqualified praise for the creation of this repulsive little personage.

That, in the end, Duke Job marries his cousin Emma, in no respect mends the matter, for, in the first place, he (fairy-tale-wise) becomes the proprietor of a very large fortune, and in the next, the mere circumstance of an interested person's making a love-match by accident, and most probably repenting it ever after, and turning the second party to it into a victim, is by no means to be accepted as a redemption for all other faults and vices. Emma remains a most perfectly representative character; so does Valette, so does M. David, the banker, and his son too, who naïvely owns that he no longer knows where "address" ends and "dishonesty" begins. All these personages are eminently representative, and it is be-

cause they are so, that the piece in which they are brought forward exercises such a durable attraction over the public.

Le Père Prodigue is, of the two, perhaps a shade less representative than *Le Duc Job*, and it would be a mistake to suppose it more remarkable in a purely literary aspect. The one point in which it really is representative is as illustrating the fearful state of realism or positivism to which young persons have attained in France. Nothing ever written can more thoroughly exemplify the absence of all youth among Frenchmen. It appears to us that the main object of young Dumas in this last play has been to show the difference between the men of the last and of the present generation in his own country. Whether in pursuing this aim he has meant to achieve the results which he has achieved, is a question ; but the result in fact is to make the elderly prodigal a far more amiable, more human creation than his pedantic, priggish, narrow-hearted, "reasonable" son.

One of the chief features of the Frenchman of our day is also rendered to the life in this comedy, and it is a feature worthy of observation. We allude to the curious mixture of conventional good conduct and depraved sentiment so visible in the rising generation in France. In every sentimental relationship a man behaves ill,—selfishly, heartlessly, and in a way to render all those who live with or surround him utterly wretched ; but he "pays his way," and "makes both ends" of his yearly income "meet," which seems now to be the one highest achievement for which a man is put on earth, in the opinion of contemporary France. Young Dumas's hero, André de la Rivonnière, has all the practical qualities that are conceivable in a human being. He is regular in all his habits, attends church, pays his debts, keeps his promises, avoids all scandal, ignores the very name of an imprudence, and is the most prosaic, methodical, uninteresting, unlovable individual that can well be imagined. He is the very model of the husband whom French mothers would choose for their girls, and whom (could anything excuse misconduct) the said girls would almost stand excused for deserting a few years after marriage. He is full of reason, and without one impulse. His father, the Count de la Rivonnière, is the exact opposite

of the son ; he has all the qualities of which the latter knows not even the name ; and while you cannot justify any one of his acts, you are irresistibly compelled to like him who commits them. André may, strictly speaking, lay claim to the title of *un honnête garçon*, his entire existence and whole nature being made up of negatives ; but there is in him not one single little thing that furnishes him with the right to be called a gentleman. He has no gentleness, no feelings which prompt to chivalry, no tenderness for the suffering or compassion for the weak, no respect for women, and no generosity under any form whatever. Taught by the success we have mentioned of *Les Filles de Marbre*, M. Dumas has also one of these ladies in his comedy, and has painted her under colors as displeasing as it was in his power to select. She is perfectly true, as the difference of the manner in which she is treated by the father and the son is likewise revoltingly true. Mlle. Albertine is first the favorite of André, and then (a not uncommon occurrence) of M. de la Rivonnière the elder ; but, while you are pained that a gentleman should be so duped as the latter is, you have no such regret touching the former, for you really do not see, between two such "sharp hands," who runs the most risk of being the other's dupe in the end.

There is a closer connection than might be at first supposed between all the works we have glanced at and M. Sainte-Beuve's six volumes upon *Port Royal*. If the productions we have reviewed show us the present generation in France, and the generation immediately preceding it, M. Sainte-Beuve's book leads us at once far beyond, to the contemplation of that society which best contrasts with the actually existing society of France. Most of our readers probably know that in the earlier years of Louis XIV. the monastery of Port Royal des Champs, in the valley of Chevreuse, was a spot to the close neighborhood of which those retired who most had turned in disappointment from the vain, empty glories of the world and of the court. Port Royal was as famous for the solidity of its penance-doing, as Versailles for the solidity of its splendor ; they were not far asunder, and to a certain degree were complements of each

other. If Racine had shown himself the weak slave of vanity and self-seeking during his secular career, he was really an humble Christian when he retired to Port Royal and the Jansenist doctors; and if Madame de Longueville had gratified both passion and pride at the expense of principle while shining on the world's stage, under the severe rule of the Jansenist confessor, M. Singlin, she largely atoned for her sins.

We earnestly recommend M. Sainte-Beuve's work to all who desire to be more thoroughly and impartially acquainted with the society of the seventeenth century in France. They persuade us still more of the truth of M. Cousin's expression, "*Dans un grand siècle tout est grand*," and show also how diametrically the reverse of anything *grand* is the present age in France.

ART. XII.—*Opere di Ugo Foscolo:—Prose Letterarie.*
4 vols.—*Prose Politiche.* 1 vol.—*Epistolario.* 3 vols.
—*Poesie.* 1 vol. Firenze: Felice Le Monnier.

ONE day in the autumn of 1827, a Spanish ecclesiastic, two Englishmen, and two Italians followed the mortal remains of an illustrious stranger to the churchyard of Chiswick. They witnessed the decent but humble burial; and one of them caused a slab inscribed with the name of the deceased and the date of his birth and death to be placed over the grave. Such were the obsequies of a poet who had celebrated the sanctities of the tomb with an eloquent pathos such as endears the muse of Gray,—who had touched and fired countless hearts in his youth by the romance of patriotism, and won the earnest attention of scholars in his prime by developing the innate felicities of a beautiful language, illustrating the best significance of a national literature, and weaving the classic imagery of Greece into the most fervid and finished expression of sentiment, fancy, and reflection;—of one who had battled for Italian freedom and progress with sword and pen, had known

fame and indigence, love and exile, admiration and calumny, luxury and bereavement, honors and isolation, intellectual triumph and social ostracism, hopelessness and resignation, like many of the gifted and the unfortunate, but felt them like the few ; and who had signalized a life of remarkable vicissitudes by not less remarkable memorials, having scattered as he roamed and sojourned the Sibylline leaves of genius,—here a romance and there an elegy, now a political address and again a masterly translation, one day a tragedy and another a criticism, sometimes a sonnet full of tender beauty and then a satire of keen invective. These waifs and landmarks of genius, scholarship, and patriotism have at length been garnered up, and are eminently worthy of an appreciative examination. For, independently of their intrinsic claims, the places where their author lived and wrote, the persons with whom he associated, and the events in which he took part, make his literary bequest remarkably suggestive ; while the wild, perverse, and morbid temperament of the man precluded entire justice to the author, until death had hallowed the memory of the one, and time established the merits of the other.

The uniform series of his writings named at the head of this article has but recently appeared. In order to perform this act of justice to departed genius, the indefatigable editor went through a process such as we might imagine requisite only in the case of some ancient or obsolete writer,—the effect of vicissitude, censorship, wandering, exile, and a peculiar chirography, having been to scatter, mutilate, and modify the literary remains of Foscolo to such an extent, that infinite patience and assiduity alone could reconstruct, arrange, and make complete his writings. Not only were his works published in various places, one at Milan, another at Lugano, this in London and that at Zurich,—with numerous unauthorized and spurious editions elsewhere ; but his manuscripts were sought in different public depositories, and from widely-separated friends. The collation of these printed and written materials was a labor of no ordinary duration, and demanded the utmost skill and zeal for its accomplishment. Extinct periodicals, letters, scraps of reference in one place, and the suggestion of a friend in another, gradually supplied an hiatus or

reconciled a discrepancy ; and thus was brought together, in chronological order, and with the needful illustrations, the written testimony whereby we can estimate and enjoy the intellectual trophies of a life and a mind as extraordinary as they are suggestive and interesting.

The associations of traffic, so wide and strong in this commercial era, have made the name of one of the Ionian Islands familiar in our large maritime cities ; the very children soon learn that the saccharine little plums which stud their holiday cakes are imported from Zante. Of the fair group it is the fairest in aspect and not the least productive. From the fortress which rises above the town an almost Sicilian landscape greets the eye,—green and golden with orange-groves, vineyards, and olive-orchards,—with patches of volcanic soil that nourish mineral tar and petroleum and sulphur,—an undulating surface, here uplifted into picturesque hills, and there lapsing into emerald valleys,—a soil warmed by intense summer heats, more prolific in wine and oil, cotton and silk, than in corn, which latter harvest is inadequate to the wants of the population,—a mixed race, at the beginning of the century including many Italians and Jews, their common language long a corrupt idiom of the Italian, but now modern Greek. The coast is rugged ; the climate variable. Earthquakes have left their sullen traces there, so that the dwellings, from considerations of safety, are constructed low, in part of light and in part of substantial materials. A fine harbor invites commerce. With the Southern fertility and warmth there is the Southern superstition. For centuries the Venetians held Zante, and, after being taken successively by the French and Russians, the island was merged in the so-called Ionian Republic, under the protecting banner of St. George. The Greek and Italian elements, both of nature and character, the picturesque isolation, the long and intimate relation to the old city of the sea, with its grand trophies of conquest and of art, the mingled tongues, the political vicissitudes of Zante, not inadequately symbolize the career and the genius of Ugo Foscolo, whose mother was a native of the island, whose childhood was passed there, and in whose temperament and character we can trace both the wildness and

the exuberance, the Italian glow and the Greek precision, the volcanic energy and the serene expression, impassioned yet harmonious, which as it were assimilate the genius and disposition of the scholar and the poet with the human and the local traits of his early home. As if to complete the analogy, it was on board a ship, during her transit from Venice to Zante, that Foscolo was born. His father was a surgeon of the latter city, who practised his vocation in the former; and thus the future bard and critic derived from his parentage the old Italian republican blood, the insular quickness and fire, the associations and the language which connect the highest ancient with the richest modern culture. Thus he might be justly regarded as a Greek; but however strong his Grecian affinities as a scholar, his development, like his nativity, was Italian, for such were his education and his sympathies, while the name is derived from an ancient family of Venice; her flag waved over his birth, and he was proud to claim her as his country. The maternal isle had long been severed from Greece, though his mother was an Ionian, and with her he lisped Romaic in childhood. But independent of the mere local accidents of birth, Foscolo's devotion to Italy, her traditions, her regeneration, her literature, was so absolute, that, had he no lineal claim to rank among her sons, he might be so classed by virtue of his representative character; for it is difficult to indicate a modern writer of that nation who, by his style, aspirations, and sentiment, so distinctly embodies the national genius in literature, and revives, under an original guise, the scholarship and the muse consecrated from Dante to Alfieri. We can appreciate the complacency with which he alludes to the memorable waters between the natal shores of his father and mother,— *ebbi in quel mar la culla.*

Four years elapsed. The father died, and young Foscolo with his surviving parent returned to Venice. Amid the Byzantine architecture and the silent canals, the palaces radiant with Titian's color, the piazza alive with intrigue and comedy, the mysterious political traditions, the mercurial life, the music, marbles, and decay of that unique city, he passed a boyhood singularly contrasted with the infancy so remote from metropolitan civilization,— guarded and warmed by maternal

love,—nourished by magnificent memorials of the past, such as kindle in imaginative natures a profound nationality of sentiment, which in this case was hallowed by domestic sanction. Then the youth repaired to Padua for academic education. Although Continental travellers seldom remain more than a few hours at this once regular halting-place on the road to Venice, even that brief period, if judiciously employed, reveals singular attractions to one alive to literary and local associations. The scholar remembers with delight that Livy was born in Padua. Perchance in the spacious *café*, which in Italy combines the conveniences of the club with the social charm of the *conversazione*, he meets a professor or student, who affably enacts the *cicerone*. But, even if left to his solitary stroll and his pedantic guide-book, he cannot fail to note with zest the architecture of the University, designed by Palladio, the monument to Petrarch in the Cathedral, and the Madonna by Giotto, of which Petrarch was the fond proprietor, or to linger before his portrait, which, with those of the other canons, graces the sacristy; nor will the statue of Cardinal Bembo in the Church of St. Antonio fail to win his regard, or Shakespeare's allusions to the scene to haunt his memory. When from these trophies and fancies he reverts to the intellectual discipline which a youth, half a century ago, received here, it may appear too scholastic and technical, in contrast with the more varied culture of our day, to exert any special influence upon a select intelligence.

When Foscolo began his studies at Padua, the minds even of cloistered students were stirred by the new civic life of the age; the spirit of innovation and of reform had penetrated the most conservative nooks of study; fresh and fervid minds found the materials and the motive for original achievement; and the ardent and gifted neophyte, free in his aspirations as the element whereon he first drew breath, by a happy coincidence, met teachers above the despotism of routine. It is true that this new range was rather in the medium than in the substance of learning; it dealt with language more than with thought; but so intimate is the relation of the two, that intrepidity of expression is closely

allied to independence of opinion ; and it is evident to one who carefully traces the literary and personal career of Ugo Foscolo, that a permanent impulse in the right direction was given to his mind by the example and instruction of Cesarotti.

This eminent man was a native of the city where he so long studied and taught, and the scope and originality of his views, as well as his love of literature, were very early inspired by one of those fortunate accidents which confirm the bias of earnest minds. He was born in 1730. While he was yet a child, his parents were in the habit of encouraging his almost daily visits to a fond uncle,—one of the good friars of the Convent of St. Antonio. Often the boy's sportiveness annoyed the grave Franciscans, and, as a convenient punishment, his uncle used to shut him up in the library. By degrees the intelligent and inquisitive little captive formed the habit of desultory reading, until a passion for books, and an independent appreciation of their contents, became his dominant taste, creating, as he said, "*un bisogna della lettura*," which necessity, however, was by no means a pedantic attachment, but a mental stimulus, which led him to think, examine, compare, and infer, as well as to inquire and to learn. The result of this free contact of a vigorous intellect with ancient and modern literature was to create a reformer and a pioneer, where the most conservative routine in taste, criticism, and modes of expression prevailed. Cesarotti awakened the scholars of his country from their slavish acquiescence in old precedents, made them recognize the difference between a conventional and a sympathetic admiration of classic models, and set them the example of nobly using their rich and flexible native tongue, according to the exigencies of the subject and the individual genius, instead of adhering to a prescriptive and traditional method. Cesarotti illustrated his ideas, scientifically, by a philosophical grammar of the Italian language,—the first ever written ; and, practically, by a translation of the poems of Ossian,—than which it is difficult to imagine aught more alien to the literature of Italy in both form and spirit. Perhaps the office of translator never proved so akin to the beneficent mission of original authorship. It brought new and most desirable expressions

into vogue ; it made patent the unappreciated force and beauty of the most beautiful of modern languages, so long rigidly restricted by arbitrary models ; it vindicated the right of genius and scholarship to enrich, as well as to methodize, the vernacular ; it furnished Alfieri with verbal facilities ; and so fascinated Napoleon, (one of the anomalies of whose character was his extraordinary love of Ossian,) that he effectually patronized the clerical translator. Cesarotti had scarcely entered upon holy orders when he began his critical attacks on the ancient writers ; he has the credit, with the learned, of preserving the best current Latinity ; and, although he was endowed with little creative talent, and limited by prejudice and a special culture, when he died, at a very advanced age, in 1808, his name was enrolled among the prominent literary benefactors of his country.

Cesarotti had translated Demosthenes, and was Greek Professor at Padua when Foscolo began his studies there. How auspicious was such a teacher, the student's subsequent career best illustrates. With the venerable philologist the aspiring youth took counsel as to the need of making their native language more animated and fresh,—bringing it up to the spirit of the age, to the wants of the mind and of society then and there ; of introducing terse, simple, exact periods for the elaborate sentences which, from the days of Boccaccio, those who desired to write well deemed indispensable ; in a word, of rendering the written language more idiomatic and colloquial, without sacrificing a single intrinsic charm, and causing it to be a more intimate and eloquent exponent of truth and of sentiment. The transition from such theories and convictions to authorship was most natural ; and the first fruit of Foscolo's academic studies and colloquies was dramatic,—a form of composition doubtless suggested by the prevalent admiration for Alfieri, in which he ardently sympathized.

Immature and imitative as this first public literary effort was, it enjoyed a prestige, and effected an object ; and considering the essential obstacles to early dramatic success, this fact is enough to indicate an uncommon ability and a prophetic fame. Foscolo was then too inexperienced to depict

with power impassioned psychological emotion ; but while he failed to reach the harmonious dignity of Alfieri, he revived for a while the simple vigor and classical grace of a diction well-nigh forgotten on the stage amid the noisy and confused declamation of later dramatists. In this service he foreshadowed the progress in style, the return to elemental directness of expression, subsequently achieved. Moreover, *Tieste*, written when the author was nineteen, was produced at Venice in January, 1797,—an era of intense social and civic excitement awakened by the French Revolution and its immediate consequences,—and the political eloquence of the piece found an instant response in the hearts of Italians, especially of the young, by whom it was applauded and admired so effectually as to usher Foscolo, with *éclat*, into notice, both as a man of letters and a patriot. He soon became the companion of the Venetian envoy who was despatched to Milan to conciliate Bonaparte's favor ; and although the mission was unsuccessful, it introduced the young scholar into a scene alive with all the elements of social regeneration, when they trembled in the balance of a new political organization, and were held in solution by unwonted freedom of discussion and the wild hopes that succeed emancipation from stagnant routine.

The stranger in Italy whose acquaintance therewith begins at the South, who sees Milan after Rome and Venice, is at no loss to understand why that city has so long been the social focus of the North, and so often the centre of whatever political agitation invaded the land. She retains all the concentration of interests and of action which in earlier times made her the scene of war and diplomacy, and a nucleus in the Middle Age for military ambition. Popular discontent and triumph ever culminated there, whether in the saintly apotheosis of Borromeo, the bread-riots of which Manzoni has drawn such a memorable picture, the triumphal entrance of the allied sovereigns in our day, or the coronation of the first Napoleon. Some of the most illustrious political victims, who, subsequently to that event, have pined at Spielberg or sojourned as honored exiles in England and America, sprang from her noble lineage. The remarkable literary development which announced a new intellectual life for the Peninsula, radiated from the capital of

Lombardy. Even when hushed and hampered by Austrian troops and spies, whatever of social interest awoke the dull surface of existence found its most vivid expression here,—whether in the ovation to a lyric artist at La Scala, the distinction of a *salon*, or the luxury of fashion. Without the imposing remains of antiquity which hallow Rome, or the brilliant legacy of art that glorifies Venice and Florence, society, culture, and the more prevalent animation of European ideas gave to Milan a certain living charm, which seemed to revive in the mind that had brooded at Rome and luxuriated at Naples the associations of the present, in contrast with the illusions of Nature and the past; for, comparatively speaking, the attractions of this capital are modern. After the curious visitor has examined the defaced, but venerable, figures of Leonardo's "Last Supper," taken into his heart the tearful face of Guercino's Hagar, shuddered beside the embalmed corpse of St. Carlo, gazed on Lucrezia Borgia's faded ringlet and Petrarch's annotated Virgil, his impressions become general in their historical, and personal in their special range. He gazes, from the roof of the most cheerful and elegant cathedral in Europe, forth upon those vast plains where the fate of Italy has been so often decided in battle, and the vines and grain-fields are exuberant from the successive fertilizations of human blood; and the city becomes thenceforth interesting as the capital of Lombardy, rather than for its intrinsic local claims; while it is the gifted men, the noble women, the gracious hospitality, and the genial intercourse which endear its remembrance. Centralization is suggested by the site and surroundings of this metropolis; and its history is that of Northern Italy.

Never did the scattered elements of national life, the varied interests of society, rally more intensely around and within Milan, than when Foscolo arrived there and during his subsequent sojourn. The genius and success of Bonaparte, his declared sympathy with all that was liberal and progressive, his Italian origin, the sudden reaction incident to a change of masters, the comparative freedom of discussion and of action at once permitted, the apparent recognition of the national will and respect for the national genius,—these and many

other causes encouraged, if they did not justify, the glorious dream of an Italian Republic, which then and there kindled into enthusiasm so many credulous minds. In the first glow of youthful hope, in the first complacency of literary and social success, full of ideas drawn from classical studies and of inspiration excited by patriotism and by talent, it was inevitable that Foscolo should participate to the utmost in the illusions and the experiments of the hour. Accordingly, we find him one of the most eloquent and earnest in private discussion, whether political or literary,—now secluding himself for study, now prominent in drawing-rooms and on the Corso; here a gallant, and there a gamester, the creature of the immediate by virtue of his temperament, but, under and through the excitements of that feverish life, a man of absolute convictions and a thinker of invincible sentiment. Though extremely susceptible to the vague but ecstatic dreams of reform, amelioration, and independence, Foscolo was too reflective and observant long to indulge in chimeras. He had witnessed the insult and wrong inflicted upon Venice when her dependencies, fleet, and resources had been relinquished to the Austrians. He was not deceived by names which did not represent facts. Among the latter, which he could not evade at Milan, was the vesting of legislative authority in foreign generals. He soon read correctly the character of Bonaparte, and learned to scorn pledges which once excited hope, and to distrust the signs of the times which, in less thoughtful minds, awakened faith.

While public events confirmed his worst anticipations, a private sentiment deepened and individualized the experience of this transition period. Throughout his career two master passions, however interrupted by circumstances, mainly influenced his conduct,—love and literature. At the University, he had proposed to himself the Church as a vocation; but critical study and authorship, once independently pursued, were so congenial, both to his disposition and his talents, that, even before political and social excitements had increased their attraction, he had virtually renounced a clerical life. The object of his attachment now was a fair Roman, who, according to the description given of her charms, united all the physical and moral fascinations characteristic of that race of

women,— the expressive eye, the bland temperament, the graceful dignity, the sympathetic and mobile intellect, the candid manner, which so won the admiration of Shelley. But she appears to have lacked the concentration that belongs to Italian sentiment, and, in her love of pleasing, to have resembled the French type of female character. At all events, the love, though rich in emotion, was fruitless in result; she became the wife of another; and this disappointment of the youth was coincident with the baffled hopes of the patriot. From the isolation and despair, the vain regrets, the forced inactivity, the restrained tenderness, the reverie, romance, and melancholy, thus engendered, sprang the prose work whereby Foscolo endeared himself to thousands, became a household word, and made patent both his inmost sentiment and his felicities of style.

To understand the immediate popularity and the permanent fame of the *Ultime Lettere d' Jacopo Ortis*, we must vividly recall the state of Italy when it appeared, the nature of the people to whom it appeals, and even the climate and habitudes amid which they live. Indeed, fully to appreciate these, and by them to interpret the romance, we must have breathed the air, become familiar with the language, and for a time had our Northern hardihood melted and merged in the associations of that beautiful land. Read there, with the spectacle of her woes before us, and the sentiment of her life within us, it requires little imagination to realize why and how the work captivated young hearts and echoed Southern aspirations. The mere story boasts little invention. A republican youth, a fugitive from the usurpers of his country's rights, too fond of his native soil to tear himself away, lingers concealed among her Euganean hills, restless, despondent, yet eager; solacing himself with the works of genius and the loveliness of Nature, and relieving his oppressed heart and brain by free epistolary communion with a beloved friend. He writes of his country,— her wants, woes, errors, and destiny,— of his favorite authors, of the aspects of Nature, of the few but suggestive incidents that vary the uniform quietude of his rural isolation. Sentiment and reflection, graceful expression, refined allusions, intense personality, give to this record a singular charm.

Its relation to the events of the time and the national sorrows, and occasional philosophic and poetic episodes, as well as picturesque descriptions, redeem it from the monotony of egotism ; and it gradually becomes impassioned by unfolding, with the reality derived from experience alone, the birth, development, culmination, and catastrophe of love. It thus gave eloquent expression to the patriotic grief which then and afterward brooded over the nation's heart ; and it did this while at the same time interweaving the graces of scholarship with the most colloquial simplicity, and depicting the hopes, fears, ecstasy, and anguish of an earnest and a frustrated love. It admits the reader so thoroughly into the consciousness of the writer, that he vibrates between the crises of the lover's emotion, the musings of the thwarted citizen, and the calm thoughts of the meditative scholar. A marriage enforced by parental authority finally closes the struggle. Meantime, the lover, urged by a sense of duty, quits the sequestered home thus made so dear by sorrow and affection, and wanders from city to city. The letters dated from these different places have local allusions enough to keep political events before the mind. Here a quotation from Dante or Petrarch, there an interview with the venerable Parini, now a passing criticism, and again a glimpse of character, vary the otherwise morbidly conscious strain of the writer ; but the tone is ever confidential,—the atmosphere of the whole that of sentiment ; the effect on the reader who surrenders himself to the author is sometimes like that which breathes from the pages of Rousseau, and sometimes reminds us of Jean Paul, and, but for the utter absence of humor, of Sterne. Obviously modelled on Werther,—then the favorite novel on the Continent,—its plan and framework are entirely subordinate to its sentiment, which is thoroughly Italian. Foscolo combined the incident and the impression of the suicide of one near and dear to him, and the actual political vicissitudes of his country, with his own recent impassioned experiences ; and through these materials fused the glow of aspiration, tenderness, and despair, born in his own heart, with the expression thereof chastened by an art that heightened without overlaying candid and natural utterance.

Ortis, like its German prototype, has been condemned as

immoral, because it indirectly justifies hopeless love and despairing suicide ; but the scope and intent of the letters, in an æsthetic view, can scarcely be reduced to so narrow a significance. It is the love of country, the lament of patriotism, the cry of wounded humanity which forms the essential theme. The book was an ingenious and eloquent, and therefore an endeared, however extravagant, expression of a prevalent sentiment, climax, state of mind, and phase of destiny, and, as such, not without historical import and social interest. Certain passages became almost oracular and proverbial, so entire was the response they found in the circumstances or the consciousness of individuals.

So delicate and intricate are the conditions of language, that it seems presumptuous even in a scholar to attempt to decide questions of style in regard to a foreign tongue. Italian critics held extreme opinions as to this new specimen of prose ; but it must have certain absolute merits to charm alike the native and the stranger. Represented as posthumous, and fragmentary in form, these letters gained in pathos what they lost by novelty, and this trait made them precious to those whose opinions on style were not fixed. Ostensibly published, and, when requisite, connected through a few words of explanation, by the friend to whom they were addressed, the *ruse* enhanced the effect. The very first sentence furnished the key-note to the whole, and awakened an echo in countless sad hearts : “*Il sacrificio della patria nostra è consumato : tutto è perduto ; e la vita, seppure ne verrà concessa, non ci resterà che per piangere le nostre sciagure e la nostra infamia.*” The overture is national ; but inwoven and permeating the whole is a personal theme. A lovely child, a peerless maiden, a faithful peasant, a conventional father, a magisterial bridegroom, with the hero, make up the *dramatis personæ* ; worldliness and pedantry are contemned, Nature adored, patriotism intensified ; solitude, poetry, genius, and love, upheld as the normal elements that redeem and consecrate life. Music and art incidentally blend with politics and literature, and all is harmonized by a graceful, melodious utterance. There are passages of eloquent despair, of dramatic extravagance, of acute criticism, of intense and chastened melancholy, ending in pas-

sionate delight and suicidal calmness. How hopeless he deems faith in Bonaparte may be inferred from a single sentence : "Let others flatter themselves, and say he was born an Italian and will one day deliver his mother country, my answer will always be, his natural disposition is that of a tyrant, and a tyrant has no country." Foscolo, indeed, saw the Constitution signed by him and sent to Venice after he had sold her to the Austrians.

But these were not times when the patriotic thinker could long keep aloof from action ; and no vocation or inexperience seems to have deterred the youth of Italy from enlisting against the Northern invasion which, in 1799, so rudely broke their dream of freedom and nationality. Foscolo became an officer in what was called the Lombard Legion ; and in the spring of this eventful year, the Austrians and their allies defeated the French, reconquered Italy, and extinguished the Cisalpine Republic. Of Foscolo's military career we have few, but characteristic details. He was the orator of the camp in Génoa ; and subsequently, by his impatience of discipline and freedom of speech, gave occasion for that indulgence which heroes are wont to extend to poets by virtue of the magnanimity of the former and the intellectual claims of the latter.

It was during his sojourn in Genoa that the muse of Foscolo was incidentally awakened, and, by one of the caprices of fame, an occasion, casual in itself, inspired two lyrics so classic, finished, and beautiful, that one of them is the most admired of his minor pieces. A lovely woman, Luigia Pallavicini, while riding along the shore, was thrown from her horse and barely escaped a fatal accident. This event, and also the convalescence of a fair object of Foscolo's susceptible heart, were celebrated by him in odes.

Genoa surrendered on the 4th of June, 1800 ; the garrison was transferred to Antibes ; the victory of Bonaparte at Marengo recalled Foscolo thence to Milan and the Republic once more. Literature and politics again opened a field of usefulness and honor, and the publication of the *Ultime Lettere*, in 1802, made him more the literary hero of the hour than had his early dramatic success. Accordingly, when the Italian deputies convened at Lyons, to frame a constitution for the

First Consul's approval, Foscolo was employed, at the suggestion of some of them, to prepare an address to that august personage, in whose hands now rested the immediate fate of Italy. In this remarkable appeal, there is a terrible narrative of confused passions, rankling necessities, inhuman abuses. The vindictiveness of faction, the arrogant tyranny of foreign officials, and the sacrifice of Venice, are all dwelt upon with stern truthfulness; and then Bonaparte is invoked to become the champion of the Italian Republic,—to respect, to preserve it. This address has been objected to for its ambitious rhetoric, and for a classical method which, under the circumstances, savored of pedantry. On the other hand, its boldness of tone and authenticity of statement won the grateful admiration of many, who pronounced Foscolo “as inexorable as Dante, and as candid as Alfieri”; and whatever is its literary merit, its historical interest is permanent.

Although he was thus openly true to his convictions, and frank in his utterance, the just and kindly Melzi, who administered the government in Milan, respected Foscolo's wishes, and left him undisturbed to study, talk, publish, and live after his own taste. Having retired on half-pay from the army, he soon found the latter privilege quite a negative blessing; and it was at this juncture, that, allured by the fashionable faro-tables near La Scala theatre, then so much frequented, he sought from time to time to replenish his purse at the wheel of fortune. Often lucky, he indulged, when able, in the luxuries of toilette, equipage, and apartments, so accordant with his sense of the beautiful and the enjoyable, mingled with the gay and the gallant, and reaped the brief harvest of pleasure which literary fame, republican sympathy, youth, and eloquence so easily gleaned in the then distinguished circles of the Lombard capital. But from these scenes and this enjoyment he ever and anon retired, under the pressure of necessity, chagrin, or nobler aspirations. It is one of the remarkable traits of Foscolo, that he could thus alternate between the self-abandonment of the Sybarite and the self-denial of the Stoic with intrepid cheerfulness; could frequent elegant drawing-rooms and do homage to beautiful women one week, and the next toil without an hour's recreation over a self-imposed in-

tellectual task ; could be a fashionable young man to-day and a poor author to-morrow, without any loss of complacency. If he had to part with his favorite horse, and to leave his tasteful domicile,—books, friends, authorship, yielded him immediate consolation and resources. This hardihood united to great sensibility, this power of will as opposed to the indulgence of sentiment and of passion, was equally a trait of his mind and of his character ; for it is a striking fact in the literary development of Foscolo, that, while he wrote from overflowing sympathy with artistic pleasure,—*con amore*, as a poet should,—he turned with facility from delight to discipline ; and, with the patience and assiduity of an uninspired scholar, translated, collated, annotated, made nice verbal criticisms, and so left as many memorials of research and study as of sentiment and song.

A work of this scholar-like kind he now achieved, in translating and illustrating *De Coma Berenices*,—in his view one of the choicest lyrics of ancient literature. It is founded on the legend of Queen Berenice, the bride of Ptolemy Euergetes, who, when her husband had departed to make war against Syria, vowed to sacrifice her hair should he prove victorious. After his triumph it was accordingly shorn in the Temple of Venus, and a famous astronomer, at the suggestion of the priests, and from his devotion to the Queen, declared he beheld it among the constellations. Callimachus accredited the compliment by this Latin poem, which Foscolo so gracefully reproduced in Italian. The text occupies but a small part of the ingenious work. It is an elaborate and learned commentary, not only on the special, but the remote allusions of the poem. Every idea and form of expression suggestive to a scholar, poet, and thinker, he enlarges upon with so much learning and skill that the composition is as erudite as it is tasteful. In a dedication to his friend Niccolini, the dramatic author, dated Milan, June 30, 1803, he accounts for the labor thus bestowed by his need at that unhappy period of distraction. Drawn to the theme by its beauty of execution, he turned from the poet's to the scholar's task for relief and occupation ; and it memorably signalizes his extensive reading, keen insight, and patient study. Besides copious and curious notes on the origi-

nal text, he gives a dissertation on the editors, interpretations, and translations of the poem ; another on Berenice, its heroine ; a third on Conon, the astronomer, and the Costellazione Berenicea ; and a fourth on the poetical meaning of Callimachus, in which an intimate knowledge of the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature is apparent. Foscolo's ideal of critical labor was complete and profound, as exemplified in all his remarks upon the great poets. No research seems too careful, no discussion too thorough, which can make clear a doubtful, or significant a familiar passage or expression ; and yet, with all this erudite zeal, his mind was as comprehensive in seizing general effects, and as quick in appreciating delicate beauties, as in correcting a verbal error, or citing a parallel metaphor or construction.

When the conscription extended to Italy, and what was called "the army of England" gathered on the shores of the Channel, we find Foscolo there with the Italian division under General Pino, and with the rank of Captain. Of what his life then was, and how he managed to carry on his literary studies amid the exigencies and companionship of the camp, we obtain a vivid impression through an autobiographical sketch appended to his next publication, in which he assumes the *nom de plume* of Didimo Chierico, and half facetiously, half seriously, in describing this anonymous personage, gives us a glimpse of the original. It is an amusing picture of a studious soldier and a susceptible man of the world. In the former character he used to defend, as an advocate, his unfortunate comrades when in difficulty, and in the latter, he veiled under reserved manners many a wounded feeling and baffled aspiration. Speaking in the third person of Didimo, he says : "I have seen him at late hours of the night at a *café* at Calais, writing with enthusiasm by the light which illumined the billiard-table, and seated at the very board around which the officers were smoking and drinking toasts," — a rare instance of mental abstraction, not without significance as a proof how little outward vicissitudes interfered with his mental habitudes.

In the now brief transit from London to Paris, few travellers bestow much attention upon the uninteresting scenery

visible from the car-windows, after leaving Calais; but such as are fond of local associations, and make the trip by daylight, find the names of the towns and a passing glance at their aspect not unproductive of historical reminiscence. At St. Omer, for instance, as the eye dwells upon the old fortifications and the circumjacent marshes, or is caught by the Cathedral and Abbey Church of St. Bertin,—a fine specimen of Gothic architecture,—it is interesting to remember what a school of intrigue and ecclesiastical policy once flourished here; that it was the asylum of Becket, the dying refuge of the last of the first line of French kings, and the seminary which educated many of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, and, in recent times, boasts of Daniel O'Connell as an *élève*. Inevitable as is the thought of the Jesuits when the train pauses at this point of junction with the Lisle and Brussels road, only an Italian enthusiast in letters would be likely to remember that here the monotony of a garrison was alleviated to Ugo Foscolo, by translating, in a manner that has made the book a classic, the “Sentimental Journey” of Laurence Sterne. In early youth he had acquired a knowledge and love of the English language and literature, and cherished an admiration for Shakespeare unusually discriminating for a Southern European. Accidentally resuming the study of English in this dreary town of French Flanders, he found one day, among the few books belonging to the family with whom he lodged, a copy of Yorick’s unique travels. He was charmed by the eccentricity, the style; and especially by the sentiment of the book, instinctively caught its spirit, and employed himself in rendering the dainty English into not less characteristic Italian. His success was remarkable, and the experiment a felicitous inspiration.

We have before noted a certain affinity between the sentiment of Foscolo and Sterne. It was especially at the point of tenderness that their natures coalesced, the difference being, that what in the Italian was profound and continuous, in the Englishman was casual and temporary, though none the less real, as we have elsewhere attempted to demonstrate.* In

* North American Review, No. 169, Art. IV.

Ortis, Sterne is quoted, and the conviction expressed that the legitimate fruit of sorrow is pity and compassion, the only disinterested virtue. Herein we perceive a coincidence of feeling between Didimo and Yorick which might prompt to this genial task that beguiled the stagnant cantonment at St. Omer; but the verbal graces, the undercurrent of sentiment, what painters call the tone, and composers the theme, of the *Viaggio Sentimentale*, brought it home to Foscolo's sympathies. Seldom has an author found a more apt foreign interpreter. So nicely reflected are the shades of meaning and pathetic touches of expression, that the work has been found the best prose guide to induce an intimate acquaintance on the part of Italians with our language, while the English reader, alive to the delicacies of verbal art, will seldom recognize a favorite author so instantly and completely under a foreign garb.

The independence and clerical honesty which his more serious admirer claims for Yorick, will be regarded as a somewhat too earnest view of his character; but it is the obvious result of certain affinities, and of rare appreciation. To use a modern term of spiritual import, however deficient in the peculiar humor, and however more equipped with learning and impassioned in sentiment, the intrepid defiance of conventionalities and of encroachment in Sterne, his susceptible temperament and genial and ingenious utterance, placed his translator *in relation* with him in a degree and to an extent rare in the annals of diverse literatures.

His interest in the English tongue was deepened by a personal attachment and relation to a lady of that nation, the facts of which are involved in mystery, except that the period and the locality correspond with his sojourn in this part of France. The only being with whom he claimed kindred, who solaced his later years of exile, was the fruit of this connection.

Another singular coincidence may here be noted in regard to Yorick and Didimo. We have before alluded to the attachment which colored so vividly the youthful romance of the latter. Years afterward, the poet described this Siren — who had then become that anomalous character, a “married coquette” — as one whose “heart was made of brains.” Ere

this discovery, however, she exercised for a while no little influence over the peace of mind and the poetical sympathies of Foscolo,—as the tribute to her charms so artistic, yet emotional, indicates; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that she is said to have been the daughter of the identical lady of a meeting with whom Sterne gives so amusing a description in his “Sentimental Journey,” a work which Foscolo was destined afterward to make so well known in Italy:—

“I was going one evening to Martin’s Concert at Milan,” writes Yorick, “and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina de F—— was coming out in a sort of hurry: she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass. She had done the same, and on the same side, too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side and opposed her passage again. We both flew together to the other side, and then back, and so on: it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first; I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. . . . I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her. . . . Life is too short to be long about the forms of it.”

When the encampment at Boulogne was broken up, Foscolo once more returned to Milan. His military experience and his national sentiment had now increased his zeal for the self-assertion of his country; and the next enterprise of his active mind was to prepare and issue an edition of a treatise on War, practically considered, by Montecuccoli, a renowned captain of the seventeenth century. This may be termed a professional, although a literary achievement; but it reconciled him only for a while to the restricted routine of official service. Eugene Beauharnais had confessed that poets were inconvenient *militaires*, and when General Caffarelli sought to except Foscolo from the conventional duties of his position, and at the same time to retain for him its emoluments, he found no obstacle to his friendly intervention. The scholar had the privilege of keeping his rank and residing where he pleased,—a favor he eagerly accepted, for the double purpose of enjoying rural seclusion and of securing an opportunity to pursue his studies and indulge his fancy undisturbed. The first chosen place of

this welcome retirement was Brescia,—near enough to Milan for all purposes of convenience, and yet far enough away to permit an independent and meditative life.

The traditions and vicinage of this ancient Lombard city are rich in historical interest and local fame. The Brescians cite a long catalogue of natives renowned in letters, science, and war. One of those picturesque castles which keep alive the associations of mediæval times in Italy, crowns a height above the town; while its classic memories are richly symbolized in a museum of ancient relics, chiefly excavated from a Roman temple discovered long ago in the neighborhood. The decayed but massive fortifications and towers, and the narrow arcaded streets, attest the military pre-eminence long enjoyed by Brescia, and prolonged into recent times by a famous manufactory of arms; and it is but of late that the name of this city was current in journal and speech, as the scene of one of Garibaldi's brilliant feats of strategy and valor. As to the modern and peaceful features of the place, they are of that anomalous yet attractive kind which characterize the old provincial cities of Italy,—ancient edifices, a flourishing agricultural vicinity, fountains, a theatre, peasants, nobles, and artisans, all of whom on a *festa* wear the aspect of prosperity, while grass rankly grows in the by-streets, and obsolete architecture and armor curiously blend the grand impressions of the past with the conservative life of the present, strangely at variance with the social vivacity and natural resources of a race depressed, but not vanquished, by political misrule. The position of Brescia, on the road to Milan and the Adriatic, has been more favorable to social intercourse than is the case with many of the other minor cities of Northern Italy; and in the surrounding villas reside a class of gentry addicted to field sports, so that the country was as noted for rural squires as the town was of old for thorough-bred soldiers.

Foscolo established himself in a little dwelling in the midst of vineyards and orchards, whence he enjoyed a fine outlook on surrounding scenery, with easy access to the town, and a charming seclusion. Here he devoted himself to study, and held long colloquies with his neighbors of all ranks, from the nobility and clergy to the sportsmen and *contadini*. To the young

Brescians his conversation was a rare satisfaction, for he discussed the political state and prospects of their country, a question in ancient philosophy, or a native author, with equally fluent enthusiasm; while his recitations from the poets, his aphoristic utterances, his literary fame, a certain romantic mystery which attached itself to his career, his patriotism, scholarship, genius, and originality of life and manners, combined to make his rustic dwelling a shrine and oracle. After a day of critical research, poetic composition, or eloquent talk, — sometimes so vociferous as to wake the echoes, — he arrayed himself in fresh attire and sought diversion in the city, as intent on the matter in hand, while paying his devoirs to a dark-eyed beauty at the Opera, as when absorbed in solitary musing or carried away by learned improvisation. Altogether this was the most serene and happy episode of his agitated life, — a time when with the least disturbance he enjoyed a scholar's vocation and a bard's meditative freedom, when a genuine appreciation quickened his mind and consoled his heart, and he could alternate at will from study and nature to sympathy and society, the vanity of authorship and the love of independence being equally gratified.

Under these favorable circumstances he wrote the poem upon which his reputation is chiefly founded. Although the subject was accidentally suggested, it harmonized with that vein of melancholy and tenderness, and gave scope to the verbal art, which individualized his genius. While most of the enactments of the Napoleon Code were in themselves requisite and judicious, it often happened that they were carried into effect without discrimination or wisdom. A signal instance of the kind had aroused popular indignation at this period. The law, since so generally adopted by civilized municipalities, prohibiting intermural interments, as a measure of public hygiene, had been enforced with a reckless violation of humanity. It had become essential to health that the burials in Italian churches should cease; but there was no excuse for the manner in which this custom was superseded by a promiscuous sepulture, — a total disregard to the isolation of family remains, and to that reverent care which in Christian lands identifies, guards, and embellishes the last resting-place of

mortality. Inscriptions even were disallowed ; graves were merged in confusion ; and, besides the violence thus done to the feelings of survivors, the sacrilege was openly justified as a tribute to the prevalent infidelity born of the French Revolution. Against this outrage to all that is sacred in love and faith, this irreverent repudiation of sentiments instinctive in the unperverted soul, Foscolo raised the protest of a man, a scholar, and a poet. His fancy surveyed the awful void consequent upon a lapse of veneration for the memory and monuments of the dead ; he gathered up the associations of hallowed sepulchres, and illustrated the beauty and the power of that sentiment which links the heart of man to the memorials of departed worth, genius, and love. *I Sepolcri*, in form, spirit, and design, was original. No Italian verse comes so near the higher household strain of our vernacular. The solemn cadence, the thoughtful pathos, the terse and erudite, yet melodious plea for the sanctities of death and the regrets of bereaved humanity, breathe a sentiment and a language akin to the elegiac verse of Gray. More learned, better sustained, and in purer taste, than the similar poems of Young and Blair, in tone it is not less contemplative than theirs, nor is the imagery, though more classical, less affecting. Nor are its English affinities confined to subject and tone ; they equally extend to form ; and seldom, if ever, have the most effective and choice traits of English blank verse been so admirably reproduced in Italian. The dignity and grace of the language intimately correspond with the solemn interest of the theme. It found an immediate echo in the thoughtful hearts of the poet's countrymen, and became a standard exemplar of elegiac verse. Yet in this case, as in that of the *Lettere d' Jacopo Ortis*, a swarm of verbal critics lighted upon the work, and extreme opinions were expressed as to its execution ; though its sentiment was too genuine, humane, and pathetic not to win and awe as well as chasten and charm.

The poem opens with a personal and touching interrogatory, addressed to an endeared brother poet, Pindemonti ; whence the author passes on to an historical argument, skilfully choosing illustrations which appeal to the most cherished memories of the scholar and to national pride and patriotism,

among which are the apt and beautiful allusions to the frequented churchyards of England, the illustrious dust garnered in Santa Croce at Florence, the graves of the heroes of Marathon, and the coffin of Nelson made from the mast of the French frigate which he captured at the battle of the Nile. He brings home the sacrilegious wrong against which he sings, by imagining the remains of the gifted Parini, who had recently died, mingled with those of a malefactor. Dante and Alfieri, as they speak from their tombs, are invoked with no less effect. Unlike as is the treatment, the impression of parts of this elegiac reasoning reminds the American reader of "Thanatopsis," while the Italian critics compare its effect with that of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mozart's "Requiem."

While at Brescia, Foscolo also published a translation of the First Book of the Iliad, to which he afterward added a translation of six more Books. Leaving the discussion of its merits to those deeply versed in Greek and Italian poetry, we cannot but note, as another instance of his thorough method, that this specimen is introduced by a well-considered "Epistle on the True Mode of Translating Homer," addressed to his artist friend Fabre. It has been conceded by critics, that in this experiment he proved how well he understood the harmony of his original.

Such evidences of scholarship,—his versatile power of expression, so manifest even amid the interruptions of an active career,—his patriotic love of letters and his facility in their exposition,—naturally indicated a grand educational service as his true sphere of usefulness; and we are not, therefore, taken quite by surprise, when we find the captain transformed into the professor. On the 22d of June, 1809, Foscolo delivered the Inaugural Discourse upon the opening of the term of studies at the University of Pavia, having previously been inducted to the chair of Eloquence. His subject on this occasion was the "Origin and Office of Literature"; and those who condemned the rhetoric of his political address, must have been astonished at the calm, severe, philosophical scope and aim of this oration. He begins by tracing the original and absolute relation of language to humanity and to thought. The law of compensation is illustrated in the conservative in-

fluence of literature upon life. Myths, rites, history, song, and science, are analyzed and traced to their sources; Grecian masterpieces are cited in evidence of the mutual action and reaction of institutions upon artistic expression. He reproves the inactivity and effeminate pedantry of his country in this noblest sphere of national development; and summons her children to high intellectual achievement; declares the love of truth to be the legitimate inspiration of scholar, poet, and historian, and that, destitute of this, the faculty of speech reduces itself to music without thought,—a phrase that emphatically describes a swarm of mediocre aspirants in Italy for the honors of literature. Throughout the discourse, he advocates patriotic sentiment, the study of the highest models, the love of uncontaminated glory, personal independence, and inward experience as the means and the sources of permanent success. To the intact and surviving literary distinction and wealth of Italy, under all her sufferings, he pays an eloquent tribute. Noble as are the prevailing sentiments of this Inaugural Address, and high and pure as is the ideal of the office of literature which it presents, like his other compositions it was subjected to no common ordeal of censorship, as is evinced by the letter in its defence appended by the author to the second edition.

We should naturally suppose that Foscolo had found a professor's chair his haven, arena, mission,—here where two old kings of Lombardy once held court, where tower, palace, and castle typify, in their decay, the great epochs of history,—the scene of battle and siege, the vicinity of Italy's most sumptuous convent, Certosa, where Visconti's splendid mausoleum, the erection of which occupied more than a century, and then failed to receive the undiscovered ashes, attests the architectural enterprise of more robust generations,—where Boethius lived and St. Augustine died, and the ancient house of Malaspina still flourishes. A professorship, too, in a University founded by Charlemagne, and of the highest mediæval rank,—its fame permanent, and its prospects animated by the new civic life of the Peninsula,—seems admirably fitted to gratify the ambition and excite the intellectual sympathy of an Italian scholar. Moreover, the specimens of Foscolo's lectures, print-

ed after his death and appended to the Inaugural, under the title of *Lezioni de Eloquenza*, though rather programmes than complete theses, suggest an aptitude for, and a discriminating love of, exposition, which would indicate that his capacity as a public teacher was of a rare order. But both the office and the man required, as a primary condition of usefulness, absolute independence; and this, under the circumstances, was unattainable. Besides his clear and philosophical inference, in the Inaugural Discourse, that national freedom is essential to genuine literary development, it is to be remembered that, while he referred warmly to the intellectual benefactors of Italy, he utterly ignored the existing government; Bonaparte's name is not even mentioned, nor the benefits which, with his despotic system, he conferred on the land, recognized. Foscolo was too loyal to his convictions to compromise his self-respect as a citizen or a scholar by any insincere adulation; those interested in his welfare, believing he could maintain his private views, and at the same time conciliate by outward respect the powers that were, urged him long and earnestly to submit to a political necessity; but love as well as friendship pleaded in vain. The result was, at last, the suppression of his chair; and again he went forth a literary adventurer.

The place of his next sojourn was on the borders of that peerless lake, where so many children of art, misfortune, and luxury have found a delicious home,—from the singer Pasta to the banished Queen Caroline of England,—where Manzoni laid the opening scene of his famous romance,—where transparent waters and picturesque mountains, flowery terraces and exquisite villas, make up a landscape that charms the stranger and wins the heart of the resident. There lived in one of these rural palaces at Borgo di Vico, on Lake Como, a kindly and cultivated nobleman, who admired the genius and relished the society of Ugo Foscolo, and gladly offered him hospitality. Here he passed days in profound study, and nights in meditative rambles. Among the fruits of this congenial visit are the tragedy of "Ajax" and the "Hymn to the Graces,"—the first of which he wrote, and the latter he polished, then and there. His tragedy (produced with great success at La Scala, in Milan, in 1811) was interpreted as a political satire. Agamemnon

was declared to be Napoleon; Ajax, Moreau; and Ulysses, Fouché. How far suspicion and gossip invented or exaggerated this latent significance of what was ostensibly a tragedy based on Grecian annals and character, it is difficult precisely to determine; but the effect was sufficiently obvious to induce a wordy tempest on the one hand, and political excitement on the other; the play was forbidden, and its author, for a while, exiled from Milan.

He proceeded at once to Florence, and there (in the house where Galileo once lived), besides working upon "The Graces," finished and published the "Sentimental Journey," the reception of which marks an era in his literary career,—for the colloquial ease united with the remarkable exactitude of this translation, whereby even the quaint shades of humor were preserved, was regarded as a new demonstration of the flexibility and varied adaptation of the Italian language, revealing a certain airy grace quite in contrast with the formal and pedantic models previously thought the best precedents. To Foscolo and Manzoni was accorded the credit of a reform and new development of their beautiful native tongue.

In *Le Grazie*, Foscolo, recognizing in the Grecian myths the form and fantasy under and through which to elaborate the sentiment that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," gives his philosophy, as it were, of the Beautiful and the True in a mythological guise. Attracted by poetic sympathies to classic imagery, like Keats and Shelley, he illustrates it without reference to chronology. Music, sculpture, painting, architecture, the dance, song, color, flowers, woman's loveliness,—all that ministers to high civilization, to the sense of the Ideal and the Infinite, he groups around and educes from the Graces. Thus with Venus, Vesta, and Pallas as the ostensible inspiration and origin, we have the poets of his own country, the scenery of Florence, the marvels of Italian art,—even such recent events as the retreat of the grand army from Russia, and his own personal experience,—wrought into the classic tissue. There is a fine invocation to his native isle; there are exquisite allusions to the poetry of life,—to love, to science, to history. He sings of the Graces, but in so doing pays tribute to the universal spirit of beauty.

At long intervals of time, and in various localities, the poet worked over this fond conception ; yet it was with the greatest difficulty that the fragments were gathered, collated, and made complete. Some were in print, others in manuscript. By correspondence, study, and patience, the editor finally succeeded in his task ; which would have been impossible but for the fortunate discovery of portions among a roll of business papers, and the co-operation, in deciphering and harmonizing the whole, of a cultivated and exemplary Tuscan lady, than whom none more tenderly lamented the poet, or knew him and his genius better. When Niccolini heard that *Le Grazie* would thus be presented entire and revised, he wrote : “*L’Italia saluterà nuovamente la luce d’un viril poesia.*”

The reaction in the extravagant admiration which, at the height of his popularity, hailed Canova as without a rival, has not invalidated his claim to a special genius for the *graceful*, in the best sense of the word ; and of this his famous group of the Graces, as seen from the front, is the best exemplar. It was partially executed at the time Foscolo began his poem, which, with singular propriety, he dedicated to the sculptor, to whose kindred and as yet incomplete work he thus alludes : —

“Forse (o ch’ io spero !) artefice di Numi,
Nuovo meco darai spirto alle Grazie
Ch’ or di tua mano escon del marmo.”

Here, too, was finished the tragedy of *Ricciarda*, begun during the previous year, in which the author endeavored to infuse the spirit and interpret the character of the Middle Age, as he had previously given a dramatic illustration of Grecian history. Like his great predecessor, Alfieri, Foscolo sought in Tuscany “to acquire a better idiom,” and his abode in Florence and Pistoia was made availing as an opportunity for enriching his vocabulary and refining his style. *Ricciarda* was performed but once, at Bologna, and not published until 1820, when it appeared in London, from the press of Murray, with a dedication to Lord John Russell. A leading critical journal claimed for it “considerable poetical merit conjoined to much of Alfieri’s energy,” and modified this praise by declaring that

it was “no unapt illustration of the taste for bloodshed and horrors characteristic of the Italian drama.”*

Foscolo returned to Milan in 1813, and there, during that eventful period when the political destiny of the Continent was subjected to the arbitrament of war in Germany, he pursued his literary avocations. When Napoleon fell, in the ensuing year, his fond aspirations for the national independence of his country were revived; the regency of Milan awarded him a Major’s commission, and his impromptu eloquence was again heard urging upon the infuriated mob the injustice of making a victim of the unfortunate Prince,—his appeal to the people being uttered from the very house where their destined prey was concealed. With the entrance of the Austrians into Lombardy, his prospect of advancement, and even of subsistence, was cut off. The new government, indeed, tendered to him the editorship of a journal, a prospectus of which was actually issued; but the poet’s best friends were wholly opposed, not only to his employment by, but to his intercourse with, the invaders, even with a view of indirectly promoting the welfare of their common and unfortunate country. It was rumored that he was engaged in a conspiracy. Baffled, distrusted, and hopeless, he took refuge in Switzerland, and once more fell back upon his resources of intellect, scholarship, and brave resignation.

For two years Foscolo found a home on “the margin of Zurich’s fair waters,” in the city which gave birth to Gesner, Lavater, and Pestalozzi, amid beautiful scenery, with free access to a large public library, where nature, society, and the reformed religion yielded mental stimulus and moral satisfaction. He then addressed a letter to his friends, persuasive in its tone, explanatory in its scope. His life here was given to research, revision, and composition. At this period a new phase of his versatile mind—doubtless the result of wounded feeling and disappointed sympathy—found expression in an elaborate satire, in which he administered poetical justice to those who had grossly misunderstood and wilfully maligned him. The full force of this ingenious invective can be apprehended only

* *Blackwood’s Magazine*, November, 1827.

through a knowledge of parties, and of facts long since, for the most part, lost in the progress of events and of opinion. Whatever relief this outpouring may have been to his oppressed heart, it was no lucrative labor, and but few copies of the three hundred pages of irony were printed at Lugano, though with the feigned date of Pisa. The means by which the gifted exile subsisted during this period is one of the many enigmas of his checkered life. In 1816, encouraged by his friend, William Stewart Rose,—the translator of Tasso,—he succeeded in obtaining an available passport, and went to England.

The *début* in London of an Italian fugitive patriot of literary distinction was not then the familiar incident it has since become. Mazzini had not then issued circulars to Young Italy from his London asylum; nor had Gallenga and Ruffini made the story of their country's wrongs household words there. The antecedents of Foscolo, his rare abilities as a critic, a philologist, and an original author, made him a welcome guest in literary, and his independent conduct in regard to Bonaparte in political circles. He soon formed the acquaintance of the most eminent statesmen and authors of the British metropolis. He dined at Holland House, breakfasted with Rogers, was an *habitué* at Murray's, heard Tom Moore sing, contributed to the Edinburgh Review, expounded Dante to titled women, among whom Lady Dacre remained his steadfast friend, and discussed Continental politics with Brougham, Mackintosh, and Lansdowne,—in a word, became a “lion,” in the most brilliant and the most melancholy sense of that significant term. In the spring of 1823 his lectures on Italian literature produced the remarkable sum of seven hundred and eighteen pounds, a fact which, to those cognizant of the obstacles to success in this mode of interesting the London public and the limited interest felt in such a subject, in itself proves extraordinary good fortune.

Between the Anglo-Saxon and the Southern European there is an inherent antagonism of organization; between the Englishman, whose ideal is respectability, and the Italian, whose law is emotion, there is an absolute want of relation, which only rare circumstances of taste, experience, or temper can modify. Accordingly we find, from the extravagant picture in *Corinne*

to the *naïve* novel of Bulwer, this national diversity recognized ; impulse and good sense, the sympathetic and the rational, *abandon* and reserve, when separately incarnated, do not coalesce except by a process requiring time, forbearance, and candor. Hence the mutual want of comprehension, and the entire failure of recognition, which mark the usual intercourse of Italians and English, until habit, justice, or human magnetism dissolves the barrier or fuses the discrepancies. Accordingly we find that Foscolo over-estimated the meaning of the first hospitality and the value of the first literary success he experienced in England. His peculiarities of appearance, temper, elocution, and manner, while perfectly explicable to the philosopher and excusable to the generous, were ill calculated to retain the sympathy of those whose admiration of genius and scholarship, and respect for misfortune, were not stronger than their social exactions and their sense of the conventional. To the last, the exiled poet was an object of warm interest to the few ; but he soon lost the considerate regard of the many ; and while he received at times the warm welcome and the recognition due to eminent ability, he also had to endure, to the full, the ungenial and weary lot of the exile. He wrote for the leading reviews admirable critical articles, for which the remuneration was liberal. He published an Essay on Petrarch, and delivered a course of profitable and admirable lectures, and by these various means, and from other incidental sources, he was enabled to live in London, sometimes in luxury, sometimes in comfort, though at the last in straitened circumstances and in debt. Gossip soon encroached upon fame, privation upon extravagance, and ridicule upon respect ; and yet an essential defect of method and calculation on his part, and of delicacy, not to say of humanity, on the part of others, makes the transition more worthy of pity than of anger.

This reaction and insular antipathy, in the case of Foscolo, was doubtless aggravated by peculiarities of aspect and character ; and yet, when we consider what he had achieved, suffered, and acquired, it seems like a reproach to civilization that a brave and prosperous author like Sir Walter Scott — who could find material for curious speculation and complacent

portraiture in the ugliest and most stupid Scotch laird or half-savage Highlander — notes with such impatient scorn the personal repulsion his limited sympathies found in Foscolo. In his Diary, under date of November 24, 1825, we find this reference to a man whose fame and career are part of the history of the times and the glory of a nation : —

“ Talking of strangers, London held, some four or five years since, one of those animals who are lions at first, but, by transmutation of two seasons, become in regular course *bores*, — Ugo Foscolo by name, a haunter of Murray’s shop and of literary parties. Ugly as a baboon, and intolerably conceited, he sputtered, blustered, and disputed, without even knowing the principles upon which men of sense render a reason, and screamed all the while like a pig with a knife at his throat.”

It is such narrow estimates, such non-recognition of the essential, and over-estimate of the external, that justifies Carlyle in modifying his praise of the great novelist, that “ no sounder piece of British manhood has been put together in that eighteenth century of time,” by the parallel declaration, that “ his life was worldly ; his ambitions were worldly ; there is nothing of spiritual in him, — all is economical, material ; his conquests were for his own behoof mainly ; the great mystery of existence was not great for him.”

Foscolo’s disadvantages as a “ stranger in the land ” were made more intolerable by calumny. A letter is extant, refuting, among other slanders, such charges as having fled from the Continent for debt, connived with the Austrian government, acted the part of a spy and of a parasite to Hobhouse to enhance his reputation in England, forged manuscripts of Petrarch and sold them to Lord Holland, and suppressed a work for a bribe from the British government. We have but to consider the sensitiveness and pride of the man of genius, the malignity of political, and the envy of literary foes, to estimate some of the motives that induced these assaults, and a degree of the anguish engendered by them. In spite of all these discouragements, the evidence of patient and noble labor is apparent, in the eloquent lectures on the five great poets of Italy with which he enriched contemporary literature, and which now constitute the ablest critical treatises on this comprehensive theme.

Foscolo's literary labors in England were onerous in the extreme. He was constantly annoyed by the errors of the press in quotation, and by the modification of his style, and even of his ideas, inevitable where the thought written with such facile fervor in his native tongue had to be transferred to French, and thence into English. The expense of employing a translator and copyist greatly diminished his earnings. In addition to these drawbacks, one of his most promising enterprises failed, through the publisher's abandonment of his contract, involving him in a lawsuit; while in another instance he received no recompense for an entire series of critical articles. It is not surprising, therefore, that he had recourse to lectures, and issued proposals to teach the classics and Italian, repulsive as was this latter alternative. The number of persons who really appreciated or aspired to cultivate Continental literature was exceedingly limited; and while, in one instance, there was a voluntary increase of the specified price of his articles, the average rate of payment was but from ten to twenty shillings a printed page. Yet, in spite of these discouragements, his critical and historical contributions to British reviews and magazines were highly valued by the cultivated few, as is evident from the letters in commendation of them addressed him by scholars and statesmen.

After his temporary social success had passed its climax, Foscolo deeply felt the sterling qualities of the English character, and the privileges derived from his residence in London. His worst perplexities were solaced by friendly aid. Sydney Smith's son-in-law attended him in illness, Thomas Roscoe was his gratuitous legal adviser, and more than one eminent man of letters revised his English or translated his Italian.

It seems the destiny or the aim of certain men to link their doings with conspicuous phenomena. Thus Walpole and Beckford, when alive, were known to the multitude more through their unique dwellings than by their writings; a criminal trial popularized Savage's verse; De Quincey's opium-eating is more interesting to the majority than all his fine speculations; and Byron's conjugal troubles and foreign amours gave, sad to say, a universal relish to his poetry. A learned article on the Greek Alphabet in one of the leading reviews

gave to Foscolo's cottage on the banks of the Thames* the name of Digamma, and his own genius and eccentricities, coupled with the "classical luxury" of this abode, rendered it a nucleus for literary gossip. Here, it was said, a man remarkable for personal ugliness and intellectual gifts, whose life had been a romance, was attended by three beautiful girls, whom he called the Graces, and, surrounding himself with treasures of art and literature, select companionship of his own sex, and political aspirants from all parts of Europe, realized in the midst of smoky London a life-dream improvised from the Arabian Nights. This castle in the air was subsequently almost wholly demolished by the facts which transpired, that one of the so-called Graces was his daughter, to whom one of her kindred had bequeathed a sum which Foscolo had invested, as he thought, so profitably as to justify him in establishing such a *ménage* as could alone reconcile a child of the sunny South to the bleakness of the English climate, and an ardent lover of beauty to the home-life so inevitable in that latitude. So far from leading a life of mere pleasure, he seldom long remitted his habits of mental application, and the current notion of his dissipation was contradicted by the testimony of intimate acquaintances. His tastes were doubtless costly, his passions vivid; but that a severe simplicity of habit was congenial to him, and that it was only at intervals and by special attractions that he was lured from "laborious days" and earnest meditation to pastime and pleasure, is demonstrated by the average tenor and results of his career.

One of the most common errors of the vulgar estimate of character is to mistake the concentration of feeling with which the temperament of genius pursues both art and indulgence, for a gross self-abandonment to the casual pleasures of sense. Of the former trait there are several instances, as we

* Count Peccio visited him in 1822, at South Bank, by the Regent's Canal,—now a salubrious and flowery spot, but then forlorn, the park only half broken up, and the locality isolated, coal barges floating sullenly on the stagnant tide. The Count thought that the author of *I Sepolcri* chose to live on the banks of Acheron; but when he saw three apartments handsomely furnished, and three beautiful damsels, he remarked that the poet had better taste than Pluto, and, instead of three Fates, had three Graces. "He talked there," adds the Count, "like a Greek mythologist, and lived so."

have seen, in Foscolo's life,— of the latter, no credible indication. Those who knew him best testify to his normal abstemiousness; there is no profligacy in his books, though abundant evidence of his passionate fondness for the other sex; and if he lived beyond his means, and thus hopelessly involved himself in England, it was through a mistaken calculation of resources, and a taste for the nobler luxuries of fortune. It was but the expression of his idiosyncrasies which led him, in the confidence of friendly talk, to declare his wish and purpose to die “like a gentleman, surrounded by Venuses, Apollos, Graces, and the effigies of great men.” “So far,” he remarked, “I am an epicure; but I might vie with Pythagoras for sobriety, and with Scipio for continence.”

We have a pleasant glimpse of Foscolo during his London life, and after his pecuniary resources began to fail, in a lately published reminiscence of the Hon. Edward Everett.

“When I knew him he was living in straitened circumstances in England. He had delivered lectures on Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, in London, which were afterwards published, in different works, and form perhaps the acutest commentary on ‘the all-Etruscan three.’ With the exception of Alfieri, if he is an exception, Foscolo was, at that time, the most vigorous of the modern Italian writers. His *Jacopo Ortis* is an Italian *Werther*; but though an imitation, it had a great influence at the time of its publication on the reading classes. I greatly value a copy of it given me by himself, as also a copy of a curious satire on his literary contemporaries, written in the language and style of the Vulgate. We occupied the greater part of an afternoon, passed at his retired rural lodgings, in reading this piquant composition, of which he explained to me the personal allusions; but they have long since lost all interest except for the literary antiquary. He used to complain of the late English hours, which, he said, destroyed health and eyesight. He quoted with great applause Dr. Franklin's new mode of lighting large towns, viz. by sunshine. I dined with him on one occasion at the hospitable table of the elder Murray, with a party consisting of some of the most distinguished literary celebrities of the day, among others Mr. Thomas Moore, who sang several of his own songs. It will readily be believed that the hours were winged with geniality; they were however prolonged till two o'clock in the morning. Foscolo and myself walked home to our lodgings together at that unseasonable hour (he was then living in London), and at every pause in the conversation he muttered,

‘*Troppo lungo*’ (Too long). If the reader will look into Lord Broughton’s (Mr. Hobhouse’s) ‘Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold,’ he will perceive that Ugo Foscolo is well entitled to the place which I have given him in these desultory recollections. He is mentioned by Lord Byron in his Preface to the same poem, with ten or twelve others of his countrymen, as persons who ‘will secure to the present generation in Italy an honorable place in most of the departments of science and *belles lettres*.’”

That bursts of despairing and even suicidal passion * should have resulted from all these sources of misery was a natural consequence; but their alternation with learned and eloquent discourse and vivacious hilarity excites the wonder of less impetuous and less severely goaded spirits. Hence the asperity and arrogance, the imprudence, the suspicion and moodiness, which the caterers for vulgar curiosity have set down in that voluminous note-book, dear to selfish mediocrity, which should be entitled “*The Infirmities of Genius*.” Yet an English biographer† of the Italian poets has recorded of Foscolo, that, amid all his faults of temper, improvidence, and dark, latent passion, there is clearly discernible the man of genius, of temperance, of independent spirit, the poet, the scholar, the friend, — in a word, the true elements of a “splendid character.”

When he was banished from his luxurious cottage, Foscolo’s restless and fastidious nature led him to change his lodgings as often and as capriciously as any of the poor London authors from the days of Ben Jonson to those of Samuel Johnson. From the Temple to the Adelphi, from Kentish Town to Hampstead, from the neighborhood of the African College to that of the Church of St. Pancras, and from Henrietta Street and Brunswick Square to Turnham Green, through those years of social isolation and precarious subsistence, the eager yet weary exile shifted his abode,—now to avoid creditors and now to escape cats, to-day because of dampness and to-morrow on account of

* S. C. Hall, who resided with him as his secretary for a while, says he would sit for hours wrapt in gloomy silence. He once took leave of him, observing: “Once I was distinguished, like Alfieri and Monti; even Bonaparte feared me; now what am I? A poor, miserable exile. I must love my honor or my life. I have no friend; everybody is leagued against me.” The next morning he chatted and laughed.

† Stebbins.

noisy and dirty children. Yet he often wrote nine hours in the twenty-four, sometimes had illustrious visitors, and was solaced to the last by the companionship of that daughter whose birth was veiled in mystery.* During his last illness, fruit from the conservatories of the Duke of Devonshire, and wine from Lord Holland's cellar, were proffered. But nature at length yielded to the ceaseless agitation of heart and brain,—such strange vicissitudes of life, exile, privation, and care.

Foscolo died at Bohemian House, Turnham Green, after weeks of suffering from dropsy, on the 14th of September, 1827.† His last literary labor was upon the text of Dante; one of his latest publications, a discourse on the *Decameron*, prefixed to Pickering's edition; his last epistle (requesting an interview) was addressed to Capo d'Istria, who did so much for the independence of the Ionian Isles. He secured from the wreck of her fortune a slender provision for his daughter, to whom his latest solicitude was given; he wept for her alone. Regarding death with entire tranquillity, he only expressed the affecting regret that he had not devoted his life to his mother, instead of to politics and literature. The two friends who watched over his last hours and attended him to the grave were the Canon Riego and Hudson Gurney. The former was a political exile and a brother of the well-known Spanish general of the same name; he subsisted as a bookseller in London, and was much beloved and respected. To the latter gentleman Foscolo had dedicated his celebrated “*Essay on the Text of Dante*.” Sympathizing in his pursuits and misfortunes, admiring his genius, and strongly attached to his person, these loyal friends preserved and transmitted to Italy

* Foscolo once, in a communicative mood, writes to a friend, of this daughter: “She was born in Flanders, while, from the suspicions of that lion-hearted but ass-headed Murat, the governor of Paris, I was shut up in one of the fortresses of that city. Mutual and imperative danger alone prevented our marriage; ordered to Boulogne, I left the child with her rich grandmother; her mother was English and subsequently married. Having in 1805 lost every trace of them, I found them at last in England. The old lady bequeathed her grandchild £3,000, which I invested in cottages near London that yielded a rent of a hundred pounds each. I wont deny it; I went too far in that villa; but I had reared it as a haven of rest and study.” We may add that the “three Graces” were this daughter and her attendants. She survived her father only two years, and is buried beside him.

† The date on the tombstone, Oct. 14, has been proved erroneous.

his manuscripts ; the one took care of his daughter and her interests while she lived, and the other caused the slab to be inscribed and placed over his remains.

Foscolo's letters, with the exception of a few lapses in the regular flow of correspondence, furnish the materials of a biography more complete and satisfactory than any which has been or is likely to be attempted. From the brief, modest, and respectful epistle to Alfieri, offering his first literary effort to the *Primo Italiano*, and the youthful and affectionate letter to his venerable teacher, Cesarotti, in 1797, to the few lines written thirty years after, on his death-bed, when speech had failed, to convey some economical directions to his daughter, we have the life, the mind, the conduct, and the heart of Foscolo laid frankly and fervently open in these statements of affairs, effusions of love, and expressions of opinion. The number, the eminence, and the intimacy of his correspondents give them an historical, critical, and personal value, singularly illustrative of the character of the writer and the social consideration he enjoyed. The circumstances of his life, from youth to his decease, are clearly traced. The earliest years glow with republican ardor ; the next, with literary enterprise ; and all with filial piety, friendship, melancholy, tenderness, and patriotism. His frequent physical infirmities, pecuniary embarrassments, studious labor, need of sympathy, recognition of truth,—his taste and sensibility,—his misfortunes, indiscretions, alienations, aspirations, mortifications, honors, and struggles,—his earnest attachments and his baffled hopes,—each and all appear and reappear as vividly as if we had personally known and loved him. Never were the peculiar trials and temptations of genius and exile more artlessly unfolded.

Among the illustrious contemporaries with whom Foscolo was in correspondence were Cesarotti, Pindemonte, Monti, Giannone, Grassi, Nota, Gonfalonieri, Capo d'Istria, Niccolini, Pellico, Melzi, Murat, Prince Eugene, Gino Capponi, Campbell, Jeffrey, Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Bedford, Wiffen, B. R. Haydon, Lord and Lady Holland, Thomas Roscoe, Stewart Rose, Rogers, and Mrs. Austin. His correspondence with women especially throws light upon his inmost character.

The devotion to his interests and the appreciation of his genius exhibited by such gifted and gracious women as Quirina Megiotti and the Countess of Albany, through so many years, prove how rich must have been his nature, and how interesting his mind ; while the spontaneous tributes of the best authors of his day, from Pellico's tender admiration to Niccolini's discriminating praise and Jeffrey's critical encouragement, suggest the impression which his scholarship and originality made upon those best fitted to judge of them. Indirectly, too, these letters indicate his social relations ; as when Lady Holland condoles with him on the death of his mother, Murray proposes an article for the Quarterly, Sismondi invites him to Paris, Pindemonte welcomes his verses, Horner receives his introductions to renowned Tuscans, the Saggia Isabella counsels, and the Donna Gentile cheers. His frequent necessity of remaining anonymous in giving his address to correspondents ; his protests against the garbling of editors and the rapacity of publishers ; his vain invocation of what he calls the *febbre amabile* requisite for composition ; his concealment of pecuniary straits and reluctance to accept obligations ; his continual plans to turn to less precarious account his industry and knowledge ;* his ever-renewed purpose of returning to Italy ; his repudiation of charlatans and parasites ; his advocacy of religious sentiment over theological syllogisms ; — these are among the prevailing and characteristic traits of his correspondence.

What loves and longings, remorse and complacency, independence and pride, love of children, need of sympathy, sensitiveness of organization, loyalty to conviction, imprudence

* Among his projected and partially fulfilled achievements were a complete edition of the Italian Classics, with copious and original introductions and annotations, and a European Review. He published the commencement of a series of Letters on England ; essays on Italian Women, the Aristocratic Constitution of Venice, the Greek Alphabet, Tasso's Lyric Poetry, the Minor Poets of Italy, Epochs of Italian Literature, Classic Travellers in Italy, the Text of Dante and Boccaccio, etc. Most of these articles were contributed to the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Retrospective Reviews, and the London and New Monthly Magazines. His Essays on the Love, Poetry, and Character of Petrarch, a work of philosophical and learned criticism, which could have been written only by an Italian scholar and poet, was published by John Murray, in an octavo volume, in 1823, and dedicated to Lady Dacre.

and *naïveté*, scholarly enthusiasm and childlike abandonment, precarious moods and frank confession, are made manifest in his letters ! How in fancy we track the exile from the bivouac and the literary coterie, the home of friendship and the haunt of beauty, to the winter sojourn in Switzerland, and thence to a weary life of authorship in London, its *fêtes* and its fasts, its magnificent hospitalities and its bitter loneliness ! These letters, too, explain much that seemed lawless, and more that seemed wilful. The dependence of his family, the impossibility of conforming to political requisitions at home without forfeiting self-respect and moral consistency, the loss of his patrimony, the plans frustrated by circumstances, his vain attempts to return to Zante or Florence, the constitutional susceptibility and want of tact which tried the patience of the unreflecting, the extreme indulgence of the few who loved him, and the severe judgment of the many who admired him, the high standard of the scholar and poet, and the precarious circumstances of the man,—these considerations, and such as these, inevitably and emphatically enlighten and modify our views, as we thus ponder on what is essentially Foscolo's autobiography.

Thrown upon his own resources in early youth, at a great transition period ; deprived of the restraints and the solace of a home and kindred ; prompted by free aspirations, and justified by genius in literary innovation ; subjected to extraordinary vicissitudes ; with an ardent and sensitive temperament modified by remarkable concentrative power of thought, feeling, and will ;—with a poet's love of beauty, a scholar's love of knowledge, an Italian's passion for sympathy, Ugo Foscolo, thus endowed and thus situated, was singularly exposed to the temptations and the discipline which spring both from conscious ability and precarious fortunes. With graces of intellect and virtues of heart which won admiration and confidence, he had a person and a temper too eccentric to prepossess ; the head, which to a philosophic eye betokened rare gifts, was accompanied by a physiognomy almost grotesque from the irregularity of the features, high cheek-bones, prominent lips, shaggy eyebrows, sandy complexion, reddish hair, and large bushy whiskers covering the lower part of the countenance ;

while his eyes were gray, penetrating, sunken, and marvelously rapid in their change of expression. The voice, so fraught with eloquent sentiment, was deep and stentorian. Add to this a profoundly melancholy look, and we have a *tout ensemble* which, while on the one hand it picturesquely allies itself with attractiveness of character and originality of mind, apart from such associations would impress a stranger as *bizarre* and *outré*. Indeed, curious anecdotes illustrate the frank surprise it often excited. “*Vous êtes bien laid, monsieur,*” a Frenchman once coolly remarked. “*Oui, monsieur,*” was the warning reply, “*à faire peur.*” On another occasion a Dane, who met him at a restaurant, pretended to take him for a baboon; high words followed, then a challenge, and Foscolo’s shot broke his antagonist’s knee. Toward the close of his life he became somewhat bowed at the shoulders from habits of study, and he usually walked with his eyes bent on the ground in meditation. The fire and softness of which these organs were capable redeemed his countenance to a discriminating observer, and its very elongation and want of even contour, to those who knew and loved him, promoted an individuality of aspect not without pleasing significance. Indeed, the engraving affixed to the complete edition of his writings is highly intellectual and full of character. It is taken from a portrait executed in 1813, by Fabre, and one of the collection belonging to the late John Murray, the London publisher. Upon the stone of a ring on the finger is inscribed the motto, *Cor meditat*, which perfectly accords with the thoughtfulness and melancholy intensity of the expression. There is a copy of this portrait at Florence, painted by Garagalli, belonging to the owner of his most valuable manuscripts, behind which (as in the case of Alfieri’s, by the same artist, in the Uffizi Gallery of that city) is a Sonnet, in the author’s handwriting; it is the one commencing “*Vigile è il cor.*”

It may easily be imagined how diverse was the impression such a being made upon different individuals, according to his mood and their relation to him. One fair friend calls him “a most felicitous and fruitful talker”; another styles him “sentimental thunder.” An anecdotal magazinist records of him, that he tore his hair because a game of chess was lost, and

fought his amanuensis for interfering with the “three Graces.” He had, says one of his literary countrymen, “the unsophisticated virtues of a savage”; and adds, “Clever and handsome women tamed him.” One acquaintance tells us that he “could not bear the creaking of a door”; another, that he could not live in London with comfort for less than four hundred pounds a year; while a cockney remarks, “The Alpha Road derived its name from the unfortunate whim of an unfortunate Italian.” How different a man, indeed, must have been Ugo Foscolo in the eyes of one of his young countrywomen who knew the *Ultime Lettere* by heart, or a brother patriot and scholar familiar with *I Sepolcri* and the discourse on Dante, and in the cold and curious view of a stolid, well-to-do, unimaginative Englishman, wedded to conventionalism, respectability, beef, beer, and trade!

In many salient points of his career Foscolo resembled Byron. Like him, he sprang from an ancient lineage, and was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon the world with an impassioned, aspiring, and ill-disciplined nature; like him, he acquired a sudden and romantic fame, and was the object of admiration and curiosity, the latter intensified by eccentricities of life and appearance; like him, he blended the character of an isolated poet with that of a man of the world, a hatred of society with a love of women; like him, he long wandered in exile, was a London lion and a Continental mystery, enlisted in the battles of freedom, engaged in fierce literary controversy, cherished an almost defiant personal independence, and wooed successfully the muse of liberty, love, and contemplative enthusiasm; and finally, Foscolo, like Byron, died in a foreign land, and among his last anxieties strove to assure a prosperous future for a daughter whose “mother was no wife.” But with these analogies there were equally striking diversities of fortune and of fame. Far more spiritual and erudite than Byron, Foscolo struggled with poverty, and knew the bitter disappointment of thwarted patriotism as well as the stings of malign injustice. Like Châteaubriand, he dared to confront Napoleon with truth. As with Sterne, whom he so well interpreted, his forlorn exit sadly contrasted with his brilliant *début*.

The parallel between the Italian poet and Byron does not end at the tomb. The final estimate of the character of both has been signally modified by the evidence of their confidential letters, and the calm retrospect of philosophical criticism,—explaining errors, extenuating weaknesses, and accounting for misrepresentation; while the more deliberate efforts of their genius have taken a permanent and precious rank in the national literature of their respective countries.

The first trait in the writings of Foscolo which commands our admiration and sympathy is his independence and moral courage; he proclaimed what he thought; he uttered what he felt; he was bravely true to his artistic conviction and the dignity of literature. In an age of servile imitation, academic compromise, and official patronage, this is no small distinction. He has “lived and written,” says Hobhouse, “in a state of open warfare with the writers of the day, and the reigning political parties.” Critics found fault with what they called the unmusical verse of *I Sepolcri*, not perceiving that the sweet monotony their enervated taste craved had sapped Italian poetry, and that this new precedent more than atoned, by energy of thought, sentiment, and expression, for the dulcet mediocrity it shamed. Pindemonte reproaches him with “shady obscurity,” an exaggeration whose slight basis of truth is fully compensated by greater affluence of thought. The rhetoric of his Bonaparte oration and the “affected calmness” of his Inaugural have been complained of; yet the bold truthfulness of the one, and the philosophic severity of the other, were the most requisite lessons of the hour.

The versatility of his style is another prominent characteristic, and attests a rare mastery of the elements of literary art. What can be more diverse than the method, spirit, and form of *I Sepolcri* and the ode *All' Amica Risanata*? Or where do we find an Italian writer who alternates with such consummate ease from the oratorical to the didactic, from the eloquence of sentiment to the simplicity of narration, from unadorned logic to glowing apostrophe? Few professed lovers of ancient literature have better proved their wise allegiance to those standard exemplars; yet they do not overlay his individuality, trammel his native instincts, or pervert his sense

of the progress of ideas and language. It is now conceded, by those capable of appreciating his example and influence, that he did more to emancipate the literature of his country from obsolete mannerism and pedantic trammels, and to exhibit the capabilities of his beautiful native language, than any other writer of his day except Parini.* His genius was recognized even by those who had no special literary taste. Prince Eugene sought to obtain employment for him, and when his second tragedy awoke a storm of political and literary opposition in Milan, General Pino sent him on a pretended mission to Mantua. He lacked some of the refinements, but scarcely any of the essentials of art. "He was," says one who appreciated both the glow and the severity of his style, "*scultore, poeta è non pittore*"; resembling Dante in strength rather than Petrarch in sweetness. He is the connecting link between Alfieri and Leopardi in the golden chain of Italian literary genius.

The relation between English and Italian literature is as intimate as their mutual associations are unique. The plots, and often the spirit, of Shakespeare's plays are derived from and illustrate Italian scenes and character. Spenser was indebted to Ariosto. Fairfax's translation of Tasso initiated a new versification. Surrey and Sidney caught both form and tone from the early Italian poets. Milton's first school-friend was Diodati, with whom he explored the same refined models; while in his brief Continental travels the most influential experience came from his association with Manzo at Naples, Cardinal Barberini at Rome, and the Academicians of Florence, through whom he became intimate with the prevailing literary studies and tastes, and his immortal poem evinces to what excellent purpose he had read Dante and Tasso, as its favorite allusions to Galileo, Vallombrosa, and Fiesole mark the poeti-

* Parini, the ingenious inventor of a new style of satirical poetry, was born in 1729. His humane sympathies are indicated by his response to the popular cry, "*Morte agli aristocratici!*" — "*Viva la Republica! morte a nessuno.*" He was a municipal officer under Salicetti. The French invasion occurred in the year of his death, and keenly wounded his patriotic heart. In his *Mattino* he admirably satirizes the effeminacy of the nobility, and is enrolled by the most authoritative critics as one of the very few modern poets of Italy who have done permanent honor to their country.

cal impressions garnered up in the land of song. Indeed, English poets and scholars, from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria, have sought and found there both material and inspiration ; their “ journeys into Italy ” are always a suggestive episode either in their discipline or their development ; and their Italian studies are the means of enriching imagination and diction, or yielding a nucleus and framework for sentiment or invention. Berkeley, Addison, Gray, Walpole, Eustace, and others, have memorably recorded their observations. While Charles Bell illustrates his anatomical knowledge by analyzing the statues of the Vatican, Sir William Gell verifies his archæology amid the relics of Pompeii. The novelists of to-day find in the scenery and life of Italy what the bards of earlier times sought in its legends and its lore. Byron’s poetry and most characteristic adventures are identified with the scenes and associations of Italy ; and from Rogers to the Brownings we trace the same local inspiration. Shelley and Keats are buried at Rome, Smollett and Horner at Leghorn.

These mingled memories of the illustrious of the two countries are not less striking to the Catholic lover of letters in England. We associate Paoli and Baretti with Dr. Johnson’s coterie, and Johnson’s favorite hostess was alienated from him by an Italian musician ; while on the roll of political refugees who have found a temporary home in London there are many eminent in literature, science, and art. No Italian author, however, has more effectively brought together and made emphatic these vague but national affinities than Ugo Foscolo ;—first, by reproducing in his own language with unequalled felicity an English prose classic ; then by initiating, through a standard didactic poem, what one of his critics calls “ *il genere contemplativo e morale degli Inglesi* ” ; and finally, by bringing to the illustration of the masterpieces of his native literature more genius, learning, and skill of expression than any Italian expositor of Dante and Petrarch ever before exhibited to English audiences and readers.

Our first personal cognizance of an author is often indicative of his peculiar fame. During a voyage from Messina to Leghorn, we enjoyed the society of one of those families to which the stranger so rarely has access in Southern Europe,

who atone for political deprivation by domestic faith, and cherish the ideal of nationality by sequestered devotion to the sentiment whose realization they consider not impracticable, but postponed. The fairest and the wisest of the group so fondly read in a little volume throughout the voyage, that we could not restrain a desire to know the title of her *vade-mecum*, especially as every time the sea-breeze stirred its pages a wild, melancholy frontispiece was revealed. It was the *Ultime Lettere d' Jacopo Ortis*. Years afterward, in America, we saw an exiled scholar of the same fair land continually solacing himself with a book inscribed with the farewell autograph of his most cherished friend. It was the *Viaggio Sentimentale*, translated by Didimo Chierico. Thus early and impressively were the actual and the assumed name of Ugo Foscolo associated in our thought with that intimate and household fame which is the dearest tribute humanity pays to genius.

ART. XIII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1.—*Elements of Medical Jurisprudence.* By THEODRIC ROMEYN BECK, M. D., LL. D., and JOHN B. BECK, M. D. Eleventh Edition, with Notes by an Association of the Friends of Drs. Beck; the whole revised by C. R. GILMAN, M. D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. xxiv., 884, 1003, Index 23 columns.

THIS work appeared nearly forty years ago, and at once took the distinguished rank which it still retains, as the standard authority upon one of the most important subjects which can engage the attention of lawyer, physician, or citizen. It was republished in London, with notes by Dr. Dunlap, as early as 1825; was republished in that city no less than three times; and was translated into German and published at Weimar in 1828. A writer in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, in 1824, says:—

“ At length the English language may boast that it is possessed of a general work on medical jurisprudence, which will not only stand comparison with the best of the kind that the Continent has produced, but which may also be re-

ferred to by every medical jurist as a monument worthy of his science, and as a criterion by which he is willing that its interest and utility should be tried. . . . We may securely assert, that a work on the subject is not to be found in any language which displays so much patient and discriminating research, with so little of the mere ostentation of learning."

The eminent Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, says, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, that Beck's treatise is "the best work on the general subject which has appeared in the English language." The author of the "Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies" remarks:—

"The best work by far upon the subject of Forensic Medicine, of all those which have come under the author's notice, is the Medical Jurisprudence of Dr. Beck, which is not only an instructive, but a highly interesting work."

It will be observed that these eulogistic notices apply to the earlier issues. The tenth edition, published in 1850, was not only carefully revised, but also enlarged to the extent of several hundred pages,—numerous and important additions being made to almost every chapter. In the Eleventh Edition we find incorporated the large and latest manuscript collections of the deceased author, and valuable contributions by Drs. D. Tilden Brown, R. H. Coolidge, Austin Flint, B. W. McCready, Samuel St. John, John Watson, J. P. White, and the editor, C. R. Gilman. But we will let the editor speak for himself:—

"After the death of T. Romeyn Beck, it was ascertained that he had, with characteristic industry, collected a large amount of matter for a new edition of his treatise on Medical Jurisprudence. These materials were by his family placed in my hands, with a request that I would prepare the new edition for the press. Conscious of my own inability to do justice to such a trust, I sought aid from the friends of Dr. Beck. The required assistance was cheerfully rendered, and I was soon enabled to place most of the more important chapters in competent as well as friendly hands. In this way I hope that the public are assured of a good edition of the book, while the friends of the author have a very welcome opportunity to pay a sincere and well-deserved compliment to the memory of a wise and good man. The names of the gentlemen who united with me in this labor of love and respect are subjoined. I hope the list will serve as a guaranty that something has been done in this edition, if not to elevate the character, at least to add to the usefulness of a work which, at home and abroad, has been recognized as an honor to the medical literature of our country."

In view of the formidable array of professional learning now zealously contributing to the illustration of this department of science, how forcibly are we impressed with its altered *status*, as compared with its position half a century ago, when

"Mr. Pereeval, in the House of Commons, declared that he was at a loss to understand what they [the Fox ministry] could mean by the appointment of a Professor of Medical Jurisprudence; he could not comprehend what was meant by the science. Mr. Canning, in the same debate, said he could alone account for such a nomination by supposing that, in the swell of insolence, and to show how far they could go, they had said: 'We will show them what we can do. We will create a Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.'"*—New Annual Register*, for 1807.

It was still longer before the people at large—"the stuff which 'juries' are made of"—could be induced to take any interest in the subject:—

"The ignorant state in which jurymen continually come to the consideration of points of evidence, on criminal trials, is lamentable. In regard to men of any habits of reading, it is really sinful; and certainly not the less so because the works which they ought to read and master happen to be about the most interesting and amusing books in the world."*—Blackwood's Magazine*.

Without pausing to comment on the adjective "amusing," as used by this writer, it is certainly true that the volumes before us possess an absorbing interest; and as every man is liable to be a juryman, it is every man's duty to avail himself of the knowledge thus placed in his hands. How many lives have been sacrificed by the wilful ignorance of juries upon the points referred to in the copious Index to these volumes! Surely, then, a work of this character should be in every private as well as public library; and as regards the lawyer and physician, whose professional reputation requires them to know the latest decisions connected with their respective departments, a book brought down to the present year is indeed a goodly boon, and one which would be cheap at many times the price demanded for these volumes,—the beautiful workmanship of which reflects great credit upon the publishers.

2.—1. *A Sketch of the Life and Educational Labors of Philip Lindsley, D. D., Late President of the University of Nashville.* By LEROY J.

HALSEY, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, Author of "Literary Attractions of the Bible," etc. Republished from Barnard's Journal of Education for September, 1859. With Portrait. 8vo. pp. 46.

2. *The Works of PHILIP LINDSLEY, D. D., Late President of the University of Nashville.* Vol. I. *Educational Discourses.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 588. With Portrait.

OF the intellectual fathers of the generation now on the stage, Dr.

Philip Lindsley was one of the most eminent, useful, and indefatigable in life, and his name will be held in deserved honor in coming years. Born December 21, 1786, near Morristown, New Jersey, he entered the Junior Class of the College of New Jersey in November, 1802; was graduated in September, 1804; taught school for about three years, first at Morristown, and subsequently at Basking Ridge; and from 1808 to 1810 performed the duties of Latin and Greek Tutor in the College at which he had been educated, preparing himself meanwhile for the ministry. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, April 24, 1810. In 1812 he became Senior Tutor, and in 1813 Professor of Languages, in the College of New Jersey. His learning and abilities as an instructor had now become widely known, and from his thirty-first year until the impossibility of inducing him to change his sphere had been thoroughly ascertained, he was in receipt of frequent invitations to honorable appointments, to an extent perhaps unparalleled in the collegiate history of our country. In 1817 he was twice chosen President of Transylvania University, Kentucky, and in both cases declined. In the same year he was elected Vice-President of the College of New Jersey, and in 1822, after Dr. Green's resignation, was for one year its acting President. In 1823 he was chosen President of Cumberland College, Tennessee, and also of the College of New Jersey, and declined both appointments. In 1824 he refused to consider overtures respecting the Presidency of Ohio University, at Athens, and in the same year at length yielded to repeated requests that he would accept the Presidency of Cumberland College (in and since 1826 styled the University of Nashville), Tennessee, where he labored until his resignation in 1853. As we have already intimated, his acceptance of the important position last referred to did not discourage the boards of trustees in various parts of the country from pressing their claims upon his attention. He was obliged to decline the Presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., and of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., in 1829; that of the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, in 1830; the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, and the Presidency of the College of Louisiana, at Jackson, in 1834; the Presidency of South Alabama College, at Marion, in 1837; and the Presidency of Transylvania University in 1839. When the aggregate of learned judgment represented by the action of so many boards of trustees is for a moment appreciated, we shall be justified in saying that the abilities and personal characteristics of no man who ever lived among us have received a more weighty indorsement. All literary men, especially all educators, therefore, will feel a lively interest in an attentive

examination of the suggestions of such a mind, as expressed in the thirteen Educational Addresses, Speeches, and Discourses contained in the beautifully printed octavo before us.

3.— *Wycliffe and the Huguenots; or, Sketches of the Rise of the Reformation in England, and of the Early History of Protestantism in France.* By REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL. D., Author of "Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D." Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1860. 16mo. pp. xv. and 276.

THIS volume comprises two courses, each consisting of four lectures,— one on the age of Wycliffe with special reference to the ecclesiastical condition of England at that time, and one on the Huguenots down to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew,— both delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution within the last three years. The design of both courses is the same,— to present a vivid sketch of each period, together with a clear statement of the principles involved in the various theological controversies of the age. But the treatment is not the same in both cases,— the first course being episodical and discursive, while the second adopts a more strictly narrative order. Both, however, give evidence of a large familiarity with the subject, and a strong and vigorous grasp of intellect, and both are well fitted to raise Dr. Hanna's reputation as a scholar. His style is clear and direct, with no peculiar graces, and with few peculiar faults. "Got its name from," "got estranged," and such uncouth phrases, however, are obvious blemishes; and a careful reader will not fail to notice the omission of the conjunction "and" from sentences composed of several members, or including a succession of epithets. The author's narrative is luminous, and his general observations are weighty and well considered; his judgment is almost always candid, and his pages show little of sectarian prejudice. Perhaps the best of his lectures are the lecture on "The Mendicant Orders," in the first course, and that on "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," at the close of the second course. They present in a flowing and picturesque style the results of the most recent researches of Continental writers, and are worthy of special commendation for their freedom from rhetorical exaggeration. Several of the other lectures are scarcely inferior to these in thoroughness and vigor of treatment; and in all there are many striking and suggestive passages. We commend the volume to those interested in ecclesiastical history, as a judicious contribution to the literature of that department.

4.—*Notes of Travel and Study in Italy.* By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 16mo. pp. 320.

THIS volume is partly descriptive and partly critical, and gathers up, in the form of a journal, the fruits of a protracted sojourn in Italy,—the first entry bearing the date of December, 1855, and the last that of April, 1857. It exhibits on every page the sure marks of liberal culture, and of an exact acquaintance with Italian literature; and notwithstanding the great number of books of Italian travel, it will be read with interest and profit for its picturesque descriptions and its manly and independent criticisms. Its style is fresh and animated; and in his selection of topics the author has, as far as was practicable, avoided the well-worn themes of previous travellers and critics. In his observations on the Papal system he does not hesitate to express an unreserved condemnation of the abuses which have rendered it a byword and a reproach throughout Italy, while he cordially recognizes the faithful labors of those humble and devoted men who, even in Rome itself, have sought to alleviate the temporal condition of their fellow-men. His art criticisms are genial and appreciative, though often differing from the popular judgments; and they are always clearly and candidly stated. Among the most characteristic and attractive portions of the volume are the account of the *Compagnia della Misericordia* of Florence, the description of the *Duomo* of Orvieto, and the notices of Rome in the time of Dante and in the time of Petrarch. They show the familiarity with Italian literature and history which Mr. Norton brought to the execution of his work, and his warm and generous sympathies with every philanthropic labor, even more than his dislike of the Romish Church. A part of the volume, we should add, was first published in the columns of an art-journal in New York; but the greater part of it is now printed for the first time.

5.—*El Fureidís.* By the Author of “The Lamplighter” and “Mabel Vaughan.” Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 16mo. pp. 379.

MISS CUMMINS's first work achieved a very great and remarkable degree of popularity, partly through its own intrinsic merits, and partly through its special adaptation to an intellectual craving of novel-readers at the time of its publication. They had been satiated with highly-wrought fictions, both of native and foreign origin, crowded with improbable incidents, and of questionable influence on the moral char-

acter of the reader; and under these circumstances any work of the imagination simple in plot, natural in incidents, chaste in style, and healthful in sentiment, was likely to be received with favor. "The Lamplighter" possessed all these characteristics in large measure; and its success was at once a gratifying proof of the improved condition of the popular taste, and a testimony to the worth of the book, considered as a fictitious narrative. "Mabel Vaughan" followed, after the lapse of a few years, and showed that the writer had not exhausted herself by her first effort, but was capable of still better things. In artistic finish this work was superior to its predecessor, though it lacked the freshness of interest which was one of the chief attractions of "The Lamplighter." It did not, however, meet with the same success as the earlier production; and its sale, though large, fell far short of the number reached in the former instance; but even this comparative failure was doubtless owing, in no small degree, to the financial embarrassments of 1857.

In her new work Miss Cummins transports her readers to the Old World, and places them among scenes very different from those to which they were introduced in her previous novels. "El Fureidis" is a purely Oriental tale; the scene is laid, for the greater part of the time, in one of the valleys of Mount Lebanon; and though three of the principal characters are of Western birth, two of them have long been residents of the East, and the heroine herself was born there. An Eastern atmosphere surrounds and colors the whole story. As a work of art the book is superior to either of its predecessors, while it has the same purity of tone, and reveals the same depth of religious feeling. The characters are delineated with a strong and steady hand; and this is especially true of the devoted missionary and the saintly heroine, both of whom are brought before the mind of the reader with great sharpness of outline. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and indicate a minute acquaintance with the best books of Eastern travel, enlarged, no doubt, by details drawn from the personal recollections of the friends to whom the volume is dedicated. The incidents are natural, and but seldom overwrought, though in the description of the destruction of El Fureidis by the rush of the pent-up waters of a mountain stream, the interest is somewhat strained. The style is in general clear, harmonious, and subdued; but in the opening chapter there are some passages of "fine writing," which present a very disagreeable contrast to the rest of the book. They are a serious blemish, which Miss Cummins's good taste should have taught her to avoid as an unpardonable fault.

6.—*Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington.* By his adopted Son, GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, with a Memoir of the Author, by his Daughter; and Illustrative and Explanatory Notes, by BENSON J. LOSSING. With Illustrations. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1860. 8vo. pp. 644.

THE larger part of this volume is composed of a series of articles contributed to different newspapers by Washington's adopted son, between 1826 and the close of his life, and now brought together in a collected form for the first time. They embody many interesting details respecting Washington's domestic life, and are founded partly on Mr. Custis's own recollections, and partly on information gathered by him from trustworthy sources. From the manner in which they were prepared, and from the irregularity in their publication, it is not surprising that they should be marked by great inequalities of style, and that there should be many repetitions in them. Still everything relating to Washington has an historical interest, and these papers must be counted among the original sources of information,—with some abatement, however, on account of the lapse of time between the occurrences narrated and the period when Mr. Custis wrote. Besides his reminiscences of Washington, he has given brief and gossiping sketches of Hamilton, General Morgan, Robert Morris, Henry Lee, and of several others who acted a conspicuous part in the war of the Revolution, as well as of Washington's mother and wife. Like the other papers, these are of very unequal merit.

Prefixed to the Recollections are an interesting Memoir of Mr. Custis, by his daughter, and some suggestive extracts from an unpublished correspondence of Washington and young Custis, while the latter was at college. The Appendix contains several interesting extracts from the correspondence of Washington and John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, General Henry Lee's eulogy on Washington, and some other papers; and the volume has also a copious Index, and is enriched by several portraits. The illustrative notes furnished by Mr. Lossing comprise much interesting matter, and would have added largely to the value of the book, if greater care had been taken in their preparation. But they do not exhibit that degree of accuracy which we have a right to demand in an historical work. In some instances contradictory statements appear in different notes; in other instances the same mistake occurs in two or more notes; and occasionally, where a statement is not incorrect, it is so carelessly worded as to be likely to mislead or to embarrass most readers.

7.—*Historical Sketches of the Town of Leicester, Massachusetts, during the First Century from its Settlement.* By EMORY WASHBURN. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1860. 8vo. pp. 467.

WITHIN the last thirty years much attention has been given to the study of local history, both at home and on the other side of the Atlantic. In England many county and borough histories have been published, which are rich in antiquarian lore and pictorial illustrations, while we have had in this country an uncounted number of State, county, and town histories, as well as histories of churches, colleges, schools, and courts,—from the thin pamphlet comprising a hastily prepared anniversary address or quarter-century sermon, to one, two, or even three elaborate volumes, the results of life-long labor. Many of these productions have possessed a merely local and temporary interest, while others have gathered up, and made available for the uses of general history, much perishable material of no little importance as illustrating the progress of the country. Among the more important of these works Governor Washburn's elegant volume, now before us, must be included. Leicester is not, indeed, a very old or a very populous town. It was not settled until 1717, and when the last State census was taken, in 1855, it had less than two thousand six hundred inhabitants; and its history has therefore a much less various interest than belongs to our older and more populous maritime towns. But it has always numbered among its residents some men of ability and influence, and it has sent forth not a few who have risen to high station in the national and State governments, or who have found in the great centres of trade and commerce a broader field for the exercise of their talents than was offered in their native town. Among these Governor Washburn himself will always hold an honored place.

He has studied the annals of his native town with filial affection, and he has drawn from his large stores of general historical knowledge many interesting details for the further elucidation of his subject. We presume that his volume contains everything which the residents of Leicester can desire to know about their ancestors, while at many points the narrative connects itself with the general history of the Commonwealth. Many of the sketches of the early inhabitants are replete with interest, even to those who care nothing about the local controversies which usually enter so largely into our town histories; and we have much interesting information in regard to the patriotic part performed by the men of Leicester in the war of the Revolution, and in regard to those enterprises which have contributed to the general prosperity of the State. The Appendix contains several interesting histor-

ical documents; and the volume is illustrated by a few portraits and other engravings. It has also a very good Index, but is without a Table of Contents.

8.—*Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1858–1860. Selected from the Records.* Boston: Printed for the Society. 1860. 8vo. pp. xii. and 465.

THIS volume, the second of the series, brings down the record of proceedings to the last Annual Meeting, comprising the meetings from April 8, 1858, to March 8, 1860, inclusive. Like the previous volume it contains much interesting matter, and is creditable both to the Society whose proceedings it records, and to the gentlemen under whose auspices it has been published. Among the more interesting and important papers in the volume are numerous original letters of the time of the Revolution, drawn from the Belknap papers, the Heath papers, and other sources; some extracts from Dr. Belknap's journal, and from a diary of the same period kept by Thomas Newell; a carefully prepared paper on the "Uniform of the Revolutionary Army," by Judge Warren; an admirable essay, by Governor Washburn, on the "Transfer of the Colony Charter of 1628 from England to Massachusetts"; and a very thorough discussion of the subject of "Naturalization in the American Colonies," by Mr. Joseph Willard. The volume also includes most of the commemorative addresses delivered before the Society on the deaths of Prescott, Hallam, Humboldt, and Irving, and some other papers of general interest, though not strictly historical in their character; and it is embellished with portraits of Sir Richard Saltonstall and of Mr. Prescott. It affords a gratifying proof of the increased prosperity of the Society, and of the determination of its members to contribute liberally toward the illustration of American history. We shall look with interest for the new volume of Collections announced as in preparation.

9.—*Elements of Chemical Physics.* By JOSIAH P. COOKE, JR. Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 739.

THERE is hardly any department of natural science of which we really know so little as that of Molecular or Chemical Physics. In studying it we are reminded of our ignorance at every step. We only know that the

thing is so, or that, under given circumstances, certain phenomena are manifested ; why it is so, or why one result follows rather than another, we cannot tell. We classify the phenomena, referring some of them to the supposed action of heat, others to that of light, others to chemical affinity, electricity, and so on. But the name is only a cover of our ignorance ; it is not a solution of the problem. For the question recurs, what is heat, or what is electricity ; and to this question there is no answer. And yet this ignorance is a source of additional interest in the study, as it opens so wide a field for investigation. Most of the remarkable discoveries of physicists and chemists during the last half-century have been effected in this very department of which we still know so little. Faraday, Grove, and Henry, Matteucci, Melloni, and Mitscherlich, have carried the fineness of their investigations so far, that it often seems as if we were to be allowed a peep into the very *arcana* of nature. But the opening is really deceptive ; we grope our way a step or two in the mist, and the cloud then closes around us thicker than ever.

In this direction, however, the efforts of physicists are chiefly turned ; and Professor Cooke has therefore judged wisely in making his volume a companion for the laboratory and the cabinet, and a manual for the practical chemist and experimentalist, as well as a text-book for less advanced students. It begins with the elements of science, but is carried forward to the latest results of physical research. It is full of those tables, formulas, descriptions of apparatus, and modes of experimentation, which are the tools and means of discovery, the investigator needing them at every step of his progress. Yet the whole is so methodically arranged, and so clearly deduced from the first principles of science, that the beginner finds the way smoothed, and is soon enabled to reach the limits of the field of discovery, and to judge for himself the efforts of those who are striving to advance the boundaries of human knowledge. An admirable feature of the work is the abundance of problems to be solved by the aid of the formulas and tables, whereby the young student is exercised at every stage in those nice calculations which lend precision and definiteness to his knowledge, and afford the only tests of discovery. The book is evidently prepared by an experienced teacher, as well as a successful experimentalist ; and the author has had equal reference to the wants of his pupils and the requirements of those who are engaged, in common with himself, in the interpretation of the mysteries of nature. Young as the author is, he has already gained an enviable reputation among the men of science in both the New and the Old World by his discovery of a principle of classification for the chemical elements, whereby an important step is

taken toward raising chemistry from the position of an empirical to that of an exact science. While this discovery has been honorably mentioned in the opening addresses before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the most distinguished of the French chemists, M. Dumas, has paid it a tribute in another way, by coolly adopting it as the basis of his own investigations, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source whence it was obtained.

Though this volume is complete in itself, it is but the first instalment of an elaborate work in three volumes, designed to cover the whole ground of chemical science, or rather of the philosophy of chemistry. Two introductory chapters on the general properties of matter are followed by an elaborate discussion of the molecular forces which produce the phenomena that characterize the three states of matter, as solid, liquid, and gaseous, these forces being considered in their action, first, on homogeneous, and, secondly, on heterogeneous particles. Among the characteristic properties of solids comes their crystalline form, a full consideration of which embraces the entire mathematical theory on which the classification of crystals depends. This portion of the work, of course, is a necessary introduction, and a very interesting one, to the science of mineralogy. Perhaps it is as much of that science as can be profitably taught in an undergraduate course of study, where the object is not so much to acquire information, or to impress particular facts upon the memory, as to master the principles according to which the facts are to be subsequently collected, studied, and classified. The physical sciences must be learned in college in their methods rather than their results ; the field is too vast to allow any one of them to be studied in its details. Next in the order of subjects here considered, we find a very full discussion of the action of heat on matter, and of the various theories concerning heat. A shorter chapter on those nice methods of weighing and measuring by which the amounts of small masses of matter are accurately determined, forms the concluding portion of the book, and illustrates its practical character.

As one chief purpose of the writer was to furnish a manual for use in the laboratory, or a guide for experimental investigation, we think he has judged rightly in retaining throughout the French system of weights and measures. The great convenience of the decimal notation, and the general adoption of this system on the Continent of Europe in experimental research and mathematical calculations, justify, if they do not require, the use of it here in strictly scientific publications. Not having any system of our own, we cannot see why Americans are bound to follow the example of the English rather than of the French in this matter, especially when it is considered that the English is really

no system at all, but an awkward compound of heterogeneous ingredients lacking every feature of symmetry, method, and convenience which could recommend it for general adoption. At any rate, it is better to use the decimal system in carrying out the processes of weighing and measuring and completing the calculations, even if it should be thought necessary to translate the final results into English denominations. Simple and convenient tables for effecting such transference from one system to the other are included in this volume. We cordially commend the whole work to the attention of all who are interested in the higher departments of education and in the progress of American science.

10.—*A Memorial of the Federal Street Meeting-house.—A Discourse preached on Sunday Morning, March 13, 1859, by REV. EZRA S. GANNETT; and Addresses delivered in the Afternoon of that Day, by REV. S. B. CRUFT, REV. F. W. HOLLAND, REV. A. SMITH, REV. R. P. ROGERS, REV. R. C. WATERSTON. With an Appendix.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 89.

THE historical associations which cluster around the meeting-house in Federal Street, or Long Lane, are of a character to remove this Memorial from the category of ordinary commemorative discourses, and to entitle it to special notice. For a hundred and thirty years the ground on which the Federal Street Meeting-house stood had been devoted to the purposes of religious worship; and of the six ministers who have been successively settled over the parish, one, Dr. Belknap, was not less distinguished by his zeal in the cause of general literature and as the founder of the Massachusetts Historical Society, than by his fidelity as a pastor; another, Dr. Popkin, having relinquished the ministerial office through a morbid self-distrust, was for many years the esteemed Professor of Greek in the neighboring University; a third, Dr. Channing, achieved a fame coextensive with the limits within which the English is a spoken language, and reaching even where his Works can be read only through the medium of translations; and of a fourth, who still performs with rare ability and unsurpassed fidelity all the duties of pastor and teacher to which he was called thirty-six years ago, we may not now write the words which would find a quick response from all who have known him. In an earlier church-edifice than that which has just now given place to massive warehouses, the Massachusetts Convention of 1788 held its sessions, and, after protracted debates, ratified the Constitution of the United States, and turned the doubtful

balance in favor of Union and an organized government,—a circumstance which led to the adoption, by common consent, of Federal Street as the name of the thoroughfare, in place of the more homely designation by which it had been previously known. In the neighboring vestry was organized one of the most beneficent charities in this community,—the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches;* and at a more recent period in the same building was established another noble charity,—the Home for the Incurable. Many other religious and philanthropic enterprises have also been more or less closely connected with the principal edifice, as the place where their yearly anniversaries were celebrated.

The discourse which was delivered under the inspiration of these associations and others of a more private character, when the meeting-house was opened for the last time for religious services, fully meets the requirements of the occasion. In words of mingled pathos and of fervid eloquence, the preacher retraces the history of the Society and of its successive houses of worship, delineating in few and fit words the lives and characters of those who had preceded him in the sacred ministry, and not forgetting to impress on his hearers the lessons of Christian truth which the occasion was so well suited to impart. The other addresses are necessarily of a more personal character; but they are all marked by good taste and a just appreciation of what was proper to be uttered in those last hours and to that crowded assembly. The Appendix contains a number of illustrative notes, and engravings of the meeting-house in which the Convention was held, and of that which was removed last year. Altogether the Memorial is an acceptable contribution to the increasing stores of historical and biographical lore.

11.—*The Poetical Works of ROBERT SOUTHEY. With a Memoir of the Author.* In Ten Volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 16mo.

THE extent to which this issue of the British Poets has been carried indicates at once the generous confidence of the publishers in the good sense and good taste of our people, and the degree in which that confidence has verified itself. One hundred and fifteen volumes have already appeared, and in so high and even a style of excellence, that it

* Of the nine “sons of the parish” who took part in the afternoon services, four had been, or were at that time, engaged in the work of the Ministry at Large under the direction of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches.

would be impossible to say that any one poet has fared better or worse than his brethren, as to the details of editorial labor, or the minute fidelity of the press. Of each author we have a well-written biography, together with such prefaces, appendices, notes, and critical apparatus of every kind, as are needed by each. We hesitate not to say, that the earlier poets, those abounding in obsolete words, those whose subjects need elucidation, and those who are obscure through whim or affectation, can be read more satisfactorily in this edition than in any other. Indeed, as regards certain living poets we could name, it would be an inestimable advantage for them to be taken under the care of these publishers and their editors ; for in that case there might be some hope of understanding them.

We are glad to see so complete an edition of Southe, for there are hardly any of his poems that we could afford to miss. He had traits which are wanting in a large part of what aspires to be the best poetry of our time. He had not reached the stage at which faults are cherished as individualities, and broken metres, elliptical utterances, foreign idioms, and vulgarisms are deemed tokens of genius. Poetry was to him equally an inspiration and an art ; elaborate finish characterizes even his juvenile and fugitive pieces ; and in his longer poems the traces of careful thought and accurate erudition are as prominent as those of an affluent fancy and a bold imagination. It is refreshing to retreat from the false taste, the coarseness and irreverence, which too often offend our sober judgment in the poetry of our own day, to one whose active conscience and vivid sense of responsibility for the use of his powers formed a standard of purity, truth, and dignity, below which he never suffered himself to sink. The present edition bears all the marks of faithful editorship, and the Memoir, by Henry T. Tuckerman, is at once a comprehensive sketch of the poet's life, and an able and discriminating criticism of his genius.

12.—*Fresh Hearts that failed Three Thousand Years ago ; with other Things.* By the Author of “The New Priest in Conception Bay.” Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 16mo. pp. 121.

IN “The New Priest” Mr. Lowell showed himself a true poet, and in verse he more than verifies the promise of his prose. In the few instances in which he betrays the inspiration caught from the scenes of his island home and the perils of the sea, he manifests a special competency and adaptation for that description of imagery, and it is evident that he here opens a vein which he might work with the surest and

highest profit. But we are, most of all, impressed and charmed by the degree to which the entire volume is bathed in profound religious feeling, and in the perpetual consciousness of the Christian pastor. Not that his poetry is rhymed sermonizing, though one of the best of his pieces is a versified Christmas sermon; but the genuineness of his calling as a poet, the sincerity of his faith as a Christian, and the warmth of his sympathies as a minister, spontaneously manifest themselves in perfect harmony; while a transparent *naïveté* brings the reader close to the large, genial heart of the author, and reveals his personality as it might be disclosed by transcripts from his diary. The translation of Bürger's *Leonore* may almost be regarded as a touchstone of poetic skill. Mr. Lowell has attempted this; and among the many versions we have seen, we can recall no one which so perfectly as his reproduces the lyric movement, the weird charm, the compact intensity, and lurid horror of the original. Mr. Lowell can only do honor to our national literature, whichever of the routes he has opened he may choose to pursue; but in either or in both we hope to hear more of Newfoundland, to most of his readers a *terra incognita*, and especially rich in the materials whether of fiction or of song.

13.—*Nugamenta; a Book of Verses.* By GEORGE EDWARD RICE.
Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. 16mo. pp. 146.

WE are always attracted by a modest tavern-sign and an unpretending title to a book. The former is an almost infallible index of good fare and faultless linen; the latter always heralds a great deal more than it means. Mr. Rice has made a very appropriate choice of a title; for in substance many of the materials of his book are the merest trifles, yet gracefully told, and, when not new, so happily reclothed as to render them more amusing than in their first garb. But with these *nugamenta* there are several pieces of altogether higher order, which evince in the author true poetic sensibility, and an easy command of imagery, language, and rhythm. Had these stood alone, they might have won for him higher reputation as a poet than will accrue to him from the volume as it is; yet the medley he has given us, by rendering it certain to every reader that the author has not outlived the recent memories of boyhood, leaves room for the largest expectations as to his future success in the same career. If the windfalls have so rich a flavor, what may we not hope from the ripened fruit?

14.— *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: collected and published by THOMAS CARLYLE.* In Four Volumes. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1860. 16mo. pp. 491, 490, 480, 524.

CARLYLE first took a strong hold on the cultivated mind of America by his "Sartor Resartus," — a work more full of seed-thoughts than any single volume of the present century. The appearance of this was shortly followed by a collection of the author's Miscellanies, which was in almost every one's hands. We doubt whether any of his subsequent works have been so much read in this country. His mannerisms have grown more offensive, while he has repeated in new forms, rather than enlarged and multiplied, the fresh and bracing thoughts by which, a quarter of a century ago, he made us all so greatly his debtors. The volumes before us contain most or all of the papers that were in the former collection, with others that have appeared more recently. They are beautifully printed; each volume has a "Summary of Contents," or a recapitulation of the leading thoughts of every paper; and the fourth has an alphabetical Index to the whole. We anticipate that this issue will do much toward bringing back our public to the reading of Carlyle, and we should rejoice in this result; though we hope that we may not see again the day when *Carlylese* shall be a written and spoken dialect among us.

15.— No. 1. *The Undergraduate.* No. 2. *The University Quarterly.* Conducted by an Association of Collegiate and Professional Students, in the United States and Europe. January and April. 1860. New Haven. pp. 1—220, 221—429.

THE University Quarterly, as this periodical is henceforth to be termed, originating at Yale College, has already secured systematic co-operation from between twenty and thirty American and foreign colleges and professional schools, including the Universities of Berlin, Halle, and Heidelberg. Its objects are the promotion of fraternal feeling and intercourse between various literary institutions, the diffusion of such intelligence with regard to each as may be of interest to all, the creation of a right and high standard of sentiment and opinion among students, the cultivation of a pure literary taste, and such comparison of methods and results as may lead to a generous emulation and conduce to mutual improvement, equally in boards of government and instruction, and among their pupils. The numbers before us give ample promise of a journal which will find favor not within college

walls alone, but among liberally educated and professional men generally. The space is very judiciously distributed. Abundant room is allowed for the news-articles from the several institutions represented ; while the greater part of each number is occupied by essays on educational and literary subjects. The range of subjects discussed in these essays is as wide, and the modes of treatment are as various, as is wont to be the case in well-conducted literary magazines. There is just enough of the mirthful element to give zest to the graver materials, while a healthy moral feeling, a uniform recognition of the highest truths wherever reference to them is in place, and a pervading tone of reverence for authority both human and Divine, show that the editors have marked out for themselves and their journal a route retrogressive as regards the false and mischievous tendencies of the age, while vigorously progressive in the direction of true knowledge, learning, and wisdom. We earnestly bespeak for the work the liberal patronage which it needs at the outset, and which we are sure it will have without asking, when its merits shall become generally known.

16.—*Poems.* By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York :
Mason Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 360.

FEW of these Poems are striking, either for novelty of conception or for the range of thought or fancy they exhibit ; yet the volume as a whole forms a most pleasant introduction to the author. It could have been written only by a man of high principles, noble aims, warm affections, genial sympathies, and a religious nature in full activity. Many of the Poems are on circumstances and incidents of domestic life, and bear such marks as could not be counterfeited of their truth to the writer's experience and feeling. Many of them are devoted to the domestic relations which have grown up under our Southern institutions. Slavery is evidently a pet institution with our poet ; and while it is utterly opposed to our sense of both right and expediency, we can only say that, were it everywhere the patriarchal system which it evidently is in his esteem, and is undoubtedly when under the control of masters and families that sympathize with his spirit, we would not lift a finger to emancipate the whole colored race. But there is a shady as well as a sunny side. While this volume throughout is redolent of pure, kind, and lofty sentiment, there are some pieces of great poetical merit. The following "Tribute to Emanuel Swedenborg" seems to us to indicate a mastery over the elements of true poetry, which the earlier poems in the volume gave us no reason to anticipate.

“Lost from her altars, Nature’s noblest Priest !
On earth ignored, traduced, misunderstood,
Thou hast ascended to the empyreal feast,
With thy co-laborers, the Wise and Good.
Men, all too weak or blind the Truth to see,
Would shroud thy grave in thickest pall of night,
Where Angels with prophetic smiles of light
Have planted flowers of immortality.
Like mountain-peak emerging from a flood,
In clouds and darkness lone thou standest now,
As to the ark one sacred summit stood,
When all the world was sunk in waves below :
But in the future when the watery waste,
By the great ocean of God’s Light displaced,
Shall of its ravage leave no mark to tell,
Men in their vales shall view thee from afar,
Towering serenely by the Morning Star,
In height of glory inaccessible.” — pp. 217, 218.

17.— *The Council of Revision of the State of New York; its History; a History of the Courts with which its Members were connected; Biographical Sketches of its Members; and its Vetoes.* By ALFRED B. STREET. Albany: William Gould. 1859. 8vo. pp. 573.

By the New York Constitution of 1777, the veto power, ordinarily lodged in the Executive, was vested in the Governor of the State, together with the Chancellor and Judges of the Supreme Court, or any two of them. To this Council all bills that passed the Senate and Assembly were submitted for revision before they became laws; and, if returned with objections, they could be enacted only by a vote of two thirds in each House. This Council was abolished, and its powers were vested in the Governor, by the Constitution of 1821. In the volume before us, Mr. Street has added another to the many proofs that the walks of elegant literature and the society of the Muses only enhance the adaptation of the true scholar or poet for labors of detail that seem the least congenial to his taste. A more thorough, comprehensive, well-arranged, and carefully-indexed volume Mr. Street could not have produced had his whole life been passed among law-parchments. The history of the New York Courts is written with great lucidness and precision. The biographical sketches are, some of them, full in their details, and of very great interest; while in other cases the reader is referred to special biographies within his reach. Under the Life of Governor George Clinton we have a note, extending through

many pages, on the controversy between New York and Vermont,—a portion of history which we have nowhere else seen so well condensed and so impartially exhibited. The Vetoos, with the reasons for them, were compiled from five folio manuscripts in the office of the Secretary of State. The entire volume—consisting in great part of materials never before published—forms a most valuable contribution to the history of New York, and will be an enduring memorial of its author's industry, skill, and public spirit.

18.—1. *Grasses and Forage Plants. A Practical Treatise, comprising their Natural History; Comparative Nutritive Value; Method of Cultivating, Cutting, and Curing; and the Management of Grass Lands in the United States and British Provinces.* By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture; Member of the Boston Society of Natural History, etc., etc. With One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 398.

2. *Milch Cows and Dairy Farming; comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full Explanation of Quenon's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; embodying the most recent Improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces With a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management.* By CHARLES L. FLINT. Liberally illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 426.

HAD these volumes been the only result of the erection of the agricultural department into a branch of our State administration, they would immeasurably overpay its cost to the public treasury. When we compare the revenue derived from the same number of acres in America and in the most densely peopled countries of Europe, waste presents itself as the salient feature of our farming. The divorce between science and agriculture has, till of late, been almost entire. Methods in the outset chosen at haphazard have become traditional; and the enterprising farmer, instead of bestowing his well-directed energies so as to make his domain more and more productive, has had it for his sole ambition to enlarge the boundaries of a territory already exceeding his capacity of cultivation. Of the details embraced in

the works before us we are not qualified to judge; but it is easy to see that Mr. Flint has brought to the subjects before him the instruments of research afforded by his thorough academic culture and discipline, the lights of extensive reading and observation, the latest science of the day, and the most careful and thorough calculation of costs and profits. In style, method, and comprehensiveness, his books are fitted to become classics in their respective departments. They ought to be in the hands of every farmer and grazier in the land.

19.—*Letters from Switzerland.* By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, Author of "Travels in Europe and the East," &c., &c. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 264.

THIS volume is of great interest and value as a faithful record of all the experiences of travel. Other tourists have given us more glowing sketches from single points of view and of individual objects of interest; but we have seldom read an itinerary which presents so much of Swiss life in all its forms and aspects, of the incidents of mountain travel, and of the secondary features of scenery so often overlooked in the fresh enthusiasm of a first visit to that wonderful land. The narrative is easy and graceful. The greater part of the work consists of letters addressed to the New York *Observer*. These are followed by "Pictures of Switzerland," originally published in *Harper's Monthly*, and containing some needless repetitions of what had been at least as well told in the preceding chapters.

20.—1. *The Sea Lions: or, The Lost Sealers.*
2. *The Monikins.*
3. *Satanstoe: or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. A Tale of the Colony.*
4. *Home as Found. Sequel to "Homeward Bound."* By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. New York: W. A. TOWNSEND & CO. 1860.

As we have already twice noticed this edition of Cooper's Novels, all that we need say now is to remind our readers of its unsurpassed beauty in everything that depends on the taste, judgment, and generosity of the publishers. It is superfluous to say anything of the Novels themselves, except that, like wine, they "improve by keeping," and grow in interest and in their historical value, as the times and events to which they relate fade from the memory of the living. Darley's

Illustrations, always admirable in their kind, frequently present so perfect a counterpart to the story, that it is difficult to imagine the novelist and the artist to be two separate persons.

21.—*A Voyage down the Amoor: with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan.* By PERRY McDONOUGH COLLINS, United States Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 390.

MR. COLLINS shows no great skill in book-making, and an excess, perhaps, of good-natured egotism; his various fare and fortune as to food and conveyance are dwelt upon with needless prolixity and repetition; we miss the full and broad views of the commercial capacities of the country which we should have expected from his official relation; and we were disappointed on finding no map of the Amoor region. Yet the work is valuable as being manifestly accurate so far as it goes, as being the first record of travels—we believe—in that region, since the eyes of our merchants were directed thitherward, and as revealing undoubted capacities and resources, which will open a broad field for trade, adventure, and the surplus activity of the Western World. Already is there among us a large and rapidly growing interest in the Amoor country, though ten years ago few would have known where to find it on the map of Asia; and the book before us will in part gratify, and in part stimulate, the curiosity of such as feel this interest.

22.—*A Book for Young Men. The Boy Inventor: a Memoir of Matthew Edwards, Mathematical-Instrument Maker.* Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 109.

MATTHEW EDWARDS was an English boy, born in penury, who in early childhood attained to a very considerable degree of mechanical knowledge and skill, at thirteen years of age was apprenticed to a mathematical-instrument maker, in Derby, his native town, and for the last six years of his life worked at that trade, as apprentice and on his own account, in Boston, where he died in December last, in his twenty-second year. He was a youth of surpassing intellectual activity and industry, and, in addition to the branches of knowledge connected with his profession, he had made a very considerable proficiency in the Latin language, and in the best English literature. For guidance in

study and reading, as well as for numerous services essential to his well-being and success, he was indebted to Mr. Thomas Bulfinch, than whom he could not have had a more judicious or a kinder friend, and who, in the volume before us, has told the story of his *protégé* in his wonted simple and modest way, tastefully, beautifully, and with literal truth, except that he has suppressed his own name, and not told the half of what he did for the lad. Young Edwards gave great promise of eminence in his calling, and had already attracted the strong interest of scientific men in Boston and Cambridge. He invented an improved method of effecting the horizontal adjustment of mathematical instruments; and also an improved method of darkening metallic surfaces, so as to graduate instruments by white lines on a dark ground, for which a patent was secured, though received too late for him to enjoy its benefits. He conceived the idea of applying the "leuographic" method to the printing of books, believing that this would obviate one chief cause of ophthalmic inflammation and disease, namely, the glare of light to which the eyes are continuously exposed from the white ground on which books are now printed. This biography is eminently "a book for young men," inasmuch as it demonstrates the efficiency of self-help, the elasticity of time, and the power of fixed purpose and energetic will.

23.—*A History of Williams College.* By REV. CALVIN DURFEE.
Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 432.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE proffers very strong claims upon the public interest and gratitude. Cradled as it is among the Berkshire mountains, in one of the most charming nooks in New England, its site brings around the students all the intenerating and ennobling influences which Nature can exert on character. A meadow in the vicinity of the College was the birthplace of the American missionary enterprise, which grew from the self-consecration to this work of three or four students who had sought the spot for social prayer. An unusually large proportion of the graduates of this institution have become men of mark, efficiency, and extended influence. This is owing in part to the fact that it is located in a region where it is not fashionable to go through college, but where those only seek a classical education who feel an inward call to some post of intellectual or spiritual usefulness. Much also is due to the close personal intercourse which the Faculty have been enabled to maintain with their pupils, and especially, for the last twenty-four years, to the degree to which the present President has kept

his own massive, rich, and versatile mind in constant intimacy with the successive classes. This source of influence, it is obvious, can be made fully availing only where the students are comparatively few, and the outside claims of society by no means urgent; but it is an advantage which goes very far toward compensating the students of some of our smaller colleges for the absence of the extensive apparatus of instruction enjoyed at Harvard or Yale. We believe that at none of our colleges is better work done, or with happier results, than at Williams College. Mr. Durfee is a loyal graduate of this institution, and we have long admired his single-hearted devotion to its interests and its fame. To him there is no place so dear, no seat of learning so august, no men so worthy to be honored, as his *alma mater* and her boards of instruction and government. He has done his work lovingly and well, and has produced a volume of great and various merit, containing a full history of the College, life-sketches of its founder, benefactors, and more distinguished office-holders, and memoranda of several special festivals of commemoration which have been held by its Alumni. The work is enriched by engravings of the College buildings, and by two or three portraits.

24.—*Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb.* By W. W. GOODWIN, Ph. D. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1860. 12mo. pp. 311.

THE Greek verb, in a master's hand, was no doubt the most subtle, delicate, and flexible instrument ever employed for the conveyance of thought,—an instrument which needed so skilful handling that it could not survive the decline of the national intellect, but yielded up many of its forms, to take on instead of them auxiliary verbs analogous to ours. On a full understanding of the capacities of the verb, with its modifying words and phrases, depend, more than on anything else, the accurate comprehension and elegant translation of classic Greek. But the verb must be used in order to be understood; and long and varied practice in writing Greek alone can fit the pupil to read it well. Mr. Goodwin's book is designed to render to students the needed aid in both writing and reading. It gives a minute analysis of the Greek verb in all its forms and positions, with copious lists of examples under each. The author's well-known attainments as a scholar and his experience as a teacher are a much better guaranty than our word could be that the work is well done. We, however, can at least bear our testimony to the clearness and explicitness with which the rules and principles are stated. In turning over the pages we can find not a single

sentence which needs a second reading, nor a principle so worded that it might not assume at once a definite form in the apprehension and memory of the learner. An English and a Greek alphabetical Index fit the work for use as a reference-book.

25.—*A History of the Grammar School, or, "The Free Schoole of 1645 in Roxburie." With Biographical Sketches of the Ministers of the First Church, and other Trustees.* By C. K. DILLAWAY, Secretary of the Board of Trustees. Roxbury: John Backup. 1860. 12mo. pp. 202.

THIS school received its first permanent endowment in 1672, by the will of Thomas Bell, who bequeathed for its support nearly two hundred acres of land in Roxbury. The property now belonging to it amounts to between seventy and eighty thousand dollars, exclusive of nearly a hundred acres of leased land, which will not revert to the Trustees till A. D. 1916. The historical portion of this volume is, of course, chiefly of local value; while the biographical sketches it contains — among others of John Eliot, Increase Sumner, John Lowell, father and son, and Joseph and Paul Dudley — have a more extended and general interest, and are very happily drawn. The entire work bears luculent traces of the care and skill of its accomplished author.

26.—*The African Slave-Trade.* By REV. RUFUS W. CLARK. Boston: 1860. 16mo. pp. 102.

THIS little volume is issued by the American Tract Society. It deals not with slavery as it is entailed upon a portion of our confederacy, but confines itself solely to the history of the slave-trade, and to the question of its legal reopening, in the light of the nineteenth century. Dr. Clark has incorporated with his own burning words those of a long array of philanthropists and statesmen, including not a few slaveholders and non-interventionists. The treatise is a cumulative argument of great power, and, as it makes no assault on the established institutions of the South, it can hardly fail to find response in the convictions and sympathies of patriotic and Christian men in the slaveholding States. We believe that slavery as it is should be left to the municipal law of the States in which it exists; but we rejoice in every strong voice that is raised against a traffic which, however venial in earlier times, is now an outrage against civilization, humanity, and religion.

27.—*The Life of Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore.* By GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. New York. 12mo. pp. 183.

WE are glad to see this condensed biography of Jeremy Taylor, whose character deserves to be as carefully studied as his writings. The materials for a memoir are by no means copious ; but they are sufficient to enable us to trace out the leading events of his life, and the vestiges of a piety which sustained, with a lustre unimpaired, the trials of court favor and proscription, affluence and penury, high official station, and the deprivation of all honors and emoluments. Mr. Duyckinck has interwoven with his manuscript illustrative extracts from Taylor's letters, sermons, and treatises, and has produced a work of high interest and substantial value.

28.—*The Life of Daniel Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India.* By JOSIAH BATEMAN, M. A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his Son-in-Law and First Chaplain. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1860. 8vo. pp. 744.

THIS huge volume might by its size repel the reader ; but we know not how it could be abridged. If Bishop Wilson was not a great man, he was identified for more than half a century with great interests, and his life is historical. He was eminent at least for the entire consecration of his whole being to the service of God and man, for vast working power, for wide-spread influence, and for intrepidity, persistency, and zeal in every cause which he deemed right and worthy. While he remained in England, he was second in merited popularity and success as a preacher to no divine of the Established Church ; and in India, during a long episcopate and to the verge of fourscore years, he was the most laborious of prelates and missionaries. His heart was larger than his mind. We find some traces of narrowness and bigotry ; but these are almost obliterated in our memory by his fervent piety, his constant readiness for self-sacrifice, and his world-wide benevolence. The volume contains numerous extracts from his letters, diary, and other writings. We are sure that none will commence the perusal of his Life without finishing it, and that none can read it without gratitude to God for a life and spirit like his.

Messrs. Gould and Lincoln deserve the hearty thanks of the American public for their republication of so many works of solid and endur-

ing merit. The catalogue of their books comprises not a few of those which the scholar, the theologian, and the Christian would place in the very first rank ; and we deem it one of the most hopeful signs of our times that of these books some which might have seemed the least popular have found an extensive sale.

29.—*Aspirations from the Inner, the Spiritual Life, aiming to reconcile Religion, Literature, Science, Art, with Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Immortality.* By HENRY MCCORMAC, M. D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Roberts. 1860. 16mo. pp. 370.

THIS is a book of aphorisms, sweet, spiritual, devout, arranged under different heads, but with the one sole aim specified in the title. No one can read it through continuously, but it is such a book as we should like to have always at our side, assured that wherever we open it we shall find some thought which will soothe, encourage, elevate, smooth the way of duty, make its crown look brighter, bring its reward nearer.

30.—*Remembered Words from the Sermons of REV. I. NICHOLS, late Pastor of the First Parish in Portland, Maine.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. Small 8vo. pp. 141.

THIS, too, is a book of aphorisms, in which we hardly know which to admire the most, the diamond-like brilliancy of the separate thoughts, or the fervor of rapt devotion which they breathe. There has seldom lived a man whose uttered words fell with such power upon the ear and into the depths of the heart as those of Dr. Nichols. In our last number we paid our grateful tribute to his soundness as a thinker and his loyalty as a Christian divine. We commend this little volume as preserving some of his choicest utterances. We have space only to give a single extract, in which he refers to the recent death of the son of one of his parishioners :—

“A sudden storm has fallen upon the garden of your life, and laid low a flower so dear to you. ‘T is like a crash out of a clear sky. It brings to my mind a passage in the Gospels: ‘The people said that it thundered, others said that an angel spake to him.’ When Jesus prayed, ‘Save me from this hour,’—‘Father, glorify thy name,’—it *was* a voice that said to him, ‘I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.’ God has glorified his goodness in the dear son he gave you, and in so many other blessings with which he has favored you; and shall we not believe he is disposed to glorify it again, and means to glorify it again in the bereavement to which he has called you ?

"I know full well what public sympathy is uttering over so great an affliction as you have experienced.

"'T is like a multitude gathered around an edifice upon which a burst of thunder has left its desolating stroke. They speak of it as such, and feel accordingly. But do they hear falsely who say, 'An angel hath spoken to them'? I believe not. I believe it is a voice divine, which whispers to you that lightning has two offices, — it comes to you with desolation; it strikes to the ground your dear earthly joys; but it shall return out of those depths of your soul into which it has cut its way, as the natural lightning returns out of the ground, in the green carpet of the fields, in the blooming flowers of the garden, and the lofty trees which aspire to the skies." — pp. 5-7.

- 31.—1. *Early Methodism within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference, from 1788 to 1828; or, The First Forty Years of Wesleyan Evangelism in Northern Pennsylvania, Central and Western New York, and Canada. Containing Sketches of Interesting Localities, Exciting Scenes, and Prominent Actors.* By GEORGE PECK, D. D. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp: 512.
2. *The Life of Jacob Gruber.* By W. P. STRICKLAND. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp. 384.

In these volumes we have new and valuable records of early Methodism in the United States. Dr. Peck, in his "History of the Wyoming Valley," had already shown himself an accomplished and able writer; and his narrative of the labors, sacrifices, and sufferings of the pioneer preachers in the then wild and perilous region, now traversed in every direction by railways, and studded with cities and villages, — wrought out with no little rhetorical skill, — has the charm of romance, together with the edifying qualities of religious annals.

Jacob Gruber was one of the sturdy Methodist itinerants of the last generation, of iron frame, sterling good sense, ready wit, fervent piety, yet not without stubborn prejudices, and with nearly as strong an opposition to Calvinism as to sin. Gruber's was a very strongly marked character, possessing elements which, with opportunity and culture, might have developed into recognized greatness, and at the same time checkered by as strange a bundle of oddities as ever fell to one man's lot. It is worthy of remark, that in 1819, in consequence of a sermon in which he had spoken freely of the sin of cruelty to slaves, he was arraigned and tried in Maryland for inciting the slaves who heard him "to disobedience, insubordination, and oppression," and was successfully defended by Mr. (now Chief Justice) Taney, whose address to the jury on that occasion stands in strange contrast with his more recent deliverances from the Bench.

32.—*Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching, and in Historical Studies.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 486.

WE regret that this work comes to us too late for a treatment adequate to its merit. It is not only excellent in itself, but it meets a want long felt. Till now, there has not been a fit text-book on International Law for our college classes. For this use President Woolsey's work is especially adapted. Its division is exhaustive, and its arrangement natural; in style it is marked equally by precision and conciseness; and its aim is rather the statement of conceded and established principles, than the discussion of questions still *sub lite*. It is historical, in its constant reference to cases, disputes, decisions, and facts relevant to the subject in hand; while it is a work of our own time and country, in its full cognizance of recent and present matters affecting the international rights and relations of these United States.

33.—*Text-Book in Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges; containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History.* By J. T. CHAMPLIN, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 240.

WE can best characterize this book by quoting the first paragraph of the Preface, which we admire for its directness, frankness, and literal truth:—

“ This treatise is called a TEXT-BOOK, because it has been purposely thrown into the form adapted to the class-room, rather than that adapted to general readers; and to intimate, at the same time, that it is offered to the public, not so much as a new contribution to the matter of the science, as to its form. However, it will probably be found about as original as the other treatises on the subject, which have appeared since the principles of the science have been so fully developed.”—p. iii.

In accordance with this plan, Dr. Champlin has produced a manual remarkable equally for its clearness and its conciseness. It is confined wholly to its professed subject, to the exclusion of all that belongs more properly to ethical science. It describes unquestioned mental phenomena in the simplest and fewest words possible, omitting, for the most part, points of controversy, as unfitted for the novice in mental science, and demanding fuller discussion than could be given in an elementary treatise. The division into chapters and sections is skilfully

made, and every section is broken up into numbered paragraphs, while each paragraph has prefixed to it in italics a summary of its contents.

The Appendix, containing a History of Speculative Philosophy, is wonderfully comprehensive and thorough for a mere abstract, which it purports to be. It is idle to compare it with such voluminous Histories of Philosophy as we have in our libraries; but it contains as much of detail as a college student could reasonably be expected to deposit in his memory, and its whole style and manner indicate the author's conversance with the entire ground, and mark him as fully adequate to cover it with a more elaborate work of the same tenor.

On the whole, we are disposed to recommend this as the best elementary text-book on mental science within our knowledge. But let it be remembered that it is intended as a *first* book, and only as such should it be judged. It is, however, such a first book as would make us hope to see a second from the same pen.

34.—*Sermons.* By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860. 12mo. pp. 414, 425.

WE are surprised, no less than gratified, by these volumes. We should have expected what we find, sound, thoughtful, and ably-written discourses; but knowing that Dr. Alexander had led, without interruption, an academic life, and had been brought very little into relation with other than the student-varieties of human nature, we should not have looked for a very close adaptation to the common spiritual needs of mixed assemblies and communities. Yet these Sermons are eminently practical,—as simple as they are pure in style, as plain as they are scholarly in the exposition of text and doctrine, as level with an ordinary capacity as they are adapted to insure the respectful listening of the most cultivated audience.

35.—*Forty Years' Familiar Letters of JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D. Constituting, with the Notes, a Memoir of his Life.* Edited by the Surviving Correspondent, JOHN HALL, D. D. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860. 8vo. pp. 412, 319.

Of the two eminent and lamented brothers, whose recent death has led to the publication of the Sermons of one and the Letters of the other, James was regarded as the more versatile and popular writer; Joseph, as the more finished scholar. The friends of the former, and

the public generally, have reason to be thankful for the materials, ample enough to constitute a memoir, which are furnished in this correspondence. His letters to Dr. Hall were so frequent, and so full of personal incident, as to leave very little to be supplied in the notes, and so intimate and confidential as to make us feel that they are the truest autobiography possible. They present him to us as pre-eminently a Christian man of the world, taking cognizance of all aspects of life, thought, and literature within his reach, throwing out his beneficent activity in every direction, and, while rigidly observant of the highest moralities of his profession, heedless of its mere traditional conventionalities. There are some things in these letters which the editor's good taste should have led him to omit, such as personalities of a kind entirely lawful between friend and friend, but wounding at once the writer's reputation and the sensibilities of their subjects when made public.

36.—*Scotland in the Middle Ages: Sketches of Early Scotch History and Social Progress.* By COSMO INNES, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860. 8vo. pp. xliv. and 368.

THE history of Scotland in the Middle Age is the history of a rude and illiterate nation, with fierce manners and barbarous laws. Yet it is not without interest, both on account of the contrast presented by the Scotch of that period to their industrious, thrifty, and educated descendants, who have since achieved so honorable a place among the subjects of the British crown, and also as a significant illustration of the general progress of society in the last two or three centuries. This contrast and progress are well exhibited in the volume before us, which comprises the substance of a course of academical lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh, together with much additional matter, in further elucidation of the subject. Mr. Innes does not, indeed, claim to have made any profound or original researches, and he admits that he is "quite ignorant of the Celtic languages." Nor is his style always lucid and harmonious; occasional obscurities of expression perplex the reader, and inelegant words and phrases disfigure the page. But his plan is well conceived and faithfully executed; and his volume brings together in a moderate compass much curious information which is nowhere else so easily accessible. We welcome it as a creditable contribution to general historical literature, apart from the special interest which it must possess for the students of Scotch history.

The book is divided into ten chapters, of which the first two are

merely introductory, and present a rapid survey of the state of Europe in the age of Charlemagne, together with a very judicious estimate of the character of that monarch, and a comprehensive view of the early history of England, including an account of the various races by which it was inhabited, and their laws, customs, and religious beliefs. Following this is a similar but more thorough and elaborate examination of the early history of Scotland, designed to prepare the way for the minute discussion of the subject which fills the remaining seven chapters. In them Mr. Innes treats at length, and with great thoroughness of investigation and copiousness of illustration, of the condition of Scotland in the time of David I.; of the municipal institutions, with notices of some of the principal burghs or towns; of the laws affecting property and life, and the customs prevalent in different parts of the country; of the ancient constitution of the realm; of the early dress and manners of the Scotch; of their language and literature; and of their dwellings, architecture, and the cognate topics. To the body of his work he has added an Appendix containing some interesting historical documents and memoranda, a Glossary, and a very full Index; and its usefulness is also enhanced by the insertion of three maps,—one representing Scotland as it was in the tenth century, and the other two showing the civil and ecclesiastical divisions which existed in the thirteenth century.

Mr. Innes has collected many curious and interesting details in illustration of the various topics discussed in his pages; but none of his chapters will be read with greater interest than those which relate to the social condition of Scotland in the time of David I., and to the manners, trade, manufactures, and mechanical arts of the Scotch during the period included within his plan. His extracts from the ledger kept by Andrew Haliburton between 1493 and 1503 are especially noteworthy, as showing the value of different commodities in Scotland at that time, and as affording some indication of the extent of her foreign and domestic trade.

37.—*The Mount Vernon Papers.* By EDWARD EVERETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. xxi. and 491.

THE circumstances which led to the preparation of these papers are too well known to need restatement here; but they must always lend additional interest to a collection of miscellanies which has probably been read by a greater number of persons than any similar collection in our language. Written at stated intervals, for a special purpose,

and addressed to a very different class of readers from that to which Mr. Everett's writings are most familiar, these papers include a wide range of topics, and exhibit a corresponding difference in the treatment of the several subjects; but they are always elevated in character and polished in style, and in nearly all there are passages marked by that rare beauty and fitness of expression which characterize Mr. Everett's more elaborate oratorical productions. Among the most attractive of them are the autobiographical recollections of an "Incursion into the Empire State," the notes of his travels in Europe many years ago, and the brief notices of Hallam, Prescott, Humboldt, and others. Though dealing often with familiar topics, Mr. Everett has managed to clothe them all with a fresh and living interest by the perennial charms of his graceful style and the appropriateness of his illustrations,—the ripened fruits of a rich and various culture; while in the essay on "The Financial Distress of 1857," and in some other papers of a similar character, the reader cannot fail to notice the same breadth of generalization and acuteness of remark which are shown in his best orations and speeches.

NOTE TO ART. II.

IN correction of a remark on p. 15, the writer wishes to say that, while there are only four genera and some twelve or fifteen species and varieties of Conifers indigenous to England, about one hundred and fifty-seven sorts have been introduced from other countries, and have been found sufficiently hardy for that climate. Fifteen or twenty more are half-hardy; that is, are injured only in winters of unusual severity. Besides these, there are half a dozen which require some movable structure or other covering to protect them from severe frost.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Soul's Salvation through Faith in Christ. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of John C. Kimball, as Pastor of the First Parish, Beverly, Mass., Thursday, December 29, 1859. By Ezra S. Gannett. With the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, and Address to the People. Boston. 1860.

The Immediate Vision of God. A Sermon preached in the West Church, by C. A. Bartol. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.

The Christian Trinity. The Doctrine of God, the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. A Discourse preached in Harvard Church, Charlestown, February 5, 1860. By George E. Ellis. Charlestown : Abram E. Cutter. 1860.

The Unity of Christ's Church. A Discourse delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, March 4, 1860. By George E. Ellis. Charlestown : Abram E. Cutter. 1860.

Sermon from the Capitol : On the Imperishable and Loving Words of Christ. Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on Sabbath Morning, March 18, 1860. By T. H. Stockton, Chaplain, H. R. Washington. 1860.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of John Barker, D. D. By Samuel P. Bates. Lancaster. 1860.

Sermons by the Rev. T. L. Harris, preached in the Mechanics' Institution, David Street, Manchester. No. 1. Love.—No. 2. The Divine Charity.—No. 3. The Philosophy of Decay.—No. 4. The Recognition of Friends in Heaven.—No. 5. The Last Words of Jesus.—No. 6. The Ideal and the Actual.—No. 7. The Christian Pilgrim's Progress.—No. 8. Peril and Safety in the Path of Life.—No. 9. The Relation of Faith and Charity.—No. 10. Our Future. London : W. White. 1859.

Sermons by the Rev. T. L. Harris, preached at the Marylebone Institute, Edwards Street, Portman Square. London Series. No. 1. Modern Spiritualism.—No. 2. Heart Wants of London.—No. 3. Christ Incarnate.—No. 4. Liberty and Progress. London : W. White. 1860.

The Millennial Age. Sermons by the Rev. T. L. Harris, preached in the Marylebone Institute, Edwards Street, Portman Square, London. No. 1. The Expectation of the Creature.—No. 2. The Response of the Creator.—No. 3. Millennial Religion.—No. 4. Millennial Society. London : W. White. 1860.

The New Church: its Spirit, Scope, and Mission. A Lecture delivered in the Cairo Street School-room, Warrington, November 9, 1859. By the Rev. Thomas L. Harris, New York, U. S. A. Manchester : Johnson and Rawson. 1860.

Centennial Anniversary of the Foundation of Germantown Academy, April 21, 1860. Oration by Sidney George Fisher. Philadelphia. 1860.

An Address, introductory to a Course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, in the Medical Department of Bowdoin College. By William Sweetser, M. D. Brunswick. 1860.

Importance and Claims of the Lawrence University of Wisconsin, Founded in 1848 by Hon. A. A. Lawrence and the late Samuel Appleton, being the Substance of a Lecture delivered at New Haven, Conn., and other places, in which the Present Condition and Wants of the Institution are clearly presented and considered. By Rev. Reeder Smith, Endowment Agent. With a correct Map of Wisconsin, and a Table of Distances to the most Important Places in the State. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860.

An Address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, Tuesday, September 13, 1859, the Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of Major-General James Wolfe, with Passages omitted in the Delivery, and Illustrative Notes and Documents. By Lorenzo Sabine. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1859. pp. 100.

A Semi-Centennial Address, delivered in the Universalist Church, Salem, Mass., on the Occasion of Celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Dedication of the Church, and the Installation of Rev. Edward Turner, both of which took place June 22, 1809. By Rev. Lemuel Willis, of Warner, N. H. With an Appendix. Salem. 1859.

The American Board and American Slavery. Speech of Theodore Tilton, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, January 25, 1860. Third Edition. New York. 1860.

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Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, Author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Parts V., VI. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. pp. 185 - 304.

Leaves of Grass. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge. 1860 - 61. 12mo. pp. 456.

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The Dublin Suit: Decided in the Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire, June, 1859. In Chancery. The Attorney-General, at the Relation of Edward F. Abbott and another, and Edward F. Abbott and another *v.* The Town of Dublin, B. F. Bridge and another. Reported Vol. XXXVIII., N H. Reports. Concord: G. Parker Lyon. 1860. pp. 122.

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The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies, and elsewhere. By L. Maria Child. New York. 1860.

De la Révolution au Mexique. Nouvelle-Orléans. 1860.

Prospectus of the Elm Park Commercial, Agricultural, and Collegiate Institute (on the German Plan), located in Litchfield, Connecticut. James Richard, D. D., Superintendent. Litchfield. 1859.

Review of Darwin on the Origin of Species. First published in the Christian Examiner. By John Amory Lowell. Boston. 1860.

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State of Authorized Biblical Revision, with References to Recent Parliamentary Papers. By James Heywood, F. R. S., B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Read before the Anglo-Biblical Institute, 3d January, 1860. London: Edward T. Whitfield. 1860.

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The Present Crisis: with a Reply and Appeal to European Advisers, from the Sixth Edition of Slavery and the Remedy. By Samuel Nott. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 1860.

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Seventeenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum. Transmitted to the Legislature, February 7, 1860. Albany. 1860.

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City of Lowell. Report of the Standing Committee of the Board of Aldermen, on Police and Police Stations, upon the Petition of John A. Knowles and others, for the Impartial Enforcement of the Laws relating to the Illegal Sale of Intoxicating Liquors; and upon an Order directing the City Marshal to enforce said Laws. Lowell. 1860.

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The School and Family Primer: Introductory to the Series of School and Family Readers. By Marcius Willson, Author of Primary History; History of the United States; American History; and Outlines of General History. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 48.

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Mitchell's New Intermediate Geography. A System of Modern Geography, designed for the Use of Schools and Academies; illustrated by Twenty-three Copper-Plate Maps, drawn and engraved expressly for this Work, from the latest Authorities; and embellished with numerous Engravings. By S. Augustus Mitchell, Author of First Lessons in Geography, Primary Geography, Modern Geography and Atlas, Ancient Geography and Atlas, New Ancient Geography, etc., etc., etc. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1860. 4to. pp. 104.

A Course of Exercises in all Parts of French Syntax, methodically arranged after Poitevin's "Syntaxe Française"; to which are added Ten Appendices: designed for the Use of Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners.

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The Story of a Pocket Bible. A Book for all Classes of Readers. Ten Illustrations. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp. 412.

Light in the Valley: or, the Life and Letters of Mrs. Hannah Bocking. By Miss M. Annesley. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp. 175.

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Sketch Book: or, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, illustrating a Variety of Topics proper to the Pulpit and Platform. By William C. Smith, of the New York Conference. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp. 352.

The Throne of David: from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem, to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus; in a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, Resident at the Court of Saul and David, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the Reader as by an Eyewitness. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Author of "The Prince of the House of David," and of "The Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860. 16mo. pp. 603.

Church Choral-Book: containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and adapted to Choirs and Social Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 208.

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Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," "Kathie Brande," etc., etc. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 436.

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Katherine Morris: an Autobiography. By the Author of "Step by Step," and "Here and Hereafter." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 353.

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The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 464.

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A Mother's Trials. By the Author of "My Lady." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 400.

Old Leaves: gathered from Household Words. By W. Henry Willis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 467.

Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K. C. S., LL D., etc. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, and Drawings. Fifth Edition, thoroughly revised. In two volumes. London: Longman, Green, Longman, & Roberts. 1860. 8vo. pp. 643, 669.

Analytic Orthography: an Investigation of the Sounds of the Voice, and their Alphabetic Notation; including the Mechanism of Speech, and its Bearing upon Etymology. By S. S. Haldeman, A. M., Professor in Delaware College; Member of the American Philosophical Society; of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; of the American Oriental Society; of the Imperial Society of St. Petersburg; Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Honorary Member of the Historical Society of Wisconsin; Correspondent of the Natural History Society of Nuremberg; of the Boston Society of Natural History; of the New York Historical Society; of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; of the Maryland Historical Society; and of the American Ethnological Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860. 4to. pp. 148.

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How to Enjoy Life: or, Physical and Mental Hygiene. By William M. Cornell, M. D. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1860. 12mo. pp. 360.

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The Church of the First Three Centuries: or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the Early Fathers, with special Reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity; illustrating its Late Origin and Gradual Formation. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 352.

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Elements of Analytical Geometry, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By Charles Davies, LL. D., Professor of Higher Mathematics, Columbia College. New York: A. S. Barnes and Burr. 1860. 16mo. pp. 204, 194.

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Class Book of Botany. Being Outlines of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. With a Flora of all Parts of the United States and Canada. By Alphonso Wood, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes and Burr. 1860. 8vo. pp. 176.

Water and the Spirit: a Few Thoughts on John iii. 5. By David Wardlaw Scott. London: J. B. Bateman. 1860.

"Come over and help us." A Short Statement relative to the Lord's Work among some of the Poor of Twig Folly, Bethnal Green, with Proposal for the Erection of a Home for Aged Christians in Destitute Circumstances. With an Appendix. Second Report, embracing the Period from 26th October, 1858, to 31st December, 1859, inclusive. By David Wardlaw Scott. London: J. B. Bateman. 1860.

A Smaller History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Con-

quest. By William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 16mo. pp. 248.

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ERRATUM IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

Page 566, line 25, for "*much* knowledge and skill," read "*such* knowledge and skill."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXXIX.

O C T O B E R , 1 8 6 0 .

ART. I.—*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.* By the
RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, D. C. L., M. P. for the Uni-
versity of Oxford. 3 vols. Oxford: University Press. 1858.

THESE volumes, which carry us back among the heroes and gods of an age that can never be forgotten, and which serve to guide us in the study of the two greatest productions of the human mind, possess an interest and attraction quite unusual in critical treatises on the Greek classics. The author appears not only as a careful student, but also as an ardent admirer of the works he has undertaken to elucidate, and has infused a life and vigor into the discussions of those topics, which, having usually fallen into the hands of mere scholars, are by general readers considered as little better than the offal of literature, and left for these greedy vultures to prey upon undisturbed. That such a work as Mr. Gladstone has here presented to us has long been needed, no admirer of Homer will deny, and it will be generally conceded that the work has been executed with rare ability.

In his Introductory Chapter the author considers the position which ought to be assigned to the Homeric poems in a classical education; and he finds reason to lament the neglect shown them in the English Universities. The reasons he advances for a more extended study of these poems are mainly such as relate to the information they afford regarding the

Greek language, history, and progress. Of course there are other reasons which will naturally occur to every one, and which render their study of far greater importance than these incidental advantages. They furnish the reader with ideas which will remain fresh and well defined long after his thorough knowledge of the early variations and the different dialects of the Greek tongue shall have grown vague, and his intimate acquaintance with the rise and progress of the tribes shall have become too general to be exact. It seems clear that what is most wanted is a thorough understanding of the poetry, rather than of the age, of Homer ; a knowledge of the design and plot of his epics, rather than of the ethnology of the Greeks ; a familiarity with the personages and mythology, rather than with the geography or political movements, of the time. To this part of the work, therefore, we turn with the greatest interest, and cannot but regret to find these topics so briefly treated. The religion of the poems is, indeed, thoroughly discussed, but the remaining subjects we have mentioned are rather hastily passed over.

Another branch of inquiry is suggested in this connection. These poems, produced as they were in the infancy of Grecian civilization, and first systematizing the national religion as well as celebrating the national heroes, exerted a powerful influence upon the Greeks themselves. Considered merely in reference to language, Homer's verse holds nearly the place in the history of Greece which King James's Bible translation holds in that of England. Nor is this the only point of resemblance between the two. Both modelled the religious belief, and hence in a great degree determined the manners and civilization, of their respective countries ; both have furnished an inexhaustible supply of subjects for literature and art ; and both have shaped the minds and directed the councils of those men of each country who have most powerfully influenced the national character. On the one hand we might mention, as an instance in point, the Puritans, in whom an excessive adherence to the manners of the Old Testament, and to the strict austerity of life which they supposed to be taught in the New, arose from the deepest reverence and the most sincere love of their sacred Scriptures ; while on the other we might name the

Spartans, in their national passion for Homer, and Alexander of Macedon, who is said to have kept his copy of Aristotle's Homer always with him, to have carried it in a golden casket set with jewels, and every night to have placed it beside him with his faithful sword. Who shall tell how great an influence upon the nation these poems had, when an interpolated line turned the decision of the Lacedemonian umpires, and gave Salamis to Athens? That it was great — very great — cannot be denied, and, commencing to exert itself at the very dawn of civilization, it must have directed and controlled the expanding powers of the growing people.

Now the importance of the Greeks in the development of modern society is by no means insignificant. At the time of the introduction of Christianity, we find three nationalities gathered upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and destined to perform an important, but for each a separate and peculiar part, in the promulgation of the new religion. After this work is finished, they all disappear from history. First, we have the Jews, who are the religious element in the admixture of nations, and among whom the new belief took its rise. Their mission closed shortly after its introduction, and they are soon removed from the stage. The second of these nationalities is that of the Romans, who represent the element of power. Their extended empire affords a ready means for the spread of the new faith throughout the known world. What they bequeath to modern society is law and a system of government, organically complete, yet needing to have its despotic tendencies modified by the inbreathing of the spirit of freedom. The third of these nationalities is that of the Greeks. Their language is to be the vehicle of the new religion. The element they introduce is learning and literature, and into their province none others intrude. The Jews can claim nothing but their sacred writings; and all that Horace can plead for the Romans is that Satire is wholly theirs. Here, then, in the province of philosophy and literature, Greece is unrivalled; and it is precisely here that the influence of Homer is the most powerfully felt. The question thus arises, What, and how great, an effect have his works had upon the formation and development of modern society? Will it be too

much to say, that it is greater than that of any other uninspired writings? There may be others who can justly compete with him as poets, but who can claim an equal sway over the destinies of the race?

Passing over this and numerous other questions, as well as the discussions on the Homeric Age, we come, in the latter part of the third volume, to Mr. Gladstone's delineation of some of the principal characters in the poems. We cannot regard his success here as equal to that which has followed him in other departments. A critic of characters has a threefold duty to perform. If he merely places himself in the chair of the author, he cannot be an impartial judge of the productions; if he sympathizes entirely with the character he would sketch, he becomes an advocate; nor can he have a full and earnest appreciation of all the conflicting circumstances which combine to bring out certain traits and dispositions, if he keeps himself aloof, and affects the sternness of the critic. It is by placing himself successively in all these positions, and then happily combining the results to which he is led in each, that he will attain to complete success.

Now we cannot but feel that Mr. Gladstone too often contents himself with the part of the advocate. We see this in his estimation of the character of Achilles, which he offers in answer to Mr. Grote's division of the *Iliad* into two distinct poems. The answer itself, aside from this point, seems quite conclusive; but when he attributes the reply of Achilles to the ambassadors of Agamemnon, in the ninth book, to a sense of injured justice, which could not be appeased by mere restitution, but must have repentance for the fault, who does not perceive that he has strained the poet's design? We have Achilles always presented to us as comparatively a youth, with all the faults of youth,—hot-headed, fiery, strong in his attachments as well as his anger, and exceedingly sensitive as to a point of honor. Now it was just here that Agamemnon had offended him, and what he wishes is not retribution nor repentance, but revenge; and he seeks it in the humiliation of the "King of men." He does not demand repentance, nor does Agamemnon, at the final reconciliation, show any signs of it; but, on the contrary, distinctly says, as to the quarrel,

“I am not to blame, but Jupiter and Fate.” The reconciliation is the result of a conflict of passions on the part of Achilles. His nature is indeed frank, open, and generous, but completely under the sway of impulse. Anger toward Agamemnon is replaced by a fiercer rage against the Trojans, and an unconquerable grief for the death of Patroclus. The introduction of the books which, according to Mr. Grote, belonged not to the original Achillēis, seems to be sufficiently explained, first, by the time that might naturally elapse before the Greeks felt keenly enough the loss of their hero, and, secondly, by the poet’s desire to celebrate the virtues of the other chiefs, associates of Achilles, who must yet be kept subordinate to him.

Leaving the other personages of the poems, we come now to consider the condition and character of the women, as Homer has sketched them for us.

That the position assigned to the women in the Iliad and Odyssey is a highly respectable one, and that their influence over the men is by no means inconsiderable, cannot fail to be apparent to the most careless reader of the two poems. In the Iliad, we are ushered at once into the midst of the Grecian camp around the ill-fated city of Ilion. We behold the ranks of the besiegers smitten with a deadly pestilence, sent upon them by the divine archer, because the leader has refused to surrender the fair Chryseīs to her father, who had sought her with a noble ransom, and borne with him the sacred ensigns of Apollo. As the safety of his host requires Agamemnon to deliver up his captive, moved by anger and disappointment, he seizes Briseīs, and brings down upon himself the wrath of her captor, the great Achilles. This wrath is the subject of the poem. To go still further back, the Trojan war itself, probably by far the grandest enterprise of the age, is undertaken to rescue the fair but fickle Helen from the power of her seducer. After the siege, Ulysses, detained upon the island of Calypso, dwelling with a goddess to whom he is indebted for preserving his life, and who promises to bestow upon him the gift of immortality if he will remain with her, willingly abandons all these hopes, and braves the toils and sufferings which she prophesies are in store for him, if he may behold his native

land, and greet once more his wife Penelope. A still more striking testimonial to the reputed importance of woman is furnished by the conduct of those who had concealed themselves in the womb of the wooden horse. When Helen walked around the suspicious offering, and called each of them by name, mimicking his consort's voice, they could scarcely be restrained from answering and bursting from their ambuscade, although they knew that by so doing they would frustrate their own design and incur certain death. The noble speech of Achilles to the ambassadors of Agamemnon, who are endeavoring to effect a reconciliation, is a spirited testimonial of the regard entertained toward the women by the men of the age. And, indeed, in their intercourse with the other sex, the poet represents none of his female characters as employing language indicative of subjugation, distrust, or fear.

The restrictions to which they were subject seem to have been imposed upon them rather by the sense of propriety which they entertained in common with the men, than by any established regulations. Hence we find that they are often disregarded by women whose character is such as to exempt them from any accusation of impropriety. But as the wives of kings and chiefs spent the greater portion of their time in weaving and in directing their menials, it could scarcely be expected that they would interest themselves in acquiring that general knowledge which the other sex possessed. Indeed, when Ulysses, after he has returned home in the disguise of a beggar, relates to Penelope a fictitious story of his life, he carefully describes to her the situation, inhabitants, and productions of the island of Crete, where he professes to have been born, although in relating his tale to Eumæus, his swine-herd, he is not thus particular. Therefore he evidently supposes her information in regard to such matters to be very limited. Yet it is curious to notice with what skill the poet has contrived that the female personages to whom he has assigned a more prominent place should have possessed advantages superior to those of the majority of their sex. During the absence of her lord, Penelope has been in the habit of receiving travellers and inquiring of them in regard to Ulysses; and in this way she must have gained a great deal of the

current knowledge of the times. Helen, by the varied circumstances of her life, has been brought into connection with many royal families, and has travelled more extensively than any other of the women of Homer. Andromache, by having been present both at the siege of her native city and of Troy, must have possessed many such advantages, which, if they did not give her intellectual strength and culture, tended to refine her already delicate nature.

If we except Hecuba and Nausicaa, the women of the poems to whom the chief interest attaches will be found to be grouped in pairs by the circumstances in which they are placed. In the same household, and servants of the same suffering mistress, are the faithful Eurycleia and the heartless Melanthon ; removed from the scene of strife, and in their own houses, the chaste Penelope and the adulterous Clytemnestra await the event of the contest on the Trojan plains with widely different feelings and intentions ; while within the beleaguered city, and married to two brothers, are the affectionate and devoted Andromache and the lovely and self-reproaching Helen. Thus the characters are made to reflect interest and strength upon each other, and they most naturally occur for consideration in this order.

Among the minor personages whom the poet has sketched, none is more attractive than the aged Eurycleia. She is evidently a complete illustration of his ideal of a tried and trusty servant. Over Telemachus, whose joys and sorrows she has shared from his earliest infancy, she exercises a mother's tenderness and watchfulness. With a sincere detestation of the lawless crowd that infests her master's house ; with a heart to sympathize in all the sorrows of her mistress, and a known integrity such that the most important and painful secrets are confided to her ; burdened with unusual cares on account of the disorderly condition of the household,—she yet preserves a patient spirit and maintains a consistent conduct, seeking to encourage and strengthen the right by every means in her power. She had been purchased as a slave by Ulysses ; Melanthon had been reared under the maternal care of Penelope. The former had been subject to the jealousy of her mistress, who had fondled and caressed the latter. Yet Eurycleia is attentive

and compassionate to her in her distress, while Melantho, enamored of the suitor Eurymachus, disregards her wishes and neglects her admonitions; the eyes of the former are quick to detect her lord even through the beggar's rags with which he has clothed himself, but the vision of the latter is blinded by his sin, and, having at first rudely insulted him, when he has thrown off his disguise she receives from his hands the reward of her deeds. A few fine touches serve to convey to our minds a high idea of the sterling excellence of the aged nurse. Within a lofty chamber are the arms and wardrobe of the absent chief of Ithaca, and round the room are casks of the choicest wine, kept for him by Eurycleia, who day and night is guardian over these precious memorials. When Telemachus would make a secret journey, there is no one to whom he will intrust his design except Eurycleia. Continually the heart of her mistress turns to her for comfort and assistance before all her other menials. Pert and rude in her speeches, bold and incontinent in her conduct, proud of her beauty and her influence over the suitors, Melantho excites dislike for her impudence and aversion for her ingratitude.

The temperament and tone of mind of Penelope are such as to render the services of Eurycleia of great value to her. She is everywhere marked by a retiring dignity, an almost vestal purity, and a severity in her feelings which is calculated to give a strong impression of her womanly worth, but renders her character not altogether attractive. Twenty years of patient waiting have borne witness to her devotion to her husband. Although the thought that he will never return has become almost a settled conviction, she yet keeps alive her attachment by seeking from every wanderer reports of him, which serve to retain him continually before her mind, incredulous, meanwhile, to all their tales. Her constancy is put to the severest test. She is beset by temptation, by argument, by the entreaties of friends, and by force that hardly leaves her mistress in her own palace;—and to all these despair of the return of her husband has added its power. Grisilde, of the "Clerke's Tale" of Chaucer, has become a name for devotion and steadfastness; yet her trials are less distressing than those of Penelope. Although watched with

jealousy by her husband,—her infant daughter and son exposed in turn by him to a cruel death, she herself degraded from the position of a wife to make room for another, and last of all commanded to prepare the palace for the pompous reception of her rival,—he who had raised Grisilde from a pauper's daughter to the palace had bound her at first to submit unhesitatingly to his commands, and, with him still living before her, she might find some excuse to urge for his cruel treatment, and some hope for better days and a return to favor;—but Penelope has hardly the faintest assurance that her husband is yet alive, and death is the most powerful of all agencies in weakening the bonds of affection.

Yet, after all, her courage is that of endurance, and not of action. She shrinks from the attentions of the suitors, and although she can patiently endure their aggressions, and contrive to elude their proposals, she has not decision enough promptly to refuse them, and to exert her power to remove them from her house. She even trembles when her son, who has already attained the age of manhood, proposes to take active measures for their expulsion, and would dissuade him from the attempt.

It is owing to this weakness of her nature that she so continually finds relief from her sorrows in tears. If the bard sings in her hearing the “Return of the Greeks,” she is overcome by her remembrances; if her son rebukes her for asking that the song may be discontinued, she weeps; if she has new troubles with the suitors, she weeps; and if she fears for the safety of the absent Telemachus, she weeps. When she gives utterance to her deep-felt hatred against the suitors, the poet generally adds that she is conversing among her maidens. Once, urged by the greatest anxiety for her son, on account of the plots against his life, she speaks boldly and openly against Antinoüs; but the exertion is so unusual, that, notwithstanding the assurances she obtains that her fears are vain, she retires to her chamber and finds relief in tears.

It is also owing to this timid and passive courage that she resorts to those stratagems which give plausibility to the accusations of Antinoüs charging her with being more artful than Tyro, or Alcmena, or even the fair Mycene. In support of this

assertion, he affirms that she has given encouragement and even sent messages to each of the princes who seek her hand, and also relates the story of the web. It is quite probable that she may have sought peace by showing them some favor, and hoped for the return of Ulysses or some other fortunate circumstance to rescue her from her dilemma. Indeed, she may have caught some of the crafty spirit of her lord, but she has neither his foresight nor his energy to guide her in using it. In the scene where the returned Ulysses reveals himself, her cunning is pre-eminently displayed. Doubting that it is he, she commands her attendants to remove the bed of her husband from his chamber. This he had made with his own hands, and so fastened to a growing olive that it could not be removed without first cutting down the tree. No one would suspect the snare, and no one be on his guard against it, except him who made the bed; and when he expresses his surprise at her command, all her doubts are dispelled; her patient waiting is rewarded at last, and the transports with which she welcomes the wanderer who brought peace and happiness once more to her home, form a happy conclusion to the tale of her sufferings.

Homer almost invariably connects the adjective *περίφρων* with the name of Penelope, and this certainly marks the great characteristic of the daughter of Icarius. To this prudence all her other traits are strictly subordinate. Her courage, which shrinks from any bold or decisive measures, receives its stamp from this. Her resort to stratagem in order to lessen her trials may be traced to the same source. We find the character of Helen to be exactly the opposite in this respect. Governed chiefly by impulse, her tears are tears of bitter repentance for past transgressions, while Penelope weeps for dread of future evils.

With Penelope, pure, discreet, and earnest in her nature, the poet has contrasted the faithless consort of Agamemnon. Her he represents as a wilful and hardened transgressor. He assigns as the reason of her strong opposition to the arts of *Ægisthus*, "that she had a good understanding, and that the faithful bard left by Agamemnon was at hand"; and when her paramour has removed this obstacle, she makes no further

resistance. The poet condemns her as her crimes deserve, offering no palliation for her offences ; and this is important as showing the estimate he designed to convey of the character of Helen. When Ulysses converses with the shade of Agamemnon, that hero draws a painful contrast between the virtuous daughter of Icarius and his own treacherous spouse. At first he admits the pre-eminent worth of the former, but then the foul deeds of the latter come again to his mind, and he condemns her whole sex without exception.

The wife and daughter of Alcinoüs are the only remaining female characters of the poems to whom any considerable interest attaches, except those who appear in the Trojan city. The sketch of the family of this king, dwelling in the quiet retreat of an island home, long free from the turmoil of war, and contented with themselves and with all about them, forms a pleasing episode in a tale elsewhere confined to those households in which the fierce strife of ten long years has made grievous inroads, severing the tenderest ties, and introducing discord and confusion in the place of domestic tranquillity. It is impossible not to feel that the poet designed a little sly satire in the description he has left us of the woman-ruled court of the Phœacians. Arete, the wife and mother, seems possessed of a more proud and commanding disposition than any other one of her sex he has described. Hecuba is distinguished for somewhat of this independent and fiery spirit ; but in her it displays itself only when some event unusually trying rouses her feelings, and then it is almost masculine in its power. Arete, on the contrary, infuses a more moderate degree of this temper into all her action. Hence Minerva informs Ulysses that she receives honor, not only from her subjects and her children, but even from Alcinoüs himself. Indeed, when she moved through the town, she seems to have made almost a royal progress, since the people hailed her with shouts and gazed upon her as a goddess. We are even told that she decides disputes among the men. But at the same time she possesses the mental endowments which fit her for such a position. She is indeed the type of an energetic woman, who has obtained for herself the highest privileges granted to her sex ; and therefore Minerva, in relating her history, declares

that she is held in such honor as no other woman on earth enjoys ; and Nausicaa bears witness to this by instructing Ulysses to make his petition first to her mother, assuring him that, if he gains her favor, he cannot fail to obtain safe conveyance home. After their visitor, having received a hearty welcome from the royal family, has succeeded in winning the general admiration of the people, Arete steps forward before them, and proclaims that the illustrious stranger is *her* guest ; but promises to allow them all to share the honor with her. To this speech, which displays more than usual pride, both the aged hero Echenus and Alcinoüs himself tamely assent, and even give it praise. In her domestic affairs her energy and forwardness are equally apparent. When her daughter goes to the river-side, with her own hand she places the provisions for the journey in the wagon. We are told that her female servants stand *behind* her in the hall, while Helen and Penelope are represented as moving among their menials and directing their work. The gifts which the Phœacians bring for Ulysses are deposited by her side, and she herself makes them ready for the noble guest to carry with him. Thus, even in the ordinary affairs of life, she displays an unusual degree of independence and vigor.

As a character in the poem, however, she holds a position inferior to that of her daughter, Nausicaa. This princess is evidently one of the most influential persons in the royal family ; for when Minerva wishes that the chief over whom she exercises a protecting power should meet with a favorable reception, she prefers that he should gain an introduction through the instrumentality of this only daughter, rather than through that of the sons or any other member of the household. But the poet has not, as in the case of his heroines of maturer years, pointed out any ruling motive, or any predominant natural predisposition which governs her in all her actions. It was evidently his design that her character should appear thus undeveloped, as would be natural in one of her age. Her spirit is still buoyant, and her fancy fresh and exuberant. She speaks as one to whom the enjoyments of home, the blessings of peace, and the comforts of luxury have been well known from her earliest years. In her sim-

plicity, she imagines her home the very paradise of earth, and her father and mother as divinely superior to common mortals. She knows of evil by report, indeed, but has had so little experience of it that she is ready to trust every one. Hence she does not, like her attendants, flee when Ulysses presents himself, but with modest courage awaits from the stranger an explanation of his sudden presence and uncouth appearance, fully assured that "no man can come as an enemy to the Phœaciens." In short, she is only less simple and unsophisticated than Shakespeare's Miranda because she has been brought into contact with *some* society, and that as inartificial as could well exist. Her conversation with Ulysses will recall to mind the interview between Rebecca and Abraham's servant at the well of Nahor, nor is her character very unlike that of the daughter of Bethuel.

Notwithstanding her youth, however, Nausicaa exhibits some marked traits of character which seem rather forming than formed. Her prudence appears the most prominently. The object of the expedition to the river-side is a provident foresight for herself and others, and abundant evidences of this trait may be found in her discourse with Ulysses. Moreover, she has inherited somewhat of the courage and energy of her mother, which well adorns in her the reigning virtue of Penelope. She exhibits a degree of pride such as might naturally be fostered both by the respect shown to the royal family by all the inhabitants of the island, and by her own position and influence in that family. She is extremely careful of her reputation, and desirous that it should not be tarnished, even in the minds of the crowds in the city streets. But this pride is kept duly subordinate to a real modesty. She is undoubtedly well pleased at the flattery of the shipwrecked hero; but, without directly and openly reciprocating it, she contrives to show that he in turn has won her respect and admiration. When, at length, the arrangements for his conveyance home having been completed, Ulysses is taking his departure, she sees him from the porch of the house, and requests of him that in his own land he will remember her who was his first deliverer on her island home; a request which shows how completely pride

and delicacy, courage and modesty, boldness and graceful simplicity were blended in her character.

These are the principal female personages whom Homer has presented before us, as apart from the scene of strife, and dwelling in comparative peace and retirement; and although engaging and attractive to the reader, they must yield in point of interest to those three who, amid scenes of almost uninterrupted wretchedness, live and suffer in the ill-fated Trojan city. For in proportion as we see character put to the test of affliction, we are more ready to admire its consistency and strength, to forgive its failings and infirmities, and to sympathize with the distresses which overwhelm the individual.

The first thing that attracts attention in the household of the aged Priam is the system of polygamy, entirely unknown among the Greeks. Among the wives of the Trojan king, however, Hecuba holds the first position, as the mother of his noblest and bravest children. She has been called "the most masculine of the women of Homer," and in some respects she seems to be so. Yet when we consider her age, the irritations and sufferings to which she has long been subjected, and the scenes of anguish in which she is called to act so painful a part, it will not seem at all surprising that she has lost some of that delicacy and gentleness which so well become a woman. In earlier life she may have been not very unlike Arete; but now that she has had so many trials to buffet, her energy has become impetuosity, her pride haughtiness. Yet she continues to exercise great influence over the king, since she maintains her ascendancy over his other wives. Moreover, he consults her about his intended expedition to the tent of Achilles to purchase the body of Hector, notwithstanding the messenger of the gods has advised him to undertake it, and although he must have been well aware that she would oppose the design.

Whatever faults may be found in her character, she cannot be accused of any want of motherly tenderness and affection. While leaning on the arm of the valiant Hector, who has entered the city that he may urge the matrons to seek the blessings of the gods upon the Trojan arms, with how much interest does she inquire of him as to the fortune of war which has induced him to retire within the walls! and, judging that

his excessive labors must have wearied him, she offers to bring him some refreshment with her own hands. Her earnest petition to him not to await without the city the approach of the fierce Achilles, when, beside the gray-haired Priam, she leans over the wall, and adds to the prayer of the agonized father her tender entreaties that he will remember the breast that nourished him, and her who cared for his earliest wants, calling him her “loved son,” her “dear youth”; and that vehement cry of despair that she gives utterance to when she beholds his lifeless body dragged from the chariot of his exulting conqueror,—

“ Ah! why has Heaven prolonged this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents’ pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!”* —

these exhibitions of feeling are certainly not wanting in any of the elements of maternal fondness and true womanly love. Yet even in the outbursts of affection her vindictive spirit and her fiery temper will manifest themselves. She speaks of the Greeks as *hated, abominable* (*δυσώνυμοι*), and frequently gives vent to her feelings in words of like import, which come with ill grace from the lips of a woman; and while imploring Priam to desist from his purpose of visiting the tent of Achilles, after beseeching him with her to weep for their common loss in secret, she gives utterance to the fierce desire that she may devour the slayer of her son. But when she beholds that son slain and dishonored by Achilles, and afterward, when she stands beside his corpse as it lies in the city he had so long defended, awaiting the last honors which friendship can bestow, a deep and silent grief has subdued all these fiercer passions, and she forgets the conqueror in her anguish over the slain.

Her endurance is remarkable. A woman of less strength of spirit must have sunk under the repeated evils she is called to undergo. Her sons fall one by one by violent death, until

none is left to solace her age ; her daughters are taken from her ; her country is oppressed, and at length destroyed by an armed host. It is when these woes are multiplying upon her, and when her powers of endurance seem taxed to the utmost, that, instead of giving way to the pressure, she breaks out in those violent expressions for which she is distinguished. She is very far, however, from being possessed with that savage spirit of a lioness which Euripides represents her as displaying when she revenges the death of her youngest son, Polydore, upon Polemestor and his children.

Perhaps she might be compared to Amata, the wife of Latinus, as the latter appears in the *Aeneid*, and the comparison would be highly favorable to Hecuba. The wife of Priam is ever devoted and faithful ; nothing can alienate her affections from her husband, her home, and her native city. Amata, on the other hand, angry because her husband wishes to bestow Lavinia in marriage upon *Aeneas*, flies from his presence, and, leading a bacchanalian band of native women, whom she wildly exhorts to aid her in maintaining what she considers her rights, wanders through the fields and woods until she meets Turnus, and incites him to undertake a war against her own country and the throne of her own husband. Before such a picture all the unwomanly traits in the character of Hecuba become comparatively insignificant.

Helen and Andromache remain to be considered, the last and most interesting of those pairs which the poet has contrasted by their situation and feelings. The contrast between them is indeed striking, and yet we never feel that it is detrimental to either. The Argive princess mourns for herself and her sin ; the wife of Hector, for her husband, her infant son, and the gloomy fate which seems impending over her. The former is well versed in the knowledge of the times, and recognizes as her relations the noblest heroes in each of the contending armies ; the latter looks not beyond the circle of her domestic joys and cares, and knows no friend but Hector. The one attracts the eyes of all, and wins their admiration by her transcendent beauty ; the attractions of the other are found in her childlike and trusting disposition, and in her womanly virtues, which recommend her to the esteem of all around her.

Helen first appears as an actor in the third book of the Iliad. Iris, the messenger of the gods, calls her from the web in which she is weaving a picture of the scenes daily transpiring around her, in order that she may witness the approaching contest between Paris and Menelaus. She hastily repairs to the Scæan gate, where King Priam and the aged counsellors of Troy are inspecting the preparations on the plain below. She is an object of dislike in Troy, because all trace their misfortunes to her. Yet, as she approaches the battlements, these very Trojan leaders, struck by the grace of the Jove-born princess, whisper among themselves :—

“ Trojans and Grecians wage with fair excuse
Long war for so much beauty. O, how like
In features to the Goddesses above ! ” *

Priam calls her to his side. She is weeping. With kind words, and the assurance that he exculpates her from all blame, he endeavors to assuage her grief ; and, by inquiring of her the names of the various commanders most conspicuous in the Grecian ranks, endeavors to divert her attention from her sorrows. But with every name she mentions long and painful associations are called up in her mind, and in the bitterness of grief she upbraids herself for her sin. She briefly answers the interrogatories of the king, at the same time anxiously casting her eyes over the ranks of her countrymen. There she finds a new cause for sorrow. She has missed her brothers ever since the war began, and now she is unable to discern their forms. Perhaps they shun the war for shame on account of her disgrace. With such feelings as these she watches the combat below. She is a witness of the manly bravery of Menelaus, and the dastardly cowardice of Paris. The strife has ceased, and Venus has preserved Paris from certain death by conveying him away from the field. Yet Helen still lingers on the battlements, following perhaps with anxious eyes her former lord ; for we are expressly told, that Iris infused into her mind a longing desire to return to her Grecian home. And when the foam-sprung goddess calls her to the chamber of her seducer, she keenly reproaches him for his poltroonery

* Cowper.

on the field of battle, and manifests for him the contempt he so richly deserves.

In this scene more is shown us of the character of Helen than in any other where she appears. If we analyze the feeling which she excites here and elsewhere, we shall find that it is not respect nor admiration, so much as sympathy and pity. Her self-reproaches and tears seem too just and befitting to challenge any stronger feeling than compassion. The scoffs and taunts of the Trojans, her own utter helplessness against the evils with which she is surrounded, and the peculiarly trying circumstances in which she is placed, must arouse our sympathy ; but we feel at the same time that she is in a measure responsible for her present condition. The poet could not desire to have her appear contemptible, or to excite aversion for her, for she occupies too prominent a place in the poem ; yet, on the other hand, he himself must attach some blame to her as the cause of the war of which he sings. He has therefore taken the middle course, and represented her as frail and fickle, but yet not insensible to the higher and nobler feelings of the heart.

Mr. Gladstone has attempted to exculpate Helen from all guilt in the matter of her connection with Paris. His argument is mainly,—first, that the poet tells us that Helen was carried off from Sparta by force, using the verb *ἀρπάζειν* to denote this ; secondly, that Priam acquits her of all guilt ; thirdly, that she nowhere shows any attachment to Paris, but on the contrary appears to despise him ; fourthly, that Menelaus never manifests the least resentment toward her ; and, fifthly, that the poet never connects any adjective with her name implying censure, nor in any way reproaches her, while he strongly condemns Clytemnestra for a like crime of adultery. These considerations however seem hardly satisfactory, and the reasoning of Herodotus in regard to Io, Medea, and Europa, as well as Helen herself, is yet left outstanding. The historian says : *δῆλα γὰρ δὴ ὅτι, εἰ μὴ αὐταὶ (γυναικες) ἐβούλεατο, οὐκ ἀν ἡρπάζοντο.* Now in this passage, the same word, *ἀρπάζειν*, occurs, on which Mr. Gladstone founds his opinion that Homer intends to characterize Helen's departure from Sparta as forced upon her, showing that the word does not

necessarily authorize his inference. Paris himself is the only one who employs this word, and he in one passage alone. Had the abduction been forcible, the enemies of Paris in the city would have continually repeated the fact, and, above all, Helen would not fail to have added this to the reproaches she heaps upon Paris. But, on the other hand, she expressly tells Priam that she *followed* his son (*νιέι σῳ ἐπόμην*), leaving behind her home and her domestic joys ; and she tells Telemachus before Menelaus, and when she is much less inclined to reproach herself so severely, that she was led to leave her home by the influence of Venus. That Priam never blamed her may be explained both by the kind disposition of the aged king, and also by the fact that in so doing he would include in his censure his own favorite son. Nor does the fact that she no longer loves Paris by any means prove that, when the graceful and elegant Trojan prince first paid his court to her in the palace of Menelaus, she may not have been charmed and deceived by his winning speech and manners. Menelaus, to be sure, never censures her, but his fondness may have found excuses for his erring wife ; he frequently subjects himself to the reproof of Agamemnon for his disposition to spare the enemies whom he has vanquished, and the recollection that from all the assembled princes of Greece she once chose him for her husband would appeal to this trait of mercy, and soften any feelings of anger which might arise toward her. Milton does not at all offend our sense of propriety when he represents Adam as seeking out and multiplying excuses for Eve's transgression, even after he has felt the weight of woe it has brought upon him ; on the contrary, we consider his conduct as most natural and becoming ; and Menelaus, in like manner, may have extenuated and pardoned the fault of Helen. Besides, before the host which fought to win her back, words of anger against her would have sounded very unbecoming, and they, finding that he valued at so low a price what had cost them years of toil and suffering, would have been tempted to forsake their enterprise and leave the fair one in the possession of her seducer. Again, it is not the purpose of the poet to represent Helen as a monster of vice, like Clytemnestra ; for the latter added to her adultery the crime of plotting against the

life of her spouse, and, as he lay weltering in his blood, butchered Cassandra, his captive from the spoils of Troy, before the eyes of her expiring husband. Helen, on the contrary, is even now heartily repentant for the sin of her youth, is mild and gentle in her nature, and is ready to do anything to expiate her fault. The one is a wilful and hardened transgressor ; the other has fallen through weakness.

The great defect in the character of Helen is a want of firmness. She earnestly desired to please all, and to win their kind regards. Hence the dislike manifested toward her by the Trojans weighs heavily upon her spirit. Hence, although she does not love Paris, she cannot slight his attentions, and his devotion to her sustains a lingering fondness for him. She is careful about saying anything that may injure the feelings of those by whom she is surrounded, save that she cannot restrain herself from uttering her detestation of the cowardice of Paris. Hence she appears to have no depth of character, but to fluctuate continually, now turning in her heart to Menelaus, and again returning to Paris,—now weeping for the woes of Priam, and then bestowing encomiums upon the deadliest enemies of his house.

In all her ways she is the most “lady-like” person in the poems. She manifests a love of virtue and valor, and a hatred of cowardice and vice ; and in all her addresses, with a most refined elegance, suits herself to the position and character of those with whom she is conversing. She seems gifted with more extensive knowledge and greater intellectual powers than any other of the women of Homer. In her youth her divine beauty drew around her all the most distinguished men of Greece, which afforded her great facilities for obtaining knowledge. The court of Menelaus was often honored by the presence of distinguished visitors, and this offered her like opportunities. Besides, her own travels had been quite extensive, and Priam’s palace and the war at Troy also furnished her opportunities of improvement. As the daughter of Jove, she might be expected to have a capacious mind, and she probably used well her advantages. What other woman could Priam have expected to give him information in regard to all the chiefs in the Grecian army ? There would have been a

manifest impropriety in attributing to any other the replies she makes to his questions. Her penetration is equally evident. When Ulysses comes in disguise to Troy, she at once recognizes him, although he succeeds in deceiving every one else ; and as she afterward sits beside Menelaus in his palace, and converses with a youthful guest, she is the first to perceive the resemblance to his father, and to surmise that he is Telemachus.

The poet adds every possible circumstance to excuse the crime of Helen. Indeed, so much interest centres in her, that, had he represented her as base in her nature and low in her tastes, as a “ votary of pleasure ” alone, as Mr. Mure considers her,* she would have been a blemish instead of an ornament to the poem. But as he has taught us to admire Hector, notwithstanding his many cowardly acts upon the field and his excessive self-praise, by yet showing him to be noble in his nature, kind in his manners, obliging and affectionate to his relatives, and in the last scene of his life nobly brave ; as he has made amends for the pride, fierceness, and selfishness which mark Agamemnon, by exhibiting him as courageous in the field, loving his brother with a watchful and fraternal love, and generally seeking the highest good of the host he conducts ; and above all, as he has relieved the fierceness, impetuosity, deep-seated anger, and blood-thirstiness of Achilles, by painting the true magnanimity which could love and weep for Patroclus, which ever honored his father, the aged Peleus, and which pitied the gray hairs of the sorrow-stricken Priam ; — so has he relieved the weakness and wavering mind of Helen, by showing her to be gentle, kind, tender-hearted, and loving, eagerly seeking and desiring to make all around her happy, a friend to all that is noble and virtuous, and a despiser of all baseness. Before judging her too harshly, therefore, it is necessary to consider in what a difficult position she is placed. Whichever army prevails, she must be the sufferer. She has friends and relatives in each. Moreover, she wishes to aid the Trojans among whom she lives, and the Greeks, among whom she must live if Troy falls. At

* History of Greek Literature.

times the feeling for one, and at times the feeling for the other party predominates, and her actions vary accordingly. She often crosses herself in her conduct, but she is never inconsistent with her sympathies.

Virgil, by one stroke, has destroyed the beauty of her character. When Troy is taken, he represents Helen, who has been married to Deiphobus, as stealing into the chamber of her sleeping husband, removing his arms, even the sword from his pillow, and then leading in Ulysses and Menelaus, who murder him in cold blood and barbarously mutilate his body. She thus becomes a traitress, worthy to be ranked, with Clytemnestra, among those who have disgraced the name of woman. And yet the poet has previously, in some degree, justified her character. *Æneas*, on the fatal night which witnessed the downfall of Troy, encounters Helen clinging to the altar of Vesta, and, reproaching her as

“ *Trojæ et patriæ communis Erynnis,*”

prepares to inflict upon her the death which, in his opinion, she so richly deserves; when Venus, whom the poet has taken for the guardian deity of his hero, appears, and explains to him that the destruction of Troy is the work of the gods, and not the fault of Helen or Paris. We cannot help remarking how far superior is the woman for whom the Greeks contend to her for whose hand *Æneas* embroils the kingdom of Latinius in war. A deep interest is continually felt in the one, so that she becomes as a living character to the readers of the poem; of the other, we know nothing save that heroes contended for her hand. She says nothing and does nothing to attract attention. As in the memory there lingers oftentimes a name which we in vain endeavor to associate with some living and acting person, and which becomes an object of painful interest, so the name of Lavinia is found in the verses of the *Æneid*; but we strive in vain to find a form of grace and a character of loveliness to which it belongs.

In order to comprehend the character of Helen, it is necessary to consider her in three different situations. First, we find her as that princess to whom all the chiefs of Greece pay court, won by her divine beauty; next we see her at Troy,

and perhaps listen to her lament over the dead body of Hector ; lastly, in the *Odyssey*, we find her enjoying the comforts of a peaceful home, mistress of the palace at Sparta, chastened by her sorrows, sedate and matronly, yet with much of that vivacity and tenderness which characterized her youth. And when we consider all the circumstances of trial and temptation through which she has passed, we cannot but rejoice at this happy termination, and wish to throw a veil over her past failings.

The lot of Andromache seems to have been that of suffering from her earliest years. In her parting with Hector she relates the tale of the destruction of her father's kingdom, and the death of all her kindred ; now, in Troy, where she has become a bride and a mother, fears and gloomy forebodings fill her mind ; and in the end she meets that great calamity at the very thought of which she has been accustomed to shudder. Her misfortunes, although they have crushed the buoyancy of youth, have only strengthened and confirmed her virtues. Her tenderness and trust, her love and faithfulness, have covered themselves with the sombre robes of sorrow, and therefore challenge pity as well as admiration. There is only one instance where she is represented as smiling, and then, in the midst of the tears of the parting scene, when her infant child shrinks back in affright from the glittering armor and the nodding plume of his father, for a moment she smiles even in her grief. The evils which Hecuba had to encounter have hardened her nature and soured her temper, so that she cannot speak of her enemies except as *hated* ; but the gentle Andromache, while relating the murder of her kindred, stops to pay a tribute of respect to their slayer, Achilles, in that he did not spoil her aged father of his arms, but interred him with honorable funeral rites. She is always full of anxiety for her husband ; the least reverses of the Trojan arms fill her with terror. It is when she has heard that the Greeks are prevailing, that she hastens to the tower to see whether the report is true, and, returning full of dark forebodings, meets her husband at the Scæan Gate. Here they part, and her words, her modes of thought, her very arguments, have been taken as the highest example of tender solicitude by all

who have attempted to portray the passions of the human heart. Her husband, her child, and herself are her themes. Her tender solicitude for the first, her pleasing attention to the second and her anxiety for his future prospects, and the sketch of the sufferings which have heretofore attended her, together with her final appeal to Hector, as fulfilling to her the place of father, mother, brethren, and husband, have a pathos which belongs only to Andromache. There is nothing at all strange in the story which Plutarch has related of Porcia, the wife of Brutus. When, in the town of Velia, she parted from him for the last time, she neither wept nor spoke a word of sorrow, lest she might unnerve her husband. But as she passed through a chamber in which hung a picture of this parting of Hector and Andromache, she lingered before it, gazed long and intently upon it, and the feelings of her heart found vent in a flood of tears. So perfectly did the story of the Grecian poet and the expressions of the young wife of Hector, called up to her mind by the picture before her, correspond with her own condition and feelings, that she could no longer exercise the stern control which she had displayed in the trying scene of her own parting.

The wife of Hector is represented as always watchful of her husband's wants, and eager to minister to them. Indeed, in her simplicity, this seems to have been the principal study of her life. In his address to his horses, in the eighth book of the Iliad, Hector relates that Andromache has been accustomed to feed them and care for them. When he is slain, she is at home, busily preparing a bath against his return. The shrieks of the mother queen fall upon her ears. Has evil befallen Hector? is her first thought. She flies to the battlements, and, beholding thence his lifeless corpse dragged in disgrace across the plain, she falls, with one long sigh, stiff and helpless in the arms of her attendants. When her consciousness returns, her first thought is that she is a widow and her child an orphan. With the most poignant grief she sketches that future of suffering in store for them, and compares it with her honor during the life of Hector. Then, last of all, as a new sorrow which suddenly presents itself to her mind, she mourns that the dogs must tear the body of her

spouse among the Grecian ships. Days pass. Priam has gone to supplicate Achilles for the body of his son. Cassandra, whom men count mad, but who, inspired by Apollo, speaks true oracles to a people whom the god has made to distrust her words, having discerned Priam approaching in the distance, accompanying his mournful load, shrieking, proclaims it through the city, and adds her testimonial of respect to the honored dead. Now Andromache is first of the weeping train to pour forth her lamentation. Pressing her hands upon his head, she mourns his untimely death, cut off in the full vigor of his days ; the same dark picture of the future for herself and the young Astyanax looms up before her with added gloom, now that she is witness of the destruction of her hopes ; but her greatest sorrow is that she was not permitted to stand by his bedside, to receive his last words, and to treasure them up as the solace of her life. Then Hecuba follows with her lament, her haughty spirit broken, her heart well-nigh crushed, under her misfortunes. She remembers not the slayer to reproach him ; but her children, above all Hector, her noblest, now lost, fill her mind. Last of all, the fair Helen,

“Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand,”

approaches and pours her tears and offers her tribute over the remains of him who has shielded her from the reproaches of others. And then the body of Hector is consigned to the funeral pile.

There is a great difference between the afflictions of Andromache and Penelope. Those of the former come upon her suddenly, and smite her, as it were, to the earth ; but with the latter the conviction that her husband will never return gradually increases, and her other trials follow in like manner. Hence there is a corresponding difference in the more prominent features of their minds. The latter has become guarded and wary ; the former apprehensive and easily excitable. It is difficult to conceive how the *weeping* Penelope could have sustained the part of Andromache. Her greater strength of mind would have increased her suffering, and she must have fallen a prey to anguish long before the city was captured. But had the former been placed in the palace of Ithaca, she

must have failed to equal the endurance of the latter. Her mind is neither so quick nor so penetrating as that of Penelope, and she would have been able neither to understand how she ought to act, nor to devise means of eluding the necessities which would almost compel her to an unwise course. Her love has not that strength of reason to give it endurance which is found in the wife of Ulysses, but is rather simple, unguided impulse. Penelope was able to cope with the troubles of her position alone. Andromache has continual need of some one on whom she can lean for support, and to whom she can confide all her secret purposes. She has nothing in herself to sustain her, and when deprived of one prop, after a short and vain attempt to stand alone, she must find another or perish.

We have thus briefly considered the character of each individual of that group of female personages which the poems of Homer place before us, and we cannot but admire the skill with which the poet has sketched them. Occurring, as they do for the most part, incidentally and in the episodes of his work, he has yet preserved an exact consistency in his delineation, and drawn each in perfect conformity with nature, and yet entirely different from all the others. On a survey of their several portraits, we cannot but feel that, whether they are historical persons, or mere creations of a poet's fancy, to us, at least, they have a real existence.

ART. II.*—*Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent. Embracing a full Comparison of these with the Climatology of the Temperate Latitudes of Europe and Asia. And especially in regard to Agriculture, Sanitary Investigations, and Engineering. With Isothermal and Rain Charts for each Season, the Extreme Months, and the Year. Including a Summary of the Statistics of Meteorological Observations in the United States, condensed from recent Scientific and Official Publications.* By LORIN BLODGET, Author of several recent Reports on American Climatology, Member of the National Institute, and of various Learned Societies. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 536.

CLIMATOLOGY is a recent science, and by some is held to have not yet attained the certainty of a science. While climate and its varieties are as old as the world, and while temperature is its grand element, and has long been known to be such, its modifying powers and the laws of their action were too obscure to be ascertained by any means and instruments in use till within the century past. What appliances had the Greeks or Romans, the Persians or Assyrians, or even the Egyptians, much less the nations of Europe, in the Middle Age of our era, to ascertain the force and laws of these modifying influences? Connected, indeed, as climatic phenomena are, with the universal interests of men, philosophic minds, like those of Aristotle and Theophrastus, Aratus and Virgil, before the Christian era, and Pliny and others soon after its commencement, could not but think and write concerning

* Shortly after the publication of Blodget's Climatology, a contributor, deservedly eminent for his attainments and services in natural science, prepared a thorough review of it. The greater part of this review was lost by an accident on the New York Central Railroad, in which sundry mail-bags were thrown into water, and their contents damaged beyond restoration. A few of the last sheets, sent by a subsequent mail, alone reached us; and as they admitted of being printed as an independent article on several of the topics discussed in the book, we published them in our number for October, 1858. Since that time our friend has rewritten from memory the lost portion of his article, which we here present to our readers.

them. But their speculations on the subject had no value. The instruments for investigation were wanting. These are chiefly four,—the Thermometer, the Barometer, the Rain-gauge, and the Hygrometer,—all of which were invented since about the middle of the seventeenth century, and have been greatly improved in later years. The mercurial thermometer of Fahrenheit was not graduated by him till 1721, and the report of its graduation was first published in the Philosophical Transactions of 1724. Nearly a century passed from the invention of the thermometer, before any valuable observations were made by means of it. Indeed, we must pass to the latter part of the eighteenth century for these, and, for the most extensive and valuable, to the first half of the nineteenth. But the thermometer has proved to be to climatology what the sun is to climate itself,—the all-important element. It has yielded to investigators the very facts which lie at the foundation of the science.

Chemistry, a recent science, was also needed to ascertain the laws of caloric, as free, or specific, or combined, before this instrument could be adequate to its work. This, too, has been effected only in the century preceding the present day. The fluctuations in temperature and the variations in climate thus began to appear as governed by regular laws. It was seen, also, that definite conclusions on climate could be attained from the average of long and extended series of regular observations in all the countries where science and civilization co-operated. A series of observations by means of the thermometer, or by any, or all, of the above-named instruments, from which no average is deduced, is, like the weather or climate itself, simply a series of facts in consecutive order. It took a century for observers to learn the indispensable necessity of regular observations, at the same hours, and with similar accurate attention, through all the seasons of the year. Then the averages could be obtained for comparison, and the great facts learned of the general uniformity of climate in any given locality. Hence Blodget writes: “The measures of heat, moisture, rain, and atmospheric weight, are all to be treated alike in this respect; the averages afford fixed quantities, which must first be defined, and from these the distance to which extremes go.” (p. 17.)

We will now look at the testimony of history on the state of climatology only forty years ago. Howard, in his "Climatology of London," published in 1818, shows the science to be in its purely infantile state, and announces, that, with all the accumulation of observations at that time, he "may probably venture to anticipate some of the conclusions which must ultimately be derived." He gave a classification of the clouds, under seven different names for that number of distinct forms or modifications, which, though considered "fanciful" by his contemporaries, constitute with slight changes the present nomenclature of those splendid, changing, and wonderful aggregations of visible vapor, or of very "minute drops of water" floating in the atmosphere. The forms were considered as presenting very certain indications of weather at hand. The "Cirrus" clouds, when alone, rarely, if ever, yield rain; the "Cumulus" never appear but in fair weather; the "Stratus," or fog rising from the earth over the valleys and streams, indicates a pleasant day; the "Nimbus," composed of dense rolled-up masses or thunder-heads below, over-topped by the expanded cirrus, surely forebodes the shower in which lightnings often play the principal part; the "Cirro-cumulus," in moderate collections, or spread out in small masses and at different elevations, must be changed or disappear in invisible vapor before the fair weather passes away. The two others, generally appearing in storms,—the "Cirro-stratus" especially being the usual precursor of continued rain or storm,—may sometimes cover the sky, attended with more or less wind, but not with either rain or snow. Another instrument, the barometer, is wanted to make the indications probable.

In an article on Meteorology, written near forty years ago, in England, it is stated that no fixed hours of observing the temperature had been adopted; that no hours had been ascertained whose mean would give the approximate mean of the day; that there was no system of careful observation at any hours; that most of the meteorological observations had little practical importance; and that the maximum and minimum of the thermometer were employed by some in the belief that the mean of the extremes must approximate closely to the

mean temperature of the day, especially as it coincided nearly with the mean of the observations at 10 A. M. and 10 P. M. The same writer maintained the necessity of daily observations at every hour in the day, through the year, of the sum of which hourly results the twenty-fourth part would be a near approximation to the mean temperature of each day, while from similar calculations the average temperature of each month and of the year would be attained. Yet he declares "this method, for obvious reasons, impracticable"; in other words, no one would then undertake the great labor of twenty-four daily observations for many consecutive weeks.

Yet in 1816 and 1817 this work had been begun in our country, and, from a sense of the necessity of twenty-four observations daily, had been successfully performed for many days in the different seasons of the year. The observations and the results were published, and the third part of the sum of the temperatures taken at the convenient hours of 7 A. M. and 2 and 9 P. M. was shown to be a near approximation to the mean of the twenty-four hourly observations.*

In 1817 Baron Humboldt published his essay on the Distribution of Heat, illustrated by a map of Isothermal Lines, exhibiting the isothermal positions of numerous places in Europe, and then extended across the Atlantic into North America. This essay was made known to the West of Europe by the translation of it in Brewster's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal in 1819-20, accompanied by important remarks.

In 1820 the government of the United States had just commenced, under the auspices of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, its noble system of meteorological observations at all the military posts in the country. The execution of the work was committed to the Medical Department of the army, under the direction of the Surgeon-General. Great praise is due to this department for the successful co-operation of the surgeons at the several posts. The hours of observation were fixed at

* In 1825 or 1826, similar hourly observations were made at Leith, Scotland, through the year; in 1839, at Amherst College, by Prof. Snell; in 1843-5, for three years, at Toronto, C. W., published by her Majesty's government in 1853 and 1857, under direction of Col. Savine; and in 1840-45, the Girard Observations at Philadelphia, under the direction of A. D. Bache, LL.D., published in 1847.

7 A. M. and 2 and 9 P. M. The results of these observations, to the end of 1842, were successively published.

In 1842, Dr. Forry was able to present to the public a more full view of the climate of our country than was ever before taken.* In 1844, he published very important additions to his previous volume, in two extended papers in the American Journal of Science, Vol. XLVII., with a plate of three isothermal lines across one half of the country, for summer heat of 65°, winter temperature of 41°, and mean annual heat of 52°. In this paper Dr. Forry refers, with high commendation, to the argument of Noah Webster, in 1806, against the views of the Abbé Du Bos, Buffon, Hume, Volney, and Gibbon, in Europe, and of Jefferson, Williamson, Williams, and Holyoke, in our country, as to the melioration of climate in the Old World and in the New. Dr. Forry's writings attracted only a very partial attention, so little interest had as yet been excited on climatology. The observed facts had been too limited, and their application could not then be ascertained.

Humboldt clearly foresaw the advantages of climatic representation by isothermal curves, and in his address before the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburgh, in 1828, he speaks of our governmental plan of observations in the following terms: "The government of the United States of North America, deeply interested in the progress of population and the varied culture of useful plants, has felt for a long time the advantages presented by the extent of its territory." He commended the example of the United States to the Russian government for imitation on a "great scale." Nobly did Russia respond to this call in succeeding years.

Johnston's "Physical Atlas," an admirable work of its kind, was published in 1849. It contained one Isothermal Chart, being "Humboldt's System of Isothermal Lines on the Globe," improved by Berghaus, excellent in its time, but too general, from want of an adequate number and variety of observations. It contained, also, a Chart of the Rain.

* The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences, based chiefly on the Records of the Medical Department and Adjutant-General's Office, United States Army. By Samuel Forry, M. D. New York. 1842. pp. 378.

Still the progress of the science was slow in Europe, till Professor Dove, of Prussia, a few years ago, commenced his investigations, which have resulted in a more extensive exhibition and application of climatic data than had ever before been published.

In the United States, the advance has been great, on account of the extended range of military posts from Florida to the British Possessions, and from ocean to ocean. In 1855 the "Army Meteorological Register" for the twelve preceding years, with its consolidated tables of temperature for thirty-five years, gave to the world a fund of knowledge on various interesting points in the climatology of our country. There was, in the mean time, a great amount of observations in most of the older States, at the colleges and by private individuals; a regular plan was carried out by the State of New York of observations at her numerous academies, and also partially in Pennsylvania; and in the newer States amateur meteorologists had engaged in successful efforts in the same direction, so that there was a great accession of facts to those put on record at the military posts. To these are to be added similar records from British America, as well as from the Russian Possessions in the Northwest. In 1856 there existed means of extending, with increased accuracy, the isothermal lines across our continent, so as to connect them with those which Dove had already stretched on the Northern hemisphere over Europe and Asia.

At this point of time, and with these palpable advantages, Blodget's Climatology of the United States was begun and published. He had accumulated his data from both sides of the Atlantic, and especially from all parts of the United States, so that he could compare the climatic character of the temperate latitudes of North America, of Europe, and of Asia, and, in truth, of the larger portion of the Northern hemisphere. He had been engaged in climatological pursuits at the Smithsonian Institution, and had assisted in the preparation of the "Army Meteorological Register" of 1855, a quarto of 750 pages, from the Surgeon-General's Office of the United States, the Reports and Charts of which Mr. Blodget had planned and executed. The object of the present work is important, the

range is extensive, and its announcement was as unexpected as its completion was desirable. In our country no similar publication had appeared; the field had been explored but very partially; the writings of Dove were unknown on this side of the Atlantic except by a few persons. The title of the work is suggestive of high pretensions. Let us, then, consider what has been accomplished by the author.

In the first place there is given a great amount of meteorological knowledge on the temperature and fall of rain, as fundamental facts in climatology. These are found in various extensive tables for easy reference and examination. One contains the "Mean Temperature for each Month, Season, and Year," at three hundred places in the United States and British America, with the latitude and longitude of the localities, their elevation above the ocean, and the date of observation. Among these we find, of course, the results obtained at the military posts of the United States. The value of this table is inestimable. After a table of less important localities, there is given a table of mean temperatures at numerous places in Northwestern and Tropical North America, and in the temperate latitudes of Europe and Asia, equally full and important. Next follows a table of rain and melted snow at two hundred and fourteen places in the United States, for each month, season, and year, with their date. To complete the statistics, we have, in fifteen pages, a closely-printed summary of the mean temperature at many localities in the United States, for each month and year severally, so as to present the monthly and annual mean variations at the same place for several years, and a similar table of the monthly fall of water for years at different places.

Such a mass of meteorological statistics for the Northern hemisphere has not been issued before from the American press. They present to every one the climatic facts on which important conclusions are to be formed and verified, and are the elements which make possible the construction of isothermal lines, and of rain or hyetal charts.

The results derived from the explorations directed by the government of the United States, from that of Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clarke, in 1803; of Lieutenant Pike, in 1805-6;

of Major Long, in 1819-20 and 1823; of Nicollet, in 1836-40; of Colonel Fremont, first in 1842, secondly in 1843-4, and thirdly in 1845-6; of Major Emory, in 1846; of Captain Stansbury, in 1849-50; and from the magnificent system of surveys for a Pacific Railroad in 1853-5,—have been introduced by the author, and are the basis of that part of the work which treats of the climate of the vast country west of the Mississippi, without which that part of the climatology would have been impossible. One can hardly forbear to dwell with pride on the liberality of the government of the United States in the noble contributions thus made to geography, physical and descriptive, to botany, zoölogy, and geology, as well as to climatology. The munificence of the government to natural science, while prosecuting the material interests of the country, merits the admiration of the friends of learning and humanity. Our people and the world now appreciate the value and wisdom of the declaration of Humboldt in 1828, that a vast country “may advance more than any other the study of the atmosphere, the knowledge of mean annual temperatures, and, what is more important to vegetation, that of the distribution of the annual heat over the seasons.”

These explorations have made most important developments in our climatology. Several important facts, formerly not imagined, and hardly believed when first stated, have been fully ascertained. Among these are the much loftier elevation of the great “Western interior, than was before assigned to it”; the existence of “high and arid plateaus and basins” in this lofty region, “in nearly as great a proportion” as are found in Europe and Asia; and the high temperature of the elevated valleys or plateaus of the West. These particulars have been held by writers on physical geography to produce a strong contrast between the climates of the temperate latitudes of our country and of the same parallels on the Eastern Continent. The facts show the “physical features of surface and configuration” to be nearly the same in both, and in their climates may be found many points of resemblance. The difference too may depend greatly upon the high altitude of the interior of this Western world. How much influence this fact must have is not readily ascertainable, and more extensive observations and measures may be required.

According to the estimate of Humboldt, the masses of mountains diffused equally over a continent would raise the general level inconsiderably. He states that the "mass of the Eastern and Western Alps would only increase the height of Europe about $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet above its present level." In his *Cosmos* he gives the mean level of the land of North America at 748 feet, of South America at 1,152 feet, of Europe at 671 feet, and of Asia at 1,132 feet above the sea. More recent observations, however, must place the general level of North America higher than this estimate, and at least approaching that of Asia. Indeed, they may perhaps raise the level to 2,500 feet over the western half of the United States. It should be recollected, that of these lofty valleys or plateaus, that nearest the principal ridge of the mountains has at its highest part an altitude of 7,000 feet, while the mountains themselves rise several thousand feet higher. For, "so far from the Rocky Mountains forming but a single chain of elevations, or of mountains alone, they are rather the crests and representatives of lofty plateaus." The city of Mexico is situated in a valley, now computed to be 7,469 feet above the sea, an elevation not greater than a portion of the great valley at the eastern base of the highest ridge of the mountains farther north. The great North American basin, between the central ridge of the Rocky Mountains and the ranges which separate it from the Pacific Ocean, is very extensive, and, like the seas in the interior of Asia, it has no "external drainage." (p. 123.)

The Vertical Topography, with its table of altitudes, is another interesting article connected with climatology. Mr. Blodget divides the United States into two portions, separated by the Mississippi. The altitudes, beginning with the north-eastern part of the United States, are given in twelve transverse sections across the country, in lines nearly at right angles to the general trend of the Alleghany range.

A similar course is pursued on the mountains west of the Mississippi, as they stretch along the meridians of 100° to 120° , so that the sections run nearly north and south. In the table are seen the altitudes of plains and plateaus, summits and passes between the summits, forts, rivers, and lakes.

The range of mountains is wide, the valleys between them extensive, and higher of course toward the base of the central ridge and the greatest elevations of this ridge. The whole configuration is fitted for producing strong climatic differences. The existence of "arid plains" of great extent is no longer a mystery. Thus, according to Fremont, Green River, in Utah, near lat. 42° and long. 110° , has an altitude of 6,230 feet; the summit of Central Plateau, near lat. $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and long. $109\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, has 7,490 feet elevation; Wind River Mountains, Oregon, lat. 43° and long. 110° , have an average height of 10,000 feet; and Fremont's Peak, the highest point of Wind River Mountains, is 13,570 feet above the sea. From this latitude, or near 43° , the mountains and valleys have a general slope northward, and the country becomes, north of the United States, less mountainous.

Elevation above the sea was mentioned among the modifying powers of climate. To this more special attention will be given in another connection. But it is doubtless to be ranked as one reason for the low temperature of our country as compared with portions of Europe and Asia in the same parallels. To this is to be added the different configuration of the two continents, especially as to the coast lines and the bays and coast indentations. In Europe we see the North Sea extending southward into the continent, the Baltic and its adjuncts on the west, with the Bay of Biscay, and on the south the Mediterranean and Black Seas into the hot countries south of them. Hence it is that Humboldt and Guyot have attached great importance to this among the "physical features of Europe," and especially to the seas and countries on the south.

As the higher temperature of the Northern hemisphere, compared with the Southern, is attributed to the much greater proportion of land in the Northern, we have another reason for the higher temperature of Europe and Asia north of the tropics, in the far larger extent of land in Europe and Asia than in North America. Consider, too, the great difference in the breadth of the land at or near the tropics in the two continents, our country being relatively narrow at the south. At lat. 30° , North America has a breadth of only 35° of longi-

tude, and the Eastern continent a breadth of 90° ; while at 40° , North America extends across 50° of longitude, and Europe and Asia across 150° . There cannot be a doubt that this cause must have great influence in raising the temperature of the southern and middle portions of the Eastern continent. Then, too, the northern coast of the one is upon the open ocean, while that of the other abuts on interminable fields of ice.

The temperature of the southern and middle portions of the United States, however, is elevated somewhat by the influence of the Gulf of Mexico, which, stretching nearly across the southern border, acts, to a certain extent, as a reservoir of the hotter water of the Atlantic, brought into it by the trade-winds and the current from the South Atlantic,—the warm trade-winds themselves being arrested on the mountains of Mexico, and changed in their direction so as to set northward over the vast valley of the Mississippi and along the valleys between the Rocky Mountain ranges. Hence it is that the isothermal of 70° mean annual temperature varies the least from its general course over the Eastern continent as it passes along the southern part of the United States ; the isothermal of 60° much more ; and those of lower temperature still more.

The whole discussion of this topic is full of interest, and opens widely expansive views to the philosophic mind. Some conclusions may indeed require to be modified by future discoveries. For the whole ground has not yet been explored ; the laws of known forces have not been fully ascertained ; nor has the full influence of modifying causes been detected or adequately estimated. Nothing can be more strictly true, at this day, than the remark of the author, that “the relation of physical geography to climatology is confused and unsatisfactory.” “A greater number of points of observation is required in the recently known districts of North America and Asia, not only of what the climate is, but of what the actual physical features are.” The currents of wind and water, upon which the labors of Lieutenant Maury have already produced such increase of our knowledge and directed to the most beneficial commercial results ; the phenomena of storms, upon which the lamented Redfield and the acute Espy have expended so much power ; and the influence of mountains upon

the climate of a country,—all need to be more extensively studied; and a vast number of additional observations must be made before this great subject will be exhausted, and the laws of climate be fully understood.

Our author may have made statements in advance of previous conclusions, and liable to be attacked or opposed even when true; or he may have over-estimated some of the modifying forces; but previous and opposing opinions, different from those he maintains, may themselves be uncertain from the want of sufficient data, or need to be corrected for some reason. Only the future will enable climatologists to ascertain the actual state of things in various respects. In the mean time let us say God-speed to all honest laborious efforts, and bestow at least the honor that is due to every true friend of science.

At page 210 is given the Isothermal Chart for the Northern hemisphere above lat. 20° north, affording data for a general comparison of the temperate climates of the eastern part of the United States with the west of Europe, and permitting the eye to rest on the great isothermals across the whole hemisphere. The relative temperature, and so far the climate, is splendidly exhibited, and appears as the panoramic vision of localized heat over this large portion of the earth.

To take only the lines passing through places whose mean annual temperature is 70° and 60° Fahrenheit, similar and singular results appear. The line of 60° Fahrenheit passes through the southern part of Japan, at lat. 34° north; thence strikes China in lat. 33° , inclining slightly to the south; thence runs on the parallel of 33° , nearly to the mountains east of the Mediterranean; thence in a northerly curve round the north border of that sea, a little north of Rome, in lat. 43° , and near the southern boundary of France; thence through Spain, a little south of Madrid, in lat. 39° , and a little north of Lisbon, to the Atlantic; thence inclining north of lat. 40° to the middle Atlantic; thence, verging southward, it strikes the United States in lat. 36° , near the middle of North Carolina, and runs through the northern part of South Carolina to the Mississippi in lat. 34° , and nearly four degrees north of New Orleans; thence southward to lat. 30° and long. 100° in

Texas, west of Austin; thence rapidly north and west near El Paso, in lat. 30° , on to lat. $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, northeast of San Francisco, and thence nearly south to the Pacific in lat. 35° . As this chart contains also the isothermals for the mean of summer and winter, it exhibits the differences of climate across the Northern hemisphere, the resemblance of much of the climate of the United States to that of Eastern Asia, and the tortuous changes made necessary by the configuration, mountains, and internal seas of salt or fresh water.

Much as Dove had extended his isothermals in his various publications, the means have not been before attained to present such an admirable chart for our country. It affects every eye with the impression that a new and brilliant light has suddenly shot above the horizon of climatology. Baron Humboldt has lived to see his anticipations of 1828 become almost a reality. "When the varied inflections of the isothermal lines shall be traced from accurate observations, continued for at least five years, in European Russia and Siberia, when they shall be prolonged to the western coasts of North America, the science of the distribution of heat on the surface of the globe, and in accessible strata, will rest on solid foundations."

It may be remarked, that the lines or curves of mean temperature of summer are by some writers called *Isotherals*, and of winter *Isochimals*, while those of the mean or average temperature are called *Isothermals*. By more frequent usage, now, all are called Isothermals for the mean of summer, winter, and the year.

At page 220 is the Hyetal or Rain Chart for both continents, showing conspicuously to the eye the quantity of deposition, or water from rain and snow which falls upon the various sections. The anomalies are very prominent, and the display most satisfactory. This is the more gratifying, as so much valuable light on the causes affecting the fall of rain in different sections has already been given to the world. But the chart and its explanations need no commendation to any seeing eye.

At the bottom of the two charts which we have last described is a profile view of the elevation of the mountain ridges in the Northern hemisphere, as they lie along the west-

ern coast of America and Europe. As connected with climate, this profile of altitudes will have much interest for the reader, from their influence, heat and rain being essential to vitality in the operations of nature (pp. 113-115).

In a more particular illustration of the climate of the United States, Mr. Blodget has given five Isothermal Charts, one for the mean temperature of each of the seasons, and one for that of the year, and five Hyetal Charts for the mean rain of the same periods. For our country these charts were a great desideratum. They present extraordinary variations in the mean temperature on the same and on different latitudes. The outlines are drawn on a much larger scale than that for both continents, and the flexures, of course, stand out in more boldness and fulness. It was to be expected that the isothermals would be turned northward, after crossing the Rocky Mountains, in the valley between this great range and the coast range of mountains, and, after crossing the latter, would turn southward again into the Pacific. But where the flexures fall and the changes occur, could be told only from the actual observations which the author has collected. These charts are not copies of those prepared by Mr. Blodget for, and published in, the Army Meteorological Register, but are founded on more extensive data, and differ in some important points by reason of the corrections he was able to make. The Register also had a limited circulation. Certainly the Climatology ought to be a common book in the libraries of our citizens. It is not improbable that more extended observations at more numerous localities, especially in the western two-thirds of the United States and the British and Russian Provinces, will lead to further corrections of both these sets of charts; though the great general outlines will probably not be obliterated by them.

As to isothermal charts, it should be remarked, that there are two principles of construction, each of which is claimed to have some advantages. The first method is, to use the mean temperature of various places as the sole directrix of the lines or curves. The isothermals then show the actual mean temperatures derived from observation at the places through which the lines pass, or they form the profile line of mean tempera-

ture of all the places along them. On this principle our author has proceeded in the construction of these charts. On this principle Humboldt is supposed to have formed the first isothermals ever drawn.

The second method is to make reductions of the observed mean temperatures to some more general standard; for example, to make the level of the ocean the standard of mean temperature for places of the same latitude, and to make certain definite corrections of the observed mean temperature of a place above the sea-level, or for difference of latitude, or *both*, so as to give the mean temperature of the place if it were situated on the level of the ocean on the thermal degree of latitude. The isothermal then becomes the profile of reduced mean temperatures, supposing the places on the sea-level; or it is the line of *theoretical*, and not of *actual* mean temperature; a line of *imaginary*, not of *real* average heat. In other words, such an isothermal represents a mean temperature which does not and cannot exist on that latitude, except at a place situated on the sea-shore and at the sea-level. For certain purposes, this method may have advantages; but the isothermals cannot then represent the unity of observation and fact.

That elevation above the ocean has an important influence on the temperature, and hence on the climate, has long been known. It could not but be noticed by the common eye, in the difference between the vegetation on high hills and that in the low plains. The contrast between the perpetual snow of the Alps, and other lofty mountains, and the heated valleys at their base, has ever been palpable. It remained for the moderns to discover, if possible, the law of this action; and this became a relatively easy work for the thermometer, with measurements from balloon ascensions, and other estimates of altitudes. That the true estimates must differ for different latitudes and for different seasons of the year, has always been conceded. Humboldt found from his observations on the Cordilleras, to an elevation of 5,000 feet, that the rate of decrease was variable at the different altitudes, but that the mean of the whole gave a fall in the thermometer of 1° for 341 feet. The variation was held to depend upon particular

circumstances of the localities, while the mean was considered to be a reasonable approximation. From the ascent of Gay-Lussac in a balloon at Paris, September 6, 1804, he derived the proportion of 1° for 346 feet, when the temperature at the surface was 82° , or about the estimated mean temperature of the equator at the ocean-level. It cannot be doubted that a very different configuration of country and a lower temperature would give a different ratio from these, so various are the circumstances which affect the quantity and the diffusion of heat in the atmosphere.

Mr. Blodget uses the more common estimate for Europe and for temperate latitudes, of 3° for 1000 feet. He notices, indeed, the fact, that this is not the true ratio for some localities in our country, and he might have said for many. Below are given a few comparisons, that the reader may carefully consider them.

No.	Latitude.	Elevation.	Temp.	Ratio.
		Feet.	$^{\circ}$	
1. Fort Massachusetts, N. Mex.	37 32	8,365	41.1	1° to 320 ft.
Fort Miller, Cal.	37 00	402	66.0	
2. Fort Massachusetts, N. Mex.	37 32	8,365	41.1	1° to 600 ft.
San Francisco, Cal.	37 32	150	54.9	
3. Fort Monroe, Virginia,	37 00	8	59.9	1° to 445 ft.
Fort Massachusetts, N. Mex.	37 32	8,365	41.1	
4. Fort Miller, Cal.	37 00	402	66.0	1° to 23 ft.
San Francisco, Cal.	37 32	150	54.9	
5. Mexico City,	19 26	7,409	60.4	1° to 486 ft.
Vera Cruz,	19 12	60	75.5	
6. Fort Laramie, Nebraska Ter.	42 12	4,519	50.1	1° to 1660 ft.
Ann Arbor, Mich.	42 15	700	47.8	
7. Watervliet, N. Y.	42 43	50	48.1	1° to 330 ft.
Cherry Valley Academy, N. Y.	42 58	1,335	44.2	
8. Cambridge, Mass.	42 23	0	48.4	1° to 157 ft.
Amherst College, Mass.	42 22	267	46.7	

The two places in No. 1 differ in longitude about 14° , but both are among the mountains. The places in No. 2 differ in longitude about 17° ; but San Francisco is near the Pacific coast, and has a much lower mean annual temperature than is due to its latitude as compared with the coast of the Pacific farther north. The places in No. 4 differ in longitude only

23°, but it is the low average of San Francisco that makes the ratio so large. The places in No. 5 differ in longitude 6½; but Mexico is in a high and warm valley or plain, and hence the ratio is so small. Were we to reduce the temperature of Mexico to that of the ocean, at the rate of 3° to 1000 feet, the reduction would be 22°, and the reduced mean of Mexico would be 82.4°, equal to the mean heat of the equator. This would put it on an isothermal far removed from its present latitude.

This examination shows us that there are such causes at work as make the just estimate of the effect of elevation on temperature very difficult, if not unattainable. Indeed, to determine this, the places compared should have their other climatic relations very nearly the same. But this is the point which cannot be ascertained.

For further illustration, we may consider localities of the same temperature, but of different latitudes and elevations.

	Latitude.	Elevation. Feet.	Mean Temp. °
Fort Vancouver, Washington Ter.	45 40'	50	52.7
Philadelphia, Pa.	39 57	60	52.7
Frankford Arsenal, Pa.	40 1	20	52.7
Germantown, Pa.	40 3	70?	52.3
Milton, Indiana,	39 47	800	52.2
Marietta, Ohio,	39 25	630	52.6
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,	39 21	896	52.8
Lapwai, Oregon,	46 27	1000?	52.4
Fort Dalles, Columbia,	45 36	350	52.8
Astoria, Oregon,	46 11	50	52.2
Fort Humboldt,	40 46	50	52.1

These temperatures designate the isothermal curve of nearly 52.5°; but the other columns show there is no definite ratio of heat to altitude, which can have any extensive application over our country.

For another illustration, we might refer to the point of perpetual congelation, so far as it is known, on high mountains. This point was found to be at 13,428 feet, by Saussure, on the Alps; on Pinchincha, on the Andes, near the equator, by Bouguer, at 15,577 feet; and on the Himalaya Mountains, at

18,000 feet above the sea, and higher on the north side of the peaks of these Asiatic mountains than on the south side, doubtless on account of the more extended plain northward.

This examination shows also the relatively high temperature of the elevated valleys or plateaus of the Great West.

Santa Fé,	at elevation of	6,846	feet, lat.	35° 41'	has temp. of	50.6
Fort Laramie,	"	4,519	"	42 12	"	50.1
Mexico City,	"	7,469	"	19 26	"	60.4
Fort Scott, Texas,	"	2,060	"	30 55	"	63.2
Fort Atkinson, Plains,	"	2,330	"	37 47	"	54.6
Fort Union, N. M.	"	6,418	"	35 54	"	49.1

The first two of these places have the temperature of Newport, R. I., and of places on the coast of Long Island Sound.

In the discussion on the winds of the United States, Mr. Blodget maintains that winds are the *effect*, and not the cause, of atmospheric changes, such as storms or general climatic results; for wind is itself the effect of change in the temperature, whether the winds be local or general. But this does not prevent their acting as a modifier of climate, when once their current is established by adequate causes. The trade-winds are the result of the sun's heat, and the revolution of the earth on its axis. They are an effect of an adequate cause. But when their perpetual flow to the west is fixed, they are held to have an important action in raising the temperature of the great Mississippi valley. In this important agency they are mentioned by our author. But in this case they operate as a modifying power upon climate. In like manner, the belt of westerly wind north of lat. 35°, of which Mr. Blodget adduces proof, becomes a modifier of the climate by its temperature and connection with rain.

Not to mention the similar action of the monsoons, reference may be made also to the permanent currents of the ocean, as the Gulf Stream. This, though the result of heat, is admitted to affect the climate of the British Isles, and even that of Norway.

There is some confusion of language in respect to winds of *propulsion* and *aspiration*, which the author may remove perhaps by a qualifying phrase, the absence and omission of which results in an obvious contradiction.

Connected with winds are interesting facts as to the fall of rain, which require to be read to be fully estimated. Mr. Blodget assigns the upper westerly current of wind as the chief source of the rain-storms in the temperate latitudes of our country, and alludes to it more than once as an "*exterior source*," because it does not arise from "local contrasts of cool and heated surfaces" of the country and its seas. Hence it is maintained that the rain falls "mainly from the upper or westerly cloud," in the eastern, and, in fact, in much of the western portions of the United States.

Mr. Blodget refers to the statement of Dr. Gibbons, at San Francisco, on the course of the higher visible stratum of clouds, as uniformly from some westerly point, as well as to his own observations to the same effect in the State of New York. Indeed, no accurate observer in New England or New York can fail to be satisfied of the general current of the upper clouds, usually the cirrus, being from a westerly point. In rain-storms, however, there are two currents, and the lower is in some direction oblique to the upper or westerly one, as from the northeast, the southeast, and, in certain common instances, from the south. The common thunder-storm is from the west, or oftener a little north of west, and has its high cap of cirrus-cloud moving directly on from the westerly point, but underlaid with dense and extensive masses of nimbose clouds, or thunder-heads in common language, while the under-current of wind is from the south, carrying the still greater amount of vapor in the lower part of the atmosphere in dense strata at the lower part of the storm-cloud. The mixture of two such currents of air of different temperatures, and saturated with vapor, will evolve rain, and if mixed for some depth will yield a great rain, according to Hutton's Philosophical Theory of Rain. This theory seems to be adopted by Mr. Blodget, as he speaks of the two different currents of clouds preceding the rain-fall. When the two currents mingle by the flow of the lower current from the northeast, or from any easterly quarter, the cause of the rain-fall is equally obvious, and the close of these storms shows to the observer that the upper current proceeds from the westerly point.

It may not be of great importance to ascertain which of the

two currents yields the most of the rain in any storm, but it is generally held to be the lower current. The reasons are the following, and they are in entire consistency with the Huttonian theory.

Though the atmosphere is calculated to be at least forty miles in height, one half of it is, from the elasticity of air, within three and a half miles from the surface of the earth; warmer air holds far more water in solution as vapor than the colder, and of course the greater quantity of vapor will be near the earth; the upper tier of clouds, the cirrus, is found sometimes to be at an elevation of three miles; at this altitude is the point of perpetual congelation on the Andes (but lower in the temperate latitudes), the freezing point of water, or 32° Fahrenheit, at which temperature the atmosphere contains only a small quantity of water, not one fourth of the quantity at summer temperature; even if the cirrose clouds are formed at a less altitude, and the stratum saturated with vapor, as it may be at even that of two miles, the quantity of water would be much greater in the stratum below or nearer the earth; and finally, there is no necessity for the supply to come from the upper cloud current. It is improbable, if not impossible, on known principles, that the westerly current of wind and clouds is the principal source of the great rain-falls.

It is fully implied, also, that both currents, so far as they are mingled, are employed in yielding the water precipitated; both currents concur in the production of the rain or snow, even though the lower affords the greater proportion of it. The upper current is essential to the result, by such commingling of the upper and colder stratum with the lower that the clouds may be formed and disappear as falling water.

It is well known from the essay* of Professor Coffin, that there is a prevalent westerly wind at the surface of the earth over a belt of the Northern hemisphere from latitude 35° to near 60°; that is, the high westerly current extends its influence and direction to the winds, at the surface. Across the Atlantic, the westerly is the prevailing wind. But this lower

* Winds of the Northern Hemisphere, by J. H. Coffin, Professor of Math. and Nat. Phil. in Lafayette College, Easton, Penn. In Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.

part of the great current is subject to variable winds, coming from every point, from the north-northeast around the horizon to the south, at different times. By these variable winds the water from the Atlantic and from evaporation on the land is wafted in vapor to the westward over a vast area, and the elements are brought together for a rain-storm or a snow-storm, the action of which ceases by the restoration of the westerly current to the surface.

Even in this imperfect view, we see the reason that a storm, or an extensive thunder-shower, can be so readily traced from the Mississippi through Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Utica, Albany, even to the Atlantic, or over a nearly parallel district of country north or south, the velocity varying from twenty or twenty-five to forty, or in some cases sixty miles an hour.

The sudden and great change of temperature, the usual attendant of severe thunder-showers, is doubtless accounted for by the rapid change of vast quantities of vapor into water, evolving an immense amount of caloric,—even a thousand degrees to every pound of water formed and precipitated,—requiring the mixing of two strata of atmosphere of great thickness, and thus in effect bringing down the colder and higher westerly current to the surface of the earth. In his Travels through New England, half a century ago, President Dwight of Yale College, in effect, published this solution of the great change in the temperature above mentioned. However accounted for, the fact will be universally admitted.

Every few years a storm like the following occurs, generally with less severity. In January, 1810, occurred the *cold Friday*, as it was for years called. The weather had been fair and pleasant, and on Thursday the temperature was uncommonly high, rising even to 60° , and the wind from the south. Toward sunset the appearance of a coming storm, like a heavy thunder-shower, was obvious. It burst upon the western part of Massachusetts about sunset, or a little later, in a snow-squall from the north of west, of terrific violence, with the power and fury of a tornado. Desolation marked its course. The cold increased with great rapidity; at midnight the thermometer was at zero, and the next morning at 20° below, in some places colder. Friday was insufferably cold; the wind was

strong ; the thermometer did not rise to zero over much of New England and New York, and in Canada it was still lower. The storm passed over a large portion of our country, and everywhere with a great degree of cold. It is this fact to which we wish to refer, and to say that it seems inexplicable except upon the descent of the cold atmosphere from above, or its transference from the northern regions.

There is another aspect under which the two contrary currents show their operation in producing a great rain over a limited territory, which is not often noticed or understood, though undoubtedly it often occurs. The following instance will illustrate what we mean. A few years ago there was a great rain in the western towns of Hampden County and the adjoining portion of Berkshire County, Massachusetts. The rain was from an easterly wind, and very moderate on the east of Connecticut River, the lower stratum evidently loaded with vapor from the ocean. In the western towns of Hampden County, from which the waters flow into the Connecticut, a torrent was poured down by which there was great destruction of bridges and the like, not forgotten to this day. On the west side of the mountain ridge in Berkshire County the wind was from the north of west, of a medium velocity of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and the clouds thick and heavy. The two currents met upon and east of the ridge of mountains between the two counties, and the resulting condensation was a very great local rain. On the west side of the ridge the rain was moderate, and attracted no special attention even in the middle of the county of Berkshire. In the same manner, no doubt, many local rains, and especially considerable showers, are produced where the action of the two currents is not so clearly to be distinguished, or the attention is not arrested and directed to the subject.

In many cases, also, rain or snow may fall from the condensation of vapor passing into a cooler atmosphere in the vicinity of lakes or large bodies of water. This is often noticed in the vicinity of the southern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, especially in the fall of snow in small quantities, or to an inch or two in depth, for only a few—from five to ten—miles from the shore. The same reason doubtless accounts

for the great number of cloudy or hazy nights, especially on and along the south shore of Lake Ontario, protecting a belt of a few miles wide from frost in the spring, so that fruit is rarely killed by it, while a few miles farther south, and on higher land, the blossoms of the apple, peach, and other fruit-trees are often destroyed.

Connected with this consideration of currents, another principle is stated in the Climatology, in relation to the cold periods of some of our late winters, namely, "that these cold extremes do not come from the north," and are not "caused by north winds, or an inflection of the polar atmosphere southward." Perhaps it is not proved that the cause of this severe weather is not "exterior to the continent"; but the opinion of some distinguished meteorologists is in favor of the "inflection of the polar atmosphere southward." These severe changes, or "non-periodic depressions of temperature," follow the regular storms, or rather attend them, as in the case of the heavy and extensive thunder-storms already noticed, and whatever is the cause in one case is doubtless so in the other. In summer the cool period is, for obvious reasons, shorter than in the winter, and the temperature less reduced. As the prevalent wind at the time of these changes is westerly, and commonly from the north of west, it might be plausibly maintained that the operation in the elements above the earth either brings down the cold atmosphere in the region of the cirrus clouds, or produces an inflection southward of the colder northern atmosphere. It is not impossible that further observations over the western and northern portions of our continent may lessen the confidence of climatologists in the prevailing opinion or conclusion; but at present it seems more probable that they will sustain it.

The familiar fact, that climate is modified by latitude, is mentioned as leading to the inquiry whether the law of decrease of temperature from the equator has been, or can be, ascertained. Were the obliquity of the sun's rays alone to be considered, an approximation might perhaps be made; but when the difference in the length of the day, or time for which the sun is above the horizon, is to be added, the investigation becomes more complicated. Certainly the law is yet to be

ascertained for our country. Relying upon the results of observations, we have begun at New Orleans, in lat. $29^{\circ} 57'$ and long. 90° , where the mean annual temperature is 69.9° Fahr., and compared that with eleven places nearly on the same meridian, the most northerly of which is Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, in lat. $43^{\circ} 31'$ and about 770 feet above New Orleans. The comparison of these eleven places with New Orleans gives a ratio varying from 1° of temperature for one degree of latitude, to more than 2° for one of latitude. The ratio for New Orleans and Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, there being a difference of latitude of $8^{\circ} 31'$, is 1.8° of temperature to one degree of latitude; for New Orleans and Fort Winnebago, the difference of latitude being $13^{\circ} 34'$, it is 1.9° to one. The mean of the eleven comparisons is 1.9° to one, though they range from 1.6° to 2.5° of temperature for one degree of latitude, neglecting all influence of elevation above the sea.

Again, comparing Savannah with fourteen other places along the coast to Halifax, N. S., we find the ratio for one degree of latitude to vary from less than 1° to 1.9° Fahr. of temperature for one degree of latitude.

For the first 5 degrees of latitude the ratio is	1.5°	to	1°	lat.
" " 10 " " " " " " 1.8 " 1 "				
" " $12\frac{1}{2}$ " " " " " " 1.9 " 1 "				
" second 5 " " " " " " 2.1 " 1 "				
The mean ratio of the whole is 1.7 " 1 "				

All these places are but a few feet above the sea. It would appear from these comparisons, that the influence of latitude is not the same for even a few degrees, and that the ratio cannot be considered as a constant; and if reduction for elevation could be applied, the ratio would be increased, but still irregular and uncertain.

The only remaining topic which can be referred to in this article is the "Sanitary Relations" discussed in the work before us. One great object in "establishing a system of meteorological observation by the medical department of the army, was that of sanitary investigation in immediate reference to the health of the troops," and of the inhabitants of different parts of the country. The wisdom and foresight of Mr. Cal-

houn took a wide and an important range. The last publication from the army observations * contained a very interesting body of facts collected at the various posts. The compiler of the work referred to, Assistant Surgeon R. H. Coolidge, M. D., of the Army, deserves well of his country. In the circulation of his Report among the members of the medical profession, its utility will be proved. But the subject demands an extended review. We cannot even trace at this time the topic as treated in this part of the Climatology. The power of the dry and cold Northern climate in resisting the progress of consumption and permanently curing it, deserves considerate attention. The subject of miasma—but here we must forbear, *when doctors disagree.*

In the examination of this Climatology, we have noticed a few particulars which need not have been introduced, especially in a work so scientific. The reference to magnetism as a possible climatic force, and to electricity as a motive power, will hardly be approved. We have no certain evidence of their action in this case. Even electricity, so common a hobby with theorizers, as the agent in gravitation, light, caloric, and even in chemical affinity, as well as in life, thought, and muscular power, is not *known* to have any connection with them, except in contiguity of time and place. Mr. Blodget notices electricity only as a “*convective*” agent in removing heavy bodies in some devastating tornadoes. So terrific is the tornado, that it may itself be the adequate cause. True, it might be heightened by heavy electric discharges. For lightning has been known to dash down a chimney and scatter the materials, and to split or tear out large portions of living trees which were left standing, and scatter them to a considerable distance, a result of which no mere tornado-force is capable. But such evidences of its power show little connection with any climatic agency.

The faults in the composition of this book are occasional forms of expression not the most perspicuous, a somewhat involved construction of sentences, and in some instances a

* Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States, compiled from the Records of the Surgeon-General's Office, from January 1839, to January, 1855. Washington. 4to. pp. 700.

novel or singular use of words. Of the latter we have *climatological* instead of a shorter and better word, *climatic*, a very natural oversight; as, for instance, a "climatological basin" constituted by the "plains of the Columbia River," that is, a basin which has strong peculiarities of climate compared with the adjacent districts which are noticed.

We find, on the other hand, some instances in which a real advantage has been gained by the change of scientific terms, or the use of new terms. Thus we have *thermal*, for the condition of temperature, instead of "thermometric"; *hyetal*, for the rain-condition, in the place of the long and less euphonious "hyetographic" of Berghaus, for the worse "ombrographic" of the French, or in the place of "hyetometric" or "ombrometric"; and *hygral*, for the humid condition, instead of "hygrometric." The obvious analogy of our language is followed in these words.

A generality of statement, which needs some qualification, occasionally appears. It would be easy for a captious reader to offer very severe, yet plausible, criticisms on such assertions.

A due estimate of this work can be formed from the amount of facts, reasonings, and illustrations now presented from it, though but a partial view could be taken in these few pages. For its climatic statistics and illustrations it is invaluable to a great majority of scientific men, to whom they had been inaccessible, and to all general students of physical geography and climatology. That it far surpasses the anticipations of that great body of observers over the country who had begun eagerly to examine this interesting and important subject, may be safely asserted. That the increasing number of observers over the United States and in the regions farther north will, in a few years, enlarge the field of view, and settle some points not yet ascertained, is highly probable.

In conclusion, we would point out some desirable improvements in the observations to be made.

1. We would suggest the adoption of one uniform set of hours for thermal observations, as 7 A. M. and 2 and 9 P. M., as required by the observers for the Smithsonian Institution and at the military posts of the United States. Even the amateur observers will in this way greatly increase the

value of their results. In numerous cases, entire confidence cannot be placed, because the hours selected have not been the same. For a few years other hours of taking the observations were used at the military posts; but four hours happened then to be adopted which are found to give very nearly the same results as are derived from the three mentioned,—only the labor was made one fourth greater with no advantage. But it is to be feared that the results of too many of the early observations in Europe and America are only a very remote approximation to the truth.

2. In all cases observers should adhere to the hours selected, as the difference of half an hour often makes several degrees of difference in the temperature. There are no adequate data on which to make satisfactory reductions. The labor too is great for obtaining only an approximation to an approximation. The observations for the ten years from 1855 ought to exceed in value all those previously made in North America. Attention to these two points will secure this great object. Their importance cannot be over-estimated.

3. Particular attention should be given to the course of winds, especially to the course as shown by the upper clouds. The winds at the surface are often local; the upper must be more general. In valleys between ranges of mountains, only the winds indicated by the clouds can have any general importance. The different currents, when there are two tiers of clouds, should be recorded. The tracing of storms in their progress over the country, and the times of commencement in different latitudes or longitudes, or both, must lead to important conclusions. In determining the course of winds by the clouds, let those *passing over the zenith be noticed as unerring guides*. It is obvious that clouds in the southern horizon, for example, may appear to move from the west, when they are actually moved by winds from the northwest or southwest.

4. Constant and careful attention should be paid to the thermometer, as heat is the all-important element in climate.

Vast has been the labor expended in the observations already made; the great results have begun to appear. The effort must be continued, and it will effect immeasurably

greater results. As was said of the moving power in another case, so will it yet be said in this great interest of science and humanity,—“*Labor omnia vicit improbus.*”

ART. III.—1. *A Chronological History of New England, in the Form of Annals, etc.* By THOMAS PRINCE, M. A. Boston, N. E. Printed by Kneeland and Green for S. Gerrish. 1736.

2. *Catalogue of the Library of Rev. Thomas Prince, presented to the Old South Church and Society.* Boston. 1847.
3. *Proposals of the Prince Publication Society.* Boston. 1859.

ONE of the most disinterested pleasures enjoyed by the student of history is the almost personal acquaintance he forms with those celebrities of a former day who are to the multitude but shadowy names. A more selfish but a more beneficial result of his study is seen when he is enabled to gain the attention of a public desirous only of entertainment, and, by interesting it, to impress upon its memory the distinct idea which has been depicted gradually upon his mind. If his own image be clear and well-proportioned, whether it be true or false, he will communicate an impression as fresh and interesting as the critic's analysis of the last new author. The public will be zealous to atone for the neglect which has so long attended the subject, will eagerly adopt the judgment of the writer, and permit it to stand as the award of History, until some other ardent advocate arises to repeat the process, and to intensify or contradict the prevalent opinion.

This revival of a defunct reputation is constantly occurring, and it may be one of the necessary results attendant on the easy publication of so many works. We can hardly point to an English author of note whose reputation has not thus waned and been rekindled. In this country, the space covered by our record is so limited, that but few instances can as

yet be enumerated. Already, however, we find the names of Winthrop, Bradford, Morton, and the Mathers made familiar to our ears ; their actions scrutinized, their intentions discussed, their productions reprinted and analyzed. The history of the first half-century of our colonial existence will soon be better comprehended than that of the fifty years which witnessed our birth and growth as a nation. To future generations, freer from contemporary prejudices, we must leave the task of tracing the clear course of comparatively recent events ; to us belong the duty and the pleasure of investigating that earlier portion of our history which, we are wont to believe, was an essential prelude to the great scene to be enacted.

We shall attempt, in this article, to describe the life and character of a man whose name has become endeared to us for far different reasons from those which called forth the admiration and esteem of our forefathers a century ago. In Thomas Prince they saw the devoted pastor, the sympathizing friend, the eloquent and loyal advocate of the claims of Church and King. We recognize in him to-day the patient gleaner of those particles of history, upon whose collective authority rest the claims of the Pilgrim Puritans to our thanks and veneration. The recent occurrence of the centennial anniversary of his death, renders the present a fit time to present some faint portrayal of him, as a memento and an incitement to abler hands to continue and perfect the work. If in doing this we descend into details apparently trivial, let us say, in Prince's own words :—

“ Some may think me rather too critical, others that I relate some circumstances too minute. As to the first, I think a Writer of Facts cannot be too critical : It is Exactness I aim at, and would not have the least mistake, if possible, pass to the World. As to the Second, those Things which are too minute with Some, are not so with Others. And there's none who attentively reads a History, either ancient or modern, but in a great many Cases, wishes the Writer had mentioned some minute Circumstances, that were then commonly known, and thought too needless or small to be noted.”

Thomas Prince was born at Sandwich, Massachusetts, May 15, 1687, and was the son of Samuel Prince by his second

wife, Mercy, daughter of Governor Samuel Hinckley. His father, the son of John Prince of Watertown and Hingham, and grandson of the Reverend John Prince, Rector of East Shefford, in Berkshire, England, had been a sailor and then a trader, and by a previous wife had already a family. We can well imagine, however, that this first-born child of his young wife was a most welcome addition to his household circle, and as his property increased with the growing demands upon it, our future divine was well placed at his entrance into life. His father was, he tells us, religious from his youth, much esteemed for his abilities and gifts, and especially for his powers of argument ; while his zealous love for the principles and liberties of New England, no doubt, led him early to instil into the mind of his son those principles of piety and that respect for the freedom of conscience so conspicuous in his subsequent life.

Under the judicious firmness of such a father's rule, the boyhood of Prince was spent ; and, with Morton's "Memorial" for a reading-book, we cannot wonder that he soon acquired a desire to enter the ministry, and an unconquerable reverence for the character of the first colonists of this country. This same reading-book was destined to produce a noble fruit, and we should be thankful for the system of education which placed it in his hands. We see him, then, a quiet, good-natured, and even-tempered child, growing up under careful admonitions, seeking his only excitement in the tales of the dangers encountered by the Pilgrims, which must have been so often repeated by his grandfather's fireside, and unconsciously acquiring the information he afterward so well employed.

In 1703 he entered Harvard College, over which Samuel Willard then presided, and as Sewall says, there "he made a laudable Proficiency in the study of the liberal Arts ; and that which set a Crown upon all, was, that he feared God, from his Youth, and early appeared a Lover of pure Religion, as well as good Literature. I apprehend, I may truly say, that from his Youth, and in riper Age, as an Overseer of the College, he was a Blessing and Ornament to that Seminary of Learning."

We lose sight of him for the two years after his graduation,

during which time he doubtless devoted himself to theological studies, and sustained the character which Increase Mather gives of him, that "when he was a young student at the College, he was a praying student." After this time we are enabled to trace his course from his Journals, now in the possession of Rev. Chandler Robbins, to whose kindness our readers are indebted for the curious and interesting extracts which follow.

It was on the 29th of March, 1709, that Prince went from Scarlet's Wharf in Boston to the Thomas and Elizabeth, a vessel of 450 tons, then riding near Hull. She carried twenty-four guns, and mustered forty seamen, under the command of Henry Sherburne. Mr. Martin Bailey was her surgeon, and Mr. Eben Mountford was a passenger; while in her companion, the Dolphin, of 250 tons, with sixteen guns and twenty men, were Nathaniel Green, the commander, and "our good friend, Mr. John Russell, surgeon." The fleet sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon, and consisted of eight ships, two brigantines, and two sloops, all under convoy of the ship America, of twenty-four guns, William Bowditch commanding, Mr. John Gove, chaplain, and William Russell, surgeon. The tedium of the voyage Prince alleviated by keeping a most exact "log," by noting down the epigrams which his friend Russell recited, by drawing up rules for the good government of the ship, wherein sleeping on the watch and avoiding the religious services were punished alike, and by assigning the posts to be occupied by each man in case of an attack by privateers. Fortunately this latter danger was avoided, and, after a voyage of twenty days, he arrived at Barbados on the 21st of April.

Here he stayed until nearly five months had elapsed, going on shore frequently, preaching several times, and always seeking matter to be treasured up in his Diary. Thus he carefully draws off the plan of Queen Anne's Fort at Carlisle Bay; records the burial of "Joseph Smith, formerly of Watertown, N. E." ;—the taking of his cousin Joseph Prince's sloop at St. Vincent's, and her recapture;—the departure of Dr. Bailey, whom Dr. Charles Walker succeeds. He also keeps a perfect "marine journal" of ships arriving and departing.

Yet with all this activity and business enterprise, so palpable at the rich “sugar island,” our journalist saw sights which were calculated to disquiet him. In his own words:—

“ June 12, I went on shore, and saw the most affecting spectacle in the world. ’Tis computed that in this Island, to no more than 8000 whites, there are no less than four-score thousand negroes; all absolute slaves, till kind Death wrests them out of the hands of their Tyrannick masters. But alas! these miserables are entirely restrained from Reflecting on themselves, and Thinking on a Future State. They know no Interest but theirs that own them, and Ingross all their Strength and Labour,—and their Time also, except what the Supream Governour has mercifully Reserved for themselves. Then they are at Liberty to enjoy their own Thoughts, and to Regale themselves in the mean Pleasures of a Brutal appetite; and which scarce reach any farther than a Drowsie joy for the Transitory Intermission of their Slavery.

“ Then it is, they endeavour to Droun or Forget their burthensom cares, by the most Frantick amusements they can Imagine. But their spirits are so abject and Feeble, and their minds so effectually Debased, that they can neither see, think of, nor Realize any Refined Delight, but charm or rather dose themselves with the most Prodigious expressions of a confused Folly, as can scarce lay claims to the grossest of Pleasures. Their Rendezvous was at the Place of their Burial, their entrance into another world, which they have such a faint Prospect of, as they are Loath to lose their miserable Life, till rendered by the Barbarianism of Christians almost Intollerable, and then they will run the Risque of a Future Reckoning, and in the meanwhile Think it impossible that the Almighty should be severer to them than Mortals.”

On the 4th of September, 1709, in company with a fleet of some fifty vessels, the Thomas and Elizabeth sailed for London. This voyage was hardly more diversified by stirring incidents than the preceding, and the else blank space in his journal is well dotted with epigrams and loyal songs, giving evidence at once on the part of the transcriber of a good perception of the ludicrous, and a partial yielding of the restraints of Puritan education. After reaching the coast of England, the journal notes the various reports furnished by the boatmen, and the escape of the sailors from impressment; and on the 17th of November, 1709, he “arrived at the happy port, and has the joyful satisfaction of seeing himself in the greatest and most flourishing city of the universe.”

From this date to January 22, 1710, he seems to have devoted himself to an eager examination of the manifold strange and interesting objects everywhere spread around him. With all his sight-seeing, he found time to hear the most famous divines of the day, preached himself at Eltham and at the Gloves' Hall, and visited his cousins Buckle, and Hackshaw. He was then unfortunately attacked by the small-pox, and suffered for a weary month in his room. As soon as he had well recovered, he rejoined his vessel, and his journal records his feelings at leaving the city he had so gladly entered. Notwithstanding the innumerable blessings enjoyed by the nation, and the vastness of its riches, learning, and renown, he finds its glories all sullied by the fierceness of factions, and the unhappy dissensions of the Church.

On the 17th of March, 1710, the vessel sailed from Gravesend for Madeira. The reason of Prince's devoting so much space to copies of the political squibs of the day may perhaps be found in the following note, entered in the record of this voyage.

“As I observed the Humours of the several Parties in England, upon my Departure, by their little Poetical efforts; I might also observe the Peculiar Spite which the Tories have expressed against the present ministry, in the following satirical Thanksgiving.

‘In sounds of Joy your tunefull voices raise,
And Teach the People whom to thank and praise.
Thank humble Sarah’s Providential Reign,
For Peace and Plenty both of Corn and Grain.
Thanks to Volpone, for your unbought Union :
Thank Bishops for occasional communion :
Thank Stock-Jobbers for your Thriving Trade :
Once more, thank Volpy that your debts are paid.
Thank Marlborough’s zeal that scorned the proffered Treaty :
But thank Eugene, the Frenchmen did not beat ye :
Thank your own selves that you are taxed and shamed,
And sing Te Deum, when the three are damned.’”

On the 27th of April, 1710, they anchored in the road of Funchal, and our annalist embellishes his book with a pen-and-ink “Prospect of Medeiras,” and a map of the island. Here he stayed but six days, yet there was time for a grievous back-sliding on the part of “Mr. Ramsden’s maid,” who renounced her baptism and was received into the Romish Church.

On the 3d of May, well loaded with wines, the vessel started for Barbados. On the 9th, the Tropic of Cancer was passed, and, those of the passengers who had never "*cut*" it being called on to pay each a bottle of wine, one refused; and "by the Prevalence of a marine custom, was ducked three times from the main-yard arm,"—a most note-worthy testimonial to the antiquity and respectability of this custom. The voyage was not without incidents to call forth a few moral reflections from our young divine. A school of flying-fish falling a prey to bonitos caused him to moralize upon man, "who, protected by the barriers of fortune, concludes himself beyond the reach of a sudden fate; at once, a Pursuing misery, ravenous and eager, breaks through the imaginary bounds of his power, and swallows him and his hopes in a moment."

On the 27th of May, 1710, the voyage happily terminated by their arrival at Barbados. Here his time passed easily,—visits on shore and letters from home combining, we might well imagine, to make the sojourn a pleasant one. Yet such was not the case, for we find him writing to his friend, Ebenezer Thayer, at Boston: "I am impatient of tarrying here, if it were possible for me to be impatient. . . . What a perplexing thing may you imagine it to be that I am obliged to hear so much horrible Prophaneness and see so many brutal Immoralities, and yet not in a capacity so much as to Rebuke them." He bewails his position as, being desirous to convince others that "the practice of religion is not inconsistent with the enjoyment of the true pleasures of life," he is in danger of going too far, and "extending his compliance beyond the inviolable bounds of Christianity." The same reflections are to be found in his letters to his parents, and we can well understand the feelings with which a young man just released from the severity of a Puritan education would view the free indulgence of others in pleasures against which he had been zealously warned, while his devout striving to maintain a proper course of life would expose him to much good-natured raillery. Unwilling to offend those to whom these pleasures were almost a necessity, anxious to preserve his own course intact, unable to censure or quietly to avoid the round of dissipation, he must have dearly paid for a transient indulgence by bitter repentance in the retirement of his chamber.

No long delay was to be made at the sugar island; for the Thomas and Elizabeth again started on the 3d of August, with a full cargo of sugar, and ten passengers, in company with a fleet of some forty sail. Another quiet and fortunate passage favored him, and on the 17th of October, 1710, he again landed in London.

Again he feels impelled to express a regret at the unhappy political dissensions which overshadowed the many advantages that had been obtained by the mother-country in peace and war.

He proceeded to take lodgings, and renew his explorations among the novelties of the capital. The Lord Mayor's show, and the Lectures at Gresham College, upon law, medicine, and theology, engaged his attention in rapid succession, while his record of his listening to the famous London divines is diversified by items proving his taste for the less puritanical recreation of the theatre. He duly notes, that from his cousin Francis Prince he received the arms of his family, and two years afterward he had them formally verified and entered at the Herald's College.

The new year, 1711, found him "sick of the measles," and hardly was he convalescent, when he heard the sorrowful news of the burning of his ship at Deptford, which was caused by the neglect of the boatswain, during a drunken frolic. "Thus ended," he writes, "the Thomas and Elizabeth, that began to vie for Fame and Renown, with all the ships built in N. E. or that have Traded to the West Indies."

With the 30th of January this volume closes, and from that date we are without any important records, though from his letter-book we can trace his movements with sufficient accuracy. In February he was at Yarmouth, in July at Norwich, and in September at London. During the year 1712, and until August in 1713, he was at Coombs, in Suffolk, and, except a short trip to London or Norwich, he stayed at this latter place until June, 1714, when he visited Rotterdam. Here he remained a month, and then, returning to his friends, sojourned for two years, until August, 1716, at Coombs. He appears to have been rather restless during the next nine months, no doubt being employed in preparations to return to New Eng-

land ; and in this time he visited Bristol, London, and Denton.

During his sojourn in England he kept up a friendly correspondence with his cousins Katharine and Francis Prince, and cousins Hackshaw and J. Buckle, all of whom resided at London, and were probably descended from his grand-uncle Francis Prince, a merchant of that city. He seems also to have cherished an unceasing attachment for his Boston friends and his widely-spread relatives, to whom he frequently wrote.

We are still unable to state the causes which had led him to settle at Coombs, but we learn from the funeral sermon pronounced on him by his colleague, Joseph Sewall, that the “Flock to whom he ministered, manifested their earnest Desire of his Continuance and Settlement with them ; but no Importunity could overcome his longing Desire after his native Country, and Father’s House. Accordingly, after a remarkable Interposition of Providence, by which he escaped that terrible storm in 1716, when a dear and pious Friend, Mr. David Jeffries, with whom he had agreed to take passage, but was prevented by Sickness and other Incidents, perished, with many others,”— he embarked from London, May 15, 1717, in the brigantine Martha and Hannah, of ninety tons. With him were Stephen Barford and William Argent, from Cambridgeshire, James Southgate, his wife, and three daughters, Richard Southgate, his wife, two sons, and three daughters, Dorcas and Margaret Southgate, Rebecca Harvey, Samuel Denny, and Deborah Denny, besides four steerage passengers and twelve men-servants. The Southgates and Dennys seem to have been peculiarly attached to Prince, and in fact Sewall states that they were influenced to remove to this country by a desire to remain under his ministry.

The log-book of this voyage is more copious than the previous ones, and the relation of the different storms, fogs, and calms, especially when the vessel was near Newfoundland, may yet prove of service to those who investigate the laws of currents and storms.

Their company was called upon to surrender one of its number. On the 10th of June, Elizabeth, daughter of James and Mary Southgate, a child about eight years old, died, and

was buried on the 12th. Prince describes her as a most charming, quiet, modest, and pious child, and we can well sympathize with the gloom which must have rested upon the little band of emigrants. However, this most untoward event was no precursor of other evil ; for, after a prosperous voyage, they came in sight of Cape Cod on the 20th of July, and on the 21st cast anchor at Castle Island. The welcome that awaited him can best be described in his own words :—

“ About 12, there came two young Gentlemen in a Boat from Boston, To Inquire after me, & to Let me know that my Dear Parents were alive, had been a long while waiting for me at Boston ; but Disappointed, they went to Dorchester yesterday, on their Return Home to Rochester. Upon my Desire, They sailed over to Dorchester Farms, Found out my Parents, Informed them of my coming over to meet them to-morrow, and Returned in the evening to Boston.

“ After a very civil entertainment, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ the Captain sent his Pinnace to carry me up. I landed at the long wharf, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an Hour after the meeting Began : and by that means escaped the crowds of People that came down on the wharf at noon-time to see me. For they tell me, there were above 500 came down, Inquiring after me. But now, the streets being clear, I silently went up to the old South-meeting ; and none there knew me but Mr. Sewall, then in the pulpit, Mr. Severs Praying and Preaching at that Time with them.

Deo ter optimo maximo soli, Innumeræ ac perpetuæ Laudes.

After the exercise ended, I made haste into the Porch, on Purpose to avoid Mr. Sewall’s Taking notice of me in Publick, & There meeting with my Landlord Southgate, he showed me Brother Moses, whom else I could not have known, and Turning the corner, cousin Joseph Prince overtook us, and carryed us two Home with Him : From thence we went to Cousin Hannover’s, & Then to Cousin Loring’s where I took up my Lodgings.”

Soon after this date, we find him returning public thanks in a sermon which was printed, entitled “ A Thanksgiving Sermon Deliver’d at the Lecture in Boston, N. E. on Thursday, September 5, 1717. Upon Occasion of the Author’s safe Arrival thro’ many great Hazards and Deliverances, Especially on the Seas, in above Eight Years Absence from his Dear and Native Country.” The Preface, by Increase Mather, contains several interesting passages, which we copy :—

"It was well done of him upon his safe Arrival here, to give God the glory of this Remarkable Salvation, and to do it in the hearing of a Multitudinous Auditory, many belonging to the Adjacent Towns being present at the Lecture when this Sermon was preached. I cannot but rejoice to see that the Author Preacheth Christ. Many late Preachers have little or nothing of Christ in any of their *Sermons* (shall I call them) or Harangues. The worthy Author of the Excellent Sermon which is Emitted herewith, had his Birth and Education in New-England. It is no dishonour to the Country that there have been such Natives in it."

We have now arrived at the happiest portion of his life. The report of his talents; attainments, and amiable character had reached his native land in advance of his arrival. "Several Churches of Christ," says Sewall, "sought him, as a precious Gift of our ascended Saviour." He accepted the call given him by the South Church (a name still dear to every citizen of Boston, and which has become indissolubly connected with his own), and was ordained as the colleague of Dr. Joseph Sewall, succeeding to the place left vacant by the death of Ebenezer Pemberton. He was ordained October 1, 1718, and his sermon "preached on that Solemnity" gained him at once a most enviable renown. From the Introduction to it we venture to extract the following passages: —

"The sudden Invitation of so desirable and considerable a Church & Town as Hingham, within Eight & Forty Hours of my landing & their Call in a little Time after, together with Yours at the same Conjunction—must needs astonish my mind. I had denied the Solicitations of Two in England before, of Battlesford and Coombs in Suffolk, and afterwards of a larger Society, that alternately meets at Winden and Clavering on the Borders of Cambridgeshire and Essex."

The church of Bristol had also called him unanimously; and he was probably regarded as the most promising young preacher in the country.

On the 30th of October, 1719, he married Deborah Denny, who was then about twenty-one years old, and some ten years his junior. We have already seen that she was one of those who came over with him from Coombs, and the long-continued intimacy between them had at last found its legitimate and happy result. The offspring of this marriage were Thomas,

Deborah, Mercy, Sarah, and Grace, who all died childless, and, excepting Sarah, unmarried. We shall not dwell on the character of these children at present, but pass to a consideration of the literary labors of Prince.

For ten years his pen seems to have been comparatively idle, or rather he produced but few works for the press. In 1721 were published his Sermon at the Artillery Election, and a Thursday Evening Lecture; and in 1725 he prepared a Preface for Willard's *Body of Divinity*. In 1727 he published a Sermon on the Death of two Young Men, a Sermon on the Death of King George I., before the House of Representatives, at whose request it was printed, a Fast and a Thanksgiving Sermon, two Discourses on the Earthquake, and several Lives in Mayhew's *Indian Converts*. In 1728 he published a Sermon at the Public Lecture, on the arrival of Governor Burnet, a Funeral Sermon on the Death of his Father, and one on the Death of Cotton Mather. He was thus called to lament the departure of his father, Samuel Prince, who died July 3, and of his brother Enoch, who died August 31, as well as the loss of a friend in Dr. Mather, whose "particular intimacy," he says, he "always must account as one of the richest Blessings of all his Life."

It is interesting to consider how much of the peculiar reputation which Prince enjoys as the *Annalist of New England* is due to efforts stimulated by the example of that strangely undervalued man, Cotton Mather. He himself says in his funeral sermon:—

"And I can't but reflect with the deepest Regret on the precious Advantages I have carelessly lost, thro' a fond Expectation of his continuing longer. Especially when there was lodg'd in his Mind a great Treasure of secret and curious *History*, both of *New ENGLAND* and *Old*, from the beginning of the Reign of King CHARLES I. to this Day; which He had strangely gotten from the ancient Fathers of the Plantations who were living in his Younger times, from our successive Agents and other Intelligent Persons who have come over hither for this *Fifty* years, and from his vast Correspondence both at Home and Abroad. But is now irrevocably vanished with Him."

Though we know that Prince had early acquired a taste for antiquarian pursuits, and had employed his leisure in England

in collecting works relative to our early history, we can well understand that the constant interchange of information and speculation with his much loved friend would strengthen every wish or plan he had devised to do something toward the preservation of our history. When we recollect that this year, 1728, witnessed the issue of the Circular whose after-fruit was the New England Chronology, and that he issued it because solicited by many for a considerable time, is it too lofty a flight of fancy to imagine that Mather, then about to depart, full of years, was the prompter to the undertaking? There is something peculiarly agreeable to us in the idea that the man who had so long and zealously labored to preserve the records of the little band of exiles for conscience' sake should have found in his last days, when his hands waxed weak, a cordial assistant who should sit, as Prince says the ministers were wont to, "at his feet, as children; his Speech dropped upon us, and we waited for Him as for the Rain, as the thirsty Earth for the Rain of Heaven." If the many thus waited for his advice on religious matters, why may we not fancy that one already fired with a love for the good cause sought instruction on the difficult and almost unrecorded points of our early history? For our own part, we are unwilling to disbelieve the reality of so pleasing a picture, and we shall continue to cherish an idea of the young pastor's study, lined with shelves full of sound divinity, every corner crammed with the histories of Hubbard, Mather, Dudley, Johnson, Neal, and a host of others, while by the table whereon lie those precious manuscripts to whose preservation he so much contributed, sit Prince and Mather. We can fancy the elder divine's animation as the past becomes revivified, while he ponders on the answers necessary to satisfy the curiosity of his young friend, and he commences a recital of dangers to the Church, from schisms, indifference, and, worst of all, the active and personal interference of Satan; the many perils by sea and land through which our ancestors had passed in the early colonial days; the dreadful news of Colonel Kirke's appointment to the governorship, and the happy tidings of the Glorious Revolution; and then the details of the different family matters,—how this worthy man had left a successor wofully departing

from his father's footsteps, while many a name had entirely disappeared,— and then, with an allowable flattery, he softens his sweeping strictures on the degeneracy of the rising generation by an encomium on his friend's taste for these old matters, and acquaintance with them, and exhorts him to continue and complete his laborious, but pious task.

This same year, in October, Prince advertised his library as for sale ; but we cannot help thinking that this was merely in a fit of despondency and distrust of his powers, as he was so soon engaged in labors which required all the documentary aid he could acquire.

In 1729 his only work, which we have encountered, was his Preface to Samuel Mather's Life of his Father, Cotton Mather. In 1730 he published a Funeral Sermon upon the Hon. Samuel Sewall, the father of his colleague, and a Sermon at Cambridge at the Annual Election, as well as a Preface to Daniel Parker's "Persuasive." In 1731 he wrote a Preface to Capt. Roger Clap's Memoirs ; and in 1732 four of his Sermons were printed ; namely, a Sermon before the North Church Society, who were about electing a successor to their late pastor, Cotton Mather ; a Funeral Sermon on Hon. Daniel Oliver ; one on his son, Daniel Oliver, Jr. ; and one entitled the "Dying Prayer of Christ." In 1733 his Sermon at the ordination of three missionaries was also printed.

We are thus particular in mentioning the titles of these works, because we are too apt to think of Prince only as an historian, entirely forgetting the fact that he was one of the most popular preachers of his day, occupied with the cares of his flock during much of the time, liable at any moment to be called from his quiet study to soothe the parting soul or comfort the mourner,— and thus to ignore facts which make us on consideration wonder at the results he achieved. We must also remember, that when the fame of a successful author waited on each successive pamphlet he issued, he deserves the greatest praise for so steadily pursuing the studies for which we praise him, but which in his day were regarded with indifference, perhaps condemned as deviations from his course as a pious pastor.

In 1734 we find him taking a vacation, and going on an ex-

cursion to the eastern part of Maine, in the Scarborough, in company with Governor Belcher, Secretary Josiah Willard, and Colonel Edward Winslow. They sailed on Monday, the 15th of July, having for the purpose of their journey a desire “to take a further view of that spacious country, and to have an interview with some of the Indian Tribes, to continue and strengthen their friendship with us.” We have had the pleasure of reading Prince’s journal of this excursion, and have no doubt that he wrote the report of the voyage which was published in the Weekly Journal, soon after his return. This record is of course entirely of a general nature; but it pronounces that to be the “most agreeable Part of the Massachusetts Province, both for Scituation, Fishery, Lumber Trade and Culture, and to be highly worthy of the Publick care.”

In 1735 his only known publication was a Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Oliver; and in 1736 he delivered a Sermon on the Death of Mary, wife of Governor Belcher, and wrote the Introduction and Notes to Mason’s History of the Pequot War.

But the most important event of 1735, in this connection, was the issue of the first volume of the Chronological History of New England. As this is the work upon which the fame of our author principally depends, we shall venture to sketch its rise and progress somewhat in detail. He tells us in the first sentence of his Preface: “Next to the sacred History, and that of the Reformation, I was from my early Youth instructed in the History of this Country.” He eagerly perused the works of Hubbard, Morton, Dudley, Increase Mather, Mayhew, and Cotton Mather, and, incited by reading an account of the Cottonian Library, commenced while in college “to lay hold on every Book, Pamphlet, or Paper, both in Print and Manuscript, which was written by Persons who lived here, or that had any Tendency to enlighten our History.” In England he acquired many more authorities, and found everywhere the want of a regular history of the country complained of. Having returned and become settled here in the ministry, he found his materials rapidly accumulating, until he had more numerous sources of information than his other occupations would allow him to examine; and his chief

ambition was to collect materials for another to use. Yet when Neal's History of New England was published, in 1720, he perceived that something more was requisite in writing our history than diligence in arranging the statements already published. It was necessary that the historian should have access to our written records, and be able to verify or correct the assertions made by his predecessors. He began to relent somewhat, and to consider the reasons pressed upon him by his friends, why he was the proper person to give the public a true and impartial history. In 1728 he determined to draw up a "short Account of the most remarkable Transactions and Events, in the form of a meer Chronology"; which he supposed "would not take above Six or Eight Sheets, intending to write no more than a Line or two upon every Article." In pursuance of this plan, he issued a Circular, and while the replies were arriving from the "Ministers throughout this Country," he engaged in the Introduction. This labor occupied him for months, and when finished, he tells us, he "found so great a Number of Historical Manuscripts, both old and new, containing all sorts of Records both Publick and Private, Religious, Civil and Military, that our Printed Histories are but a small part in Comparison with them, and made me still more ready to yield to the Sollicitations of Others, to enlarge my Design, and give the Publick an Abridgement of them. For I considered that as several ancient Records of Towns and Churches have been unhappily burnt, and some lost otherwise; If I did not now in this Way preserve the *substance* of these Historical Memoirs, it would be daily in Danger of perishing, beyond Recovery." The list of manuscript authorities to which he refers is indeed extensive and most valuable, and though several of them have since been printed, their publication does not detract from the worth of his labors in arranging them, or alter our appreciation of his honesty and exactness in transcribing them. If we add to the work to be performed the necessity of examining the numerous letters and papers collected by him, and the chronological letters and registers sent to him by the various New England clergymen, we shall no longer wonder at the small number of theological tracts produced by him, but we shall feel surprised at the possibility

of his paying any attention at all to his clerical duties. In fact, without the strong impulse of a pious trust imposed upon him, he could hardly have written his history in the time he occupied upon it.

At length the first volume appeared, preceded by a long array of subscribers, whose names probably include the greater proportion of the earnest students of the day, and dedicated to the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Council, and House of Representatives. This Dedication is dated November 24, 1736, and on the 12th of the following January the following curious and interesting scene was enacted at the Province House:—

“The House being informed that the Reverend Mr. Thomas Prince was at the Door and desired admittance, Ordered, That Mr. Prince be admitted into the House, and coming up to the Table, he addressed himself to Mr. Speaker and the House in the following manner, viz :

“‘Mr. Speaker, I most humbly present to your Honour and this Honourable House, the first Volume of my Chronological History of New England, which at no small Expense and Pains I have composed and published for the Instruction and good of my Country.’

“And then he made a Compliment of one of the Books to Mr. Speaker by presenting it to him, and another he presented to, and for the use of, the Members of the House of Representatives, and laid it on the Table, and then withdrew.”

We may find the key to this solicitude for a public recognition of the value of his labors, in his Dedication, where he says:—

“It would be too high a Presumption in me, as well as too intruding on your more important Cares, to supplicate a Publick Examination or Correction of this Composure. But if it were as worthy as the Reverend and Learned Mr. Hubbard’s Narrative of the Indian War;—for the Perusing and Approving which, three honourable *Magistrates* were deputed by the Governour and Council of the Massachusetts Colony in 1677,—One of whom was a Major-General, and the other two after, Governors;—Upon rectifying every Error, such a Publick Approbation would Consign it as a true Report of Facts, to the Regard and Credit both of present and future Generations.”

These aspirations were probably never gratified; but the future generations, despite the lack of magisterial approval, have joined to praise the doer, and to prize the work.

This volume covered 254 pages; but the work was too learned or too precise to suit the taste of the public, and the second volume, after a languishing life through three Parts, perished for want of patronage in 1755. Though the author had been so poorly appreciated, he had made very extensive preparations to continue his labors, and the cover of the last Part bore an Advertisement soliciting information from the public to enable him to render his book complete.

His only publications from 1737 to 1743 were a Sermon on the Death of Mr. Nathaniel Williams, and Prefaces to several works of other authors. Yet during this time events happened calculated to fill a mind like his with the most lively pleasure. His only son, Thomas, a youth of a most endearing character, had attained a high position in College, had delivered the Salutatory Oration in 1740, and the Valedictory in 1743, on taking his second degree. In 1743 the younger Prince commenced the publication of the "Christian History," which he carried on for two years, and in which he was much assisted by his father. This brief pleasure, however, was soon to disappear. In 1743 Prince had to lament the death of an infant daughter, Grace; and in May, his oldest daughter, Deborah, was seized by a fever, which terminated her life in a month. His Sermon on the occasion breathes throughout the spirit which we are apt to associate with a Puritan minister. More anxious to display the glory of his Master than to avow his own grief, he dwells upon her religious experience, the dangers to which her life had previously been exposed,—when a child from a fever, and again in 1739, when she fell with him from a boat as he was about going on board a vessel bound to her Uncle Denny's at Arrowsick,—the blessing which she had been spared to become to him; and yet through the whole runs a vein of personal grief, which makes us aware of the depth of paternal feeling so carefully covered by his sense of pastoral duty.

In 1745 he delivered a Discourse on the Taking of Louisburg, the first words of which we may quote as a fair exponent of the public feeling: "This is the Lord's Doing! It is marvellous in our eyes." Losing sight of his own late grief, he raises a song of praise for the great deliverance the Colony

had experienced, and in presenting a vivid sketch of the magnificent preparations made by the French, the doubt and fear with which New England had seen the flower of her yeomanry depart on their almost hopeless expedition, and the electric throb of joy which flew along the seaboard when the news of their success arrived, he takes the opportunity to ascribe the whole glory to his God. Nothing can more clearly show the entire change of feeling which we have suffered, than the want of a response which this Sermon would now experience. In proof of his zealous loyalty, let us quote from his next Sermon, printed in 1746, on the victory of Culloden.

“But as the MOST HIGH has lately given us such a Great Deliverance in the happy Victory over the Pretender’s Party in the North of Scotland, and we are especially called this Day to adore and Praise our Divine Deliverer therefor with the liveliest Thankfulness and Admiration; it seems highly proper to consider it as follows.”

Again, in the same year he was called on to celebrate the remarkable Salvations New England had seen; but he also witnessed the death of one of his dearest friends, the Honorable Thomas Cushing, whose loss he felt bitterly. His next effort was but to chronicle a further inroad on his happiness, in the death of his parishioner, Mrs. Stoddard, and again to announce that his fondest hopes of earthly happiness had been blasted by the untimely decease of his dear and only son, who died on the 1st of October, 1748, after an illness of some three months. In a letter to Mr. Erskine, he writes:—

“The loss to me is, as to temporals, irreparable. For these four years, he was grown so knowing and judicious, that he has been my principal guide and counsellor. In all kinds of difficult cases, none could give me better advice. And, in the management of my temporal affairs, I have no creature to help me, having only a wife, and two daughters left.”

Again his pen seems to have been but sparingly employed, and again in 1752 was the happy domestic circle invaded. His second daughter, Mercy, died on the 18th of May. We might well expect that these repeated afflictions would have destroyed his desire for reputation, and his eagerness for knowledge, and have led him to devote his remaining space

entirely to the spiritual welfare of his people. Yet in 1755 the number of his theological publications was increased by two Sermons on the Great Earthquake of that year, the latter containing an historical sketch of the preceding ten or eleven occasions on which a shock had been felt here. This Sermon has an Appendix relating to Franklin's discoveries in electricity. As the subject of lightning-rods has attracted much attention lately, perhaps the following extract from this Appendix will be acceptable.

“P. S. The more Points of Iron are erected round the Earth, to draw the Electrical Substance out of the Air; the more the Earth must needs be charged with it. And therefore it seems worthy of Consideration, Whether any Part of the Earth being fuller of this terrible Substance, may not be more exposed to more shocking Earthquakes. In Boston are more erected than any where else in New-England; and Boston seems to be more dreadfully shaken.”

Yet this now apparent crudity of speculation was not inconsistent with an ardent study of the wonders of nature.

In 1756 he delivered Funeral Sermons on the Hon. Josiah Willard, and Mr. Edward Bromfield; and this latter name reminds us that an intimate friend of Prince was Mr. Edward Bromfield, Jr., whose Eulogy he wrote in 1746, describing him as a young man very ingenious in mechanical contrivances, and observant of the works of nature. He proceeds to relate their joint experiments and researches, which must convince us that, if Prince could not master the difficulties of scientific investigation, he could applaud the results, and sympathize with the observer.

The last year of his life, 1758, shows him still anxious to aid his people, still desirous to increase their devotional spirit. Though for the whole year his health was declining, he completed a revisal of the New England Version of the Psalms in Metre, and lived long enough to know that it was adopted by his own church, on the 9th of October, and that the 29th was appointed as the day for its introduction. But when that Sunday came, the voice of the preacher, the venerable Dr. Sewall, was raised only to call upon the flock to unite with him in bewailing the death of their beloved pastor.

A more fitting climax can hardly be conceived for a life like
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his. For forty years he had led their devotions, had encouraged them in their troubles, had rejoiced in their prosperity. To his people he had turned for sympathy in his afflictions, and had responded in his turn to every cry of distress they uttered. And now when he was summoned, his last task had been to teach them the words of hope, faith, and resignation, with which they should respond to the tidings of his death.

One hundred years have passed since the day of his death, and we who have attempted to testify our gratitude for his labors may well pause a moment to consider the lesson of his life, and to inquire if we may not draw some instruction from it.

We may easily divide his productions into two classes, the religious and the historical. As to the former, we see in them a phase of our religious progress which on another occasion we might investigate. The early distinctive opinions of our New England Puritans had in a great measure disappeared before Prince died, and we can trace the change in some degree in his writings. At the time he assumed the pastoral charge here, we had no longer an overshadowing theocracy, and the feeling was no longer prevalent which responded to Increase Mather, when, on hearing of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he proclaimed from the pulpit, that similar events might yet take place in New England, and that some of those who spoke that day might yet burn at the stake. The frightful nightmare of the personal interposition of Satan, the fearful delusion of witchcraft, had passed away, and from its fall had sprung up a feeling on the part of the freemen somewhat inimical to the pretensions of the clergy, and a corresponding perception among the ministers that they must rule the hearts, and not the heads, of their hearers. Cotton Mather had become almost a stranger in his native town, and a purer taste kept guard on the expressions which were uttered in the pulpit. We see in Prince's sermons frequent appeals to the sympathies and affections of his audience, and we feel that the mild touch of kindness and encouragement had superseded the blows of harsh fanaticism.

But we must confine our attention to Prince the historian, if we would present him in his most advantageous position.

We have already seen that he long pursued the practice of gleaning information, in the hope that some one would profit by it. We can also see that he was always solicitous to record permanently such facts as would be of interest to others. Thus his funeral sermons and his jubilant thanksgivings abound in historical matters, while the pages of the journals of his day bear many marks of his care. His books were carefully annotated, and we trust that an examination of them will furnish us with much new material. Not only did he collect information, but his will shows his strong desire that posterity should reap the benefit of it. He says:—

“Whereas I have been many years collecting a number of Books, Pamphlets, Maps, Papers in Print and Manuscript, either published in New England, or pertaining to its History and Publick Affairs, to which collection I have given the Name of the New England Library, and have deposited it in the Steeple Chamber of the Old South Church, and as I made the Collection from a public View, and desire that the memory of many important Transactions might be preserved which otherwise [would] be lost,— I hereby bequeath all the said Collection to the said Old South Church forever.”

One hundred years have passed away, and the memory of Prince's loyalty is as faint as the impress which his theology has made upon our religious institutions; but his devotion to the cause of historical study is now felt and appreciated as it was not in his lifetime. He would stand amazed, could he revisit us, at the sight of a Boston which cares not for the Protestant Succession, and which has almost forgotten the Cambridge and the Saybrook Platforms. But, let us add, he would find here as warm a feeling of reverence and gratitude for the Puritans of 1650, as ever inspired him a century ago. He would marvel at the great triumphs of inventive genius; but we believe that he would feel reinvigorated at the sight of the historical societies which spread like a net-work all over the country. He would delight to find New England history no longer a desolate field, but everywhere diligently cultivated, and everywhere yielding a rich product. And we, if we cannot thus gratify our eyes with a view of the pleasure we can so easily imagine, can at least do our utmost to earn the praise of those who are to come after us, and to profit by our labors.

ART. IV.—*Poetical Works of EDMUND WALLER.* London : John W. Parker and Son.

EDMUND WALLER was born of an ancient, affluent, and influential family, at Coleshill, in the county of Hertfordshire, England, on the 3d of March, 1605. He was educated at Eton, and at King's College in Cambridge. It has been said with truth, that his life had more romance in it than his poetry. He entered Parliament, and wrote his first poem, when not quite seventeen years of age. Young, handsome, brilliant, accomplished, and rich, he became a great favorite at the court of James I. He led this fascinating life until he was twenty-six years of age, when he married Miss Bankes, of London, a great heiress. He had many rivals for the hand of this young lady, but triumphed over them all. She died, however, within three years of her marriage, and left him a widower at twenty-nine. It seems that he was not inconsolable, for he soon began to sigh at the feet of Lady Dorothea Sidney, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. He wooed her in much melodious verse ; but although she was flattered by the homage of so brilliant a man, her heart was not touched by it, for she rejected him, and shortly afterward married Henry, Lord Spenser, subsequently created Earl of Sunderland by Charles I., in whose cause he was killed, four years after his marriage, while fighting gallantly at the battle of Newbury.

Waller had considered himself irresistible, and Lady Sidney's refusal to bestow her hand upon him was a severe blow to his pride and self-conceit. He never forgot nor forgave it. They did not meet again until, a long time afterward, they came together at Lady Wharton's, in Woburn. They then were both quite advanced in years. The lady was indeed proud that so distinguished a man had once admired her, and she endeavored to recall to his mind those days when he made the groves of Penshurst vocal with her praises ; for she said to him, "Ah ! Mr. Waller, when will you again write such charming verses about me as you used to write in former days ?" "When, madam," replied the resentful poet, with

more wit than gallantry,—“ when you are as young and handsome as you were then.” It is hazardous to trifle with a rejected suitor if he is a man of wit.

Some time—it is not known how long—after Waller’s unsuccessful attempt to win Lady Sidney’s hand, he married a young lady, whose name even cannot be precisely determined. It was either Bresse or Breaux. Dr. Johnson says, “It has not been discovered that this wife was won by his poetry”; and the old moralist goes on, in true Johnsonian style, to remark: “He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness upon which poetry has no colors to bestow, and many airs and sallies may delight the imagination which he who flatters them never can approve.”

In 1640 Waller opposed the measures of the Court; but when King Charles erected his standard he assisted him with money. In 1642 he was one of the commissioners sent by Parliament to treat with the King at Oxford, after the battle of Edgehill, and to propose conditions of peace. Soon after this, the plot known in history as Waller’s Plot was discovered. This was a plot to give the city and Tower of London into the King’s hands. A full account of it is found in Clarendon’s History. All concerned in this plot were condemned to death; but only two were executed. Waller’s behavior was abject and pusillanimous in the extreme. He seemed to have a coward’s love of life. He confessed everything, and implicated all his noble friends, in order if possible to save his own head. He flattered and cajoled many influential persons, bribed some, and threatened others. The result was that he escaped with his life; but he was imprisoned for a year, and then fined ten thousand pounds, and banished from the country.

Percival Stockdale, who wrote the short biography of Waller prefixed to the edition of his Works published in 1773, says, in allusion to his conduct on this occasion: “Let us not condemn him with untempered severity because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen,—because his character included not the poet, the orator, and the hero.”

Waller, when forced to leave England, made a tour through Italy and Switzerland, and then settled in Paris, where he kept open house and lived in great style for ten years. At the expiration of that time he obtained permission from Cromwell to return home; and the insinuating, flattering, and fascinating poet soon became extremely intimate with the Lord Protector, upon whom he wrote a fulsome Panegyric, which is considered one of his best poems, and which contains some fine verses. When Charles II. was restored to the throne, Waller was ready with a congratulatory poem. The King could not resist the agreeable fellow, and they were soon upon intimate terms. The clever and discriminating monarch had read Waller's Panegyric on Cromwell, and he perceived that it possessed greater literary merit than the congratulatory address to himself, and he could not refrain from remarking this to Waller, whose instantaneous and witty reply was, "We poets, sire, always succeed much better in fiction than in truth."

"It is not possible to read without some contempt and indignation," says Dr. Johnson, "poems of the same author ascribing the highest degree of *power and piety* to Charles I., then transferring the *power and piety* to Oliver Cromwell,—now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles II. on his recovered right. Poets indeed profess fiction, but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue."

Many anecdotes are related of Waller, but of course we have not space to repeat them. One that is illustrative of his flattery and his wit we shall, however, venture to insert. Some one showed him a copy of verses on the death of a stag, by the Duchess of Newcastle. He read them, and exclaimed that he would willingly give all his own productions to be their author. We can imagine how gratified her Grace must have been when this was repeated to her. One of Waller's friends rallied him upon this fulsome praise, and asked him if "all his own productions were not rather too much to give for her Grace's verses." "No," replied Waller, "nothing would be too much to give, if thereby a lady could be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance."

Waller was much in Parliament during his life. He was one of the most brilliant and showy members, if not one of the strongest and weightiest. The last time he was chosen for Parliament was in 1685, after James II. came to the throne. He was then sent from Saltash, in Cornwall, being more than eighty years of age.

It is almost superfluous to say that he was as great a favorite with King James II. as he had previously been with James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. The sagacious old politician saw clearly to what end the rash and headstrong career of James II. would lead, and he said openly that he would be left like a whale thrown upon the strand. When Waller's daughter was about to be married to Dr. Birch, a clergyman of the Church of England, the King sent a gentleman to Waller to tell him that he wondered he should ally his daughter to a falling Church. "The King does me great honor," said Waller, "to interest himself in my domestic affairs; but tell his Majesty that I have lived long enough to observe that this falling Church has a great trick of rising again."

As age began to tell upon Waller with great severity, it induced him to think it high time to turn his thoughts heavenward. As yet he had never done this. He had exhausted the language of adulation and supplication upon kings, queens, and pretty women. It now occurred to him that there was a power greater than all these, and to this power he knelt with his Muse. He opened a vein he had never before worked, and wrote some serious poems, thinking, perhaps, that they would answer as a set-off against the heartlessness and selfishness of his previous career,— his pursuit for upward of four-score years of the follies, frivolities, and vanities of the world. But these sacrifices to the Lord of what the Devil has left seldom result very successfully, and Waller's poems upon "Divine Love," "The Fear of God," and like subjects, are not very brilliant productions. There is occasionally a flashing up of the old fire, but it is very seldom. He says in one of them:—

"Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O that my youth had thus employed my pen,
Or that I now could write as well as then!"

What Arsène Houssaye says of Piron, is applicable to Waller :—

“ When he sought God at the end of his days, it was too late,—not for his soul, but for his poetry. God loves and blesses those poets who seek him during their best days, in the full bloom of youth, in the first budding of the soul. God perhaps is severe to those who forget him amid the vain joys of earth, who remember his name only at the threshold of the tomb, who only bow their heads before his might when beneath the snows of Death.”

Waller now perceived that his end was approaching, and bought a small house in Coleshill, his birthplace, saying that he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused. This, however, was not permitted him. Death overtook him at Beaconsfield, and on the 21st of October, 1687, this graceful poet and brilliant wit, having first partaken of the sacrament and declared his faith in Christianity, calmly yielded to the summons from on high. Lord Clarendon says of him :—

“ There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults, that is, so to cover them that they were not taken notice of to his reproach ;—viz., a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree ; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking ; an insinuation and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with ;—that it preserved and won his life from those who were most resolved to take it, and on an occasion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it ; and then preserved him again from the reproach and contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price ;—that it had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked, and continued to his age with that rare felicity that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious ; and he was at least pitied where he was most detested.”

Bishop Burnet, speaking of his Parliamentary career, says :—

“ He was the delight of the House ; and even at eighty he said the liveliest things of any among them ; he was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded ; but he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty man.”

Of Waller’s merit as a poet, Fenton, who edited an edition

of his Works, writes, “He was the maker and model of melodious verse”; and in another notice of him that we have seen, it is said that “as a poet he is entitled to the highest praise,—that he may be called the parent of English verse, and the first who showed us that our language had beauty and numbers.” The writer of this last criticism could not have been very well versed in English literature. Waller was indeed smooth and melodious in his numbers,—more so than the generality of the poets of his day, who in the art of modulation had retrograded from the point of advancement attained by the Elizabethan poets; but to call him the parent of English verse, and the first who showed us that our language had beauty and numbers, is simply absurd. The only manner in which this excessive laudation can be accounted for, is by the fact that these writers were his contemporaries, and Waller’s personal fascinations must have influenced their judgments; for even Lord Clarendon, who speaks so strongly in condemnation of Waller’s character as a man, says that as a poet “he surprised the town, as though a tenth Muse had been newly born to cherish drooping Poetry.”

Waller was essentially a court poet, and no man ever paid a compliment in verse more elegantly than he. He was not a voluminous writer. All his verses are contained in the small volume now before us. His songs and addresses to his inamoratas are certainly very sweet, and his language is always pure and carefully chosen. Pope thought so highly of it, that, in planning a dictionary that should be an authority for style, he selected Waller as one of the best examples of poetical diction. His love-poems are delicate and refined, but there does not seem to be much real emotion in them. His Muse is a pretty and graceful creature; but though she delights the eye she seldom interests the heart. As a specimen of the grace with which Waller wrote, we will quote a little song that is in his very best manner, and is certainly extremely pleasing.

“ Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be..

“ Tell her that’s young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

“ Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

“ Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.”

In most of Waller’s poems to women there is an excess of praise, and a stereotyped style of flattery that must have made the persons addressed doubtful of his sincerity. He attributes nearly the same charms to every woman he eulogizes. It makes no difference whether it is the Queen, the Duchess of York, Lady Dorothea Sidney, or any other of the numberless other fair ones to whom he wrote. Robert Bell says : —

“ The fact that he could transfer his sympathies with such facility from one lady to another, and include at nearly the same moment so many in his comprehensive litany, materially diminishes the confidence we might otherwise be disposed to place in the sincerity of his devotion to Lady Sidney. A variety of inspirations may be necessary to supply the demands of a poetical temperament, but it may be reasonably doubted whether he was ever moved by a true passion, who professes to have been moved by it frequently. Impressions that succeed each other so rapidly may occupy the fancy of a poet, but can scarcely be supposed to reach his heart.”

As an illustration of our remark that Waller paid a compliment in verse quite elegantly, we quote two stanzas of a short piece to a lady, on her singing a song of his own composing. This is but one of many.

“ Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

“ That eagle’s fate and mine are one,
 Which on the shaft that made him die
 Espied a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.”

The figure of an eagle killed by a dart feathered from his own wing is very fine. It has since been used by Lord Byron, in his lines upon Henry Kirke White. Perhaps both he and Waller took it from “ *The Myrmidons* ” of *Æschylus*, where it is to be found.

From the last verses that Waller ever composed we will make a short extract. They were written upon the Divine Poems he had just completed, and are particularly interesting from the fact that he was then more than eighty-two years of age and felt himself dying, and, as he said, “ for age he could neither read nor write.” They were dictated to his daughter Margaret.

“ The seas are quiet when the wind gives o’er :
 So calm are we when passions are no more !
 For then we know how vain it is to boast
 Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness that Age despises.

“ The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made ;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.”

This was the flashing up of the candle in the socket before going finally out.

The passages of merit in Waller’s writings that elevate him from “ the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,” prove that he had the intellect to be a far greater poet than he was, but he had not the heart. He was a brilliant wit, an elegant verse-writer, but he was as destitute of deep feeling as he was of high principle. It was only when trembling on the borders of the grave that he manifested anything like a noble and generous emotion. It has been beautifully said by the poet Campbell, that

“ To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die ” ;

but this was not the creed of Waller. To be applauded while he lived was the extent of his ambition, and he cared not for the opinion posterity might entertain either of him or of his verses. Gifted as he was, he might have "bought golden opinions from all sorts of people," and have made his name loved and honored in his own and all succeeding generations; but the desire to have his memory kept ever green in the hearts of those who came after him, and his name ever spoken in accents of love and reverence,—which, next to the aspiration for an immortal crown, is the purest and holiest ambition that can possess the soul of man,—never held a place in Waller's soul. Had he been simply a clever man, the limit of whose gift of song was a prettily turned string of verses immortalizing a glove or a girdle, a smile or a sigh, a fan or a feather, he would not be amenable to our censure; but the passages in his writings which prove that he had been touched with Promethean fire induce us to exclaim, "How much this man might have done for the interests of his kind!" God gave him a command over the lyre, and he should have swept the strings to nobler ends and uses. We do not complain that his subjects are unworthy. Subjects are not material. There is instruction to be drawn from the most trivial objects that surround us, and the master poet can make his theme, whatever it may be, the vehicle of an ennobling sentiment or an instructive moral. It matters little what the text is, so that the commentary be fructifying. But Waller misused the talent that God had given him. There is not in his poetry a single strain which betokens sympathy with suffering humanity. He has made no effort to rouse the despairing, to soothe the afflicted, to excite to heroic deeds, to nerve the heart for the hour of trial and of sorrow, to raise the soul of his fellow-man above the frowns of fortune, or to create a single sublime emotion in the heart. To do these things is the lofty mission of the poet. To Waller was granted the divine power to accomplish such precious ends, and he failed of them. He was unfaithful to the trust reposed in him, and, with full and brilliant capacity, fell immeasurably below the high office of the bard.

ART. V.—*Memoirs, Letters, and Speeches of ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, first EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, Lord Chancellor, with other Papers illustrating his Life. From his Birth to the Restoration.* Edited by WILLIAM DOUGAL CHRISTIE, Esq., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Brazil. London: John Murray. 1859. 8vo. pp. lxii. and 224.

WHILE Lord Shaftesbury was a prisoner in the Tower, on a charge of high treason, his character was drawn by Dryden with all the bitterness of invective which partisan malice and theological rancor can inspire. The sketch had, however, a sharpness of outline and a brilliancy of coloring which have preserved it from the usual fate of party libels; and the general fidelity of its portraiture has been recognized by subsequent writers. Indeed, in our own time, and not many years ago, a much greater man than Dryden, the late Lord Macaulay, drew a scarcely less memorable portrait of the false Achitophel, describing him in a few vigorous touches as surpassing all his contemporaries, except Halifax, in “talents, address, and influence,” while “his life was such that every part of it reflects infamy on every other.” But occasionally some intrepid biographer has sought to rebuild Shaftesbury’s shattered reputation, and to present him to other hero-worshippers, if not as a fit object for admiration, yet as one whose character was not quite so black as it has been commonly represented. Such is avowedly the design of Mr. Christie. He had early formed the purpose of writing a new Life of Shaftesbury, and had made some progress in the collection of materials, when the present Earl gave him access to the family papers at St. Giles, with permission to make use of them in any way which he might think desirable. He does not appear to have found there anything of importance, though his collection comprises some interesting papers which have been closely guarded for several generations. A portion of these documents are printed in the volume before us, and in his Preface Mr. Christie expresses a hope that he may be able to publish the remainder at

no very distant time ; but his Life of Shaftesbury must be regarded as indefinitely postponed.

The principal paper brought to light by Mr. Christie's researches is an autobiographical account of Shaftesbury's early life, extending from his birth to 1639, and containing, among other interesting matters, the racy sketch of an English squire which was first printed in "The Connoisseur," about the middle of the last century. Following this are a shorter autobiographical sketch, extending from Shaftesbury's birth to 1646, and a diary coming down to July, 1650 ; but neither of these contains anything of much interest or importance, and the diary is noticeable only for the extreme brevity of the entries, and for the entire omission of any reference to political topics. The other papers in the volume are two extracts relating to the events of 1640, reprinted from Lord King's Life of Locke ; some suppressed passages of Ludlow's Memoirs, from the Locke Papers ; Shaftesbury's speeches in the second session of Oliver Cromwell's last Parliament, and in the Parliament held by Richard Cromwell, reprinted, with a single exception, from Burton's Diary ; and a few letters and papers relating to the events between 1643 and 1645, and between 1657 and 1660. To them Mr. Christie has prefixed a minute examination of the first chapter of Lord Campbell's Life of Shaftesbury, in which some striking errors are detected, though it must be conceded that most of the criticism is mere word-picking ; and he has also added a copious body of illustrative notes, containing some curious details and much abuse of Martyn's Life of Shaftesbury. Mr. Christie's materials are certainly very meagre, and for the most part of very little importance ; but he has corrected some errors of preceding writers ; and he has evidently bestowed much labor on the attempt to throw new light on Shaftesbury's life and character. It is not his fault that Shaftesbury's reputation is not likely to be much benefited by his researches.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, created by Charles II. first Earl of Shaftesbury, was born at Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, on the 22d of July, 1621, and was the eldest child then living of Sir John Cooper, Baronet. His mother was the only daughter of Sir Anthony Ashley, Baronet, a man of considera-

ble wealth and influence, and of an ancient and distinguished family, which had been settled in Dorsetshire for nearly two centuries. At the age of seven his mother died, leaving two children younger than Anthony, and before he was ten years old his father also died. The boy was thus thrown on the world without parental care at one of the most critical periods of childhood, while his property became the prey, in part of a rapacious kinsman, and in part of his father's creditors, who stripped him of a considerable portion of his inheritance. He was early involved in lawsuits, and some of the animosities thus kindled were never extinguished. But he was not wholly friendless, and his guardians bestowed proper care on his education. He had several private tutors, and at the age of sixteen he was entered of Exeter College, Oxford. Here he appears to have made himself very popular, by his agreeable manners, and by his spirit in resisting an attempt to weaken the college beer and in putting an end to a barbarous practice of the Seniors toward the Freshmen ; but of his rank as a scholar we know nothing. In 1638, and before leaving college, he was entered a student of Lincoln's Inn. He did not, however, pay much attention to the study of the law, though he was at a subsequent period very assiduous in the discharge of his duties as a county magistrate.

Shortly afterward he determined to marry, and, after considering several propositions that were made to him, he resolved to pay his addresses to Margaret, one of Lord Keeper Coventry's daughters.

“ And notwithstanding I was very young and unexperienced in love affairs,” he says in the Autobiographical Fragment, “ yet the prudence and affection of the lady I addressed to overlooked that, and made a judgment what I was like to be for a man or a husband, rather than how good love speeches I then made ; for I did that very ill, was very talkative, and good company to her sisters, but my love to her gave me that desire to seem excellent that I could say nothing, insomuch that her mother and they suspected that I was more inclined to one of them ; but that being cleared, all matters went successfully on, and we were married.”

His marriage took place on the 25th of February, 1639, before he was eighteen years old ; and until the death of his

father-in-law, in the following January, he lived for the greater part of the time with his wife's family. Here, as Lord Campbell humorously suggests, he probably acquired the very limited knowledge of the law which was all that he ever possessed. While a member of his father-in-law's family, and for a year or two afterward, he spent a considerable time in travelling in the north and west of England. In these excursions he neglected no opportunity of making personal friends by his courteous manners and by his attention to the principal inhabitants of the places which he visited. Tewkesbury was one of those places, and while there he attended a dinner given by the bailiffs, at which he contrived to ingratiate himself in their favor to such an extent, that at the next election he was chosen a member of the House of Commons. Though he was not of age, he took his seat in the Short Parliament which met in April, 1640, and he is said to have been very regular in his attendance; but the Parliamentary History contains no evidence that he participated in the debates.

For some unknown reason, he was not elected by his constituents to the Long Parliament; and he also failed to obtain a seat for Downton, where he offered himself as a candidate. A double return was made, and, though he used every exertion to procure admission, he was unsuccessful; nor was it until the Commonwealth was destroyed, and the Rump was restored, that he became a member of that memorable assembly. During this period, however, he was not idle. A man of his energetic and restless spirit could scarcely fail to act a conspicuous part at all times. But the part which he took during the Civil War, and under the Commonwealth, is chiefly noticeable as illustrating his versatility and his unscrupulousness, and need not detain us long. It is true, indeed, that he was always wise above his years; but it was not until a later period that he began to show the wonderful prescience which constituted one of the chief sources of his power, and which bore him triumphantly through the thickest perils. Added to this he was still young, without fixed principles, out of Parliament, and in no position of marked influence. It was as a partisan leader in some enterprises of minor importance, and as a county magistrate, and not in the department of political intrigue, that he made himself felt.

At this time he was an ardent supporter of Charles, and we know from his own record that he was present at the setting up of the royal standard at Nottingham. Both in public and in private he advocated the King's cause, and assailed the acts of the Parliament; and so persuasive was his eloquence, that he even induced the town of Weymouth to expel the Parliamentary garrison, and to accept him as royal governor. But having been superseded, he determined to forsake the King's party, and to look elsewhere for the means of gratifying his ambition, though Mr. Christie stoutly denies that the change was thus sudden and radical. The evidence, however, on which the charge rests is too strong to be overthrown, and it is certain that Sir Anthony Cooper, either from wounded vanity or from a belief that the royal cause was the weaker of the two, suddenly changed sides at this time, and joined the Parliamentarians. He was cordially received by his new friends, and in August, 1644, he was made a member of the committee for governing the army in the west of England. In this capacity he continued only a short time, though long enough to take part in some important military enterprises.

After his withdrawal from military life he does not appear to have engaged actively in public affairs, though Whitelocke represents him as being in "great favor and trust with the Parliament." In the trial of the King he took no part, and we are ignorant whether he approved of the execution,—the only reference to the subject in his diary being a simple entry that on that day he went to Bagshot. Subsequently he was made a member of the Commission for the Reform of the Law; but in this capacity he used his tongue so freely that he fell under suspicion, and was consequently arrested as a delinquent. The evidence against him was insufficient to prove any serious charge, and after a short time the House of Commons resolved that he "should be pardoned of all delinquency." After Cromwell's expulsion of the Parliament, he intrigued without success for the appointment of Keeper of the Great Seal; but he was more fortunate in procuring a seat in Cromwell's first Parliament. Here he displayed great activity, and he was one of the principal speakers in support of the celebrated motion, "That the sitting of the Parliament any longer would

not be for the good of the Commonwealth." He also secured an election to Cromwell's second Parliament as one of the members for Wilts.

When this Parliament met, in September, 1654, he rose at once to the rank of a leader, and was a zealous supporter of the motion for an inquiry into the validity of the Instrument of Government. Finding the Parliament thus disposed to call in question the authority from which they derived their own existence, and likely to prove troublesome in various ways, Cromwell determined to try the effect of excluding the more contumacious members. Accordingly he summoned the Commons to the Painted Chamber at Whitehall, where he read them a long and dreary lecture, telling them that, though he had said they were a free Parliament, he thought it was understood that he was the Protector and the authority that called them, and that he was "in possession of the government by a good right from God and men." In conclusion, he informed them that they must give some public recognition of his authority. On their return to Westminster, the members found a declaration awaiting their signature, by which they promised to be faithful to the Lord Protector, and not to propose, or consent to, any alteration of the government as then established in one person and a Parliament. The declaration was signed by many members, while it was rejected by others. Among the latter, Cooper was one of the most conspicuous. The document did not, however, produce the effect which Cromwell designed, and he was soon compelled to dissolve the Parliament, even before the expiration of the five months designated by the Instrument of Government as the shortest period for its continuance.

Cooper was likewise chosen one of the members for Wilts in Cromwell's third Parliament, which was held in the latter part of 1655; but he was refused admission in consequence of his failure to obtain a certificate of approbation from the Council of State. The remainder of Cromwell's rule he passed in private life, but more or less actively engaged in intrigues against the government.

On the accession of Richard Cromwell, he was again returned to Parliament by his old friends in Wilts, and he exhibited no

hesitation about taking the oaths to support the new Protector, though he began at once a violent opposition to the measures of the government. He was a frequent and effective speaker, and we have numerous reports of his speeches, for which we are chiefly indebted to the assiduity of Thomas Burton, also a member of that Parliament; but only one of them is deserving of much notice. This was a brilliant, pointed, and very bitter harangue on the question whether the Commons should recognize the other House, composed of Oliver Cromwell's peers. This recognition he opposed in a speech of considerable length, which must be counted among the best extant specimens of the oratory of that age.

“This day’s debate is but too clear a proof,” he said in commencing, “that we Englishmen are right islanders, variable and mutable, like the air we live in; for, sir, if that were not our temper, we should not now be disputing whether, after all those hazards we have run, that blood we have spilt, that treasure we have exhausted, we should not now sit down just where we did begin, and of our own accords submit ourselves to that slavery which we have not only ventured our estates and lives, but, I wish I could not say, our souls and consciences, to throw off.”

He then proceeded to assail the memory of the late Protector with great virulence, as one “who called monarchy Anti-christian in another, and, indeed, made it so in himself,— who voted a House of Lords dangerous and unnecessary, and too truly made it so in his partisans,— who with fraud and force deprived you of your liberty when living, and entailed slavery on you at his death”; to ridicule the character and constitution of the other House, with its “farmer Lordships, draymen Lordships, cobbler Lordships, without one foot of land but what the blood of Englishmen has been the price of”; and to speak in equally disparaging terms of their qualifications as legislators.

“To judge according to the dictates of reason,” he says, “one would imagine some small faculties and endowments to be necessary for discharging such a calling; and those such as are not usually acquired in shops and warehouses, nor found by following the plough; and what other academies most of their Lordships have been bred in but their shops, what other arts they have been versed in but those which more

required good arms and good shoulders than good heads, I think we are yet to be informed. Sir, we commit not the education of our children to ignorant and illiterate masters ; nay, we trust not our very horses to unskilful grooms. I beseech you, let us think it belongs to us to have some care into whose hands we commit the management of the commonwealth ; and if we cannot have persons of birth and fortune to be our rulers, to whose quality we would willingly submit, I beseech you, sir, for our credit and safety's sake, let us seek men at least of parts and education, to whose abilities we may have some reason to give way."

Notwithstanding this vigorous assault, however, the other House was recognized by a large majority as an integral part of the government ; but the blow was severely felt.

After his failure to prevent the recognition of the new peers, Cooper began to intrigue with characteristic energy and adroitness for the restoration of the Stuarts ; and so great a distrust of him was felt by the Council of State, that he was arrested and subjected to a rigorous examination. But he had not committed any overt act, and on the 12th of September the Council voted,—“That it be humbly reported to the Parliament, that upon the examination taken before the Council or otherwise, in the business of Sir A. A. Cooper, referred to the examination of the Council by order of Parliament, it doth not appear to them that there is any just ground of jealousy or imputation upon him.” Two days afterward Parliament passed a similar vote, and he was released, but only to resume his intrigues. After setting on foot various schemes to prepare the way for the return of Charles II., he managed to procure from the restored Rump a favorable decision on his claim to sit in the House of Commons as member for Downton, in virtue of the original election in 1640. Having gained this point, he became one of the principal leaders of the Stuart party in Parliament ; and it was not long afterward that the conversation with Colonel Hutchinson occurred, which is recorded by Mrs. Hutchinson in the *Life* of her husband. According to the account given by that admirable woman and unimpeachable witness, he had insinuated himself into a particular friendship with her husband, whom he “caressed with such embraces as none but a traitor as vile as himself could have suspected.” Alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, and relying on his

professions, the Colonel asked him what were Monk's intentions, in order that he and others might provide for their personal safety. The result is well described by Mrs. Hutchinson.

"Cooper denied to the death any intentions besides a Commonwealth; 'but,' said he, with the greatest semblance of reality that could be put on, 'if the violence of the people should bring the King upon us, let me be damned, body and soul, if ever I see a hair of any man's head touched, or a penny of any man's estate, upon this quarrel.' This he backed with so many and such deep protestations of that kind, as made the Colonel, after his treachery was apparent, detest him of all mankind, and think himself obliged, if ever he had opportunity, to procure exemplary justice on him who was so vile a wretch as to sit himself and sentence some of those that died. And although this man joined with those who labored for the Colonel's particular deliverance, yet the Colonel to his dying day abhorred the mention of his name, and held him to be a more execrable traitor than Monk himself."

Nevertheless Cooper had been among those who invited Monk up to London, and now acted as one of his principal advisers; he instigated many of Monk's movements, and, regardless of his own oaths and protestations, he zealously promoted every measure designed to hasten the King's return. In the election for members of the Convention Parliament, in the early part of 1660, he was chosen to the House of Commons for the last time, and again took his seat as one of the members for Wilts. The recall of the Stuarts had been rendered inevitable by the treachery of Monk and his adherents; and the chief business of the Parliament was to perfect the arrangements. In this work Cooper was among the foremost. When the King's letter was received, in the following May, he was appointed a member of the committee to prepare an answer; and a few days afterward he was chosen one of the commissioners to proceed to Breda and present to Charles the humble petition of Parliament, "that his Majesty would be pleased to return and take the government of the kingdom into his hands." On the 8th, Charles II. was solemnly proclaimed; and the Restoration was accomplished. It was not, however, until the 29th, that the restored monarch made his public entry into London, with a degree of pomp and magnifi-

cence long unknown in England. "I stood in the Strand," says Evelyn, "and beheld it, and blessed God"; and as he saw the magnificent array pass before him, he compared it with the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, and thought that so joyful and bright a day had never before been seen in England.

Meanwhile Cooper prosecuted his journey to Holland, which, apart from its political importance, is memorable also in his history for a personal injury occasioned by the upsetting of his carriage. At the time the injury did not seem serious, but it afterward gave him much trouble, and he never recovered from its effects. Its most important result, however, was his intimacy with John Locke. This intimacy appears to have commenced at Oxford, in 1666, when Locke was a student of Christ-Church College. In that year Lord Ashley was in Oxford, and while there he was confined to his room by an abscess occasioned by the injury received six years before, in Holland, and, in the absence of other physicians, Locke waited on him. Locke was the younger by eleven years; but notwithstanding this disparity in age, the politician and the philosopher were mutually attracted; and the friendship which thus commenced continued unimpaired through life, and was of inestimable value to Lord Ashley. Like Colonel Hutchinson, Locke was deceived by the persuasive lips of the great intriguer. He failed to form a just estimate of that complex and inscrutable character, was flattered by the ostentatious deference shown by so great a statesman in asking him to draw up a constitution for the distant colony of Carolina, and even made preparations after Shaftesbury's death to write a Life of his friend and benefactor. So blind was the great metaphysician to the vices, the treachery, and the unscrupulousness of the most adroit politician in England. Though the Life was never written, Locke's favorable judgment of Shaftesbury has counted for much in the opinions which subsequent writers have expressed concerning him.

That Sir Anthony Cooper labored with untiring zeal for the Restoration, and that he was a chief agent in bringing it about, will not be denied by any one who is familiar with the history of the period, or who has followed even this rapid sketch of

the transactions which preceded the return of the Stuarts. But that he is entitled to all the praise, or rather to all the disgrace, of having secured its consummation, can scarcely be affirmed. According to the measure of his abilities and opportunities, which were very great, he labored without cessation, and with consummate skill, to prepare the way for this result ; but without the support of the army all his best laid plans would have come to naught. He claimed, however, and received, a large reward ; and for the next twenty years he filled a conspicuous place in the popular regard, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a member of the Cabal, or as the head of an Opposition scarcely less devoid of principle than were the men to whom the restored monarch intrusted the government of the country.

Immediately on Charles's return, Cooper was admitted into the Privy Council, made Governor of the Isle of Wight, and appointed to the command of a regiment of horse. He was also named Chancellor of the Exchequer and Under-Treasurer, and was designated as Lord Lieutenant of Dorset. Nor was this all ; for a few months afterward he was raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles. The nature of these honors, and the rapidity with which they were conferred, afford a standard by which we may estimate the importance attached to his services, though we must unhesitatingly reject Martyn's assertion, that they "were conferred on him without any application or secret addresses." The first important proceeding in which he became an actor, and in which he showed his readiness to serve the monarch who had so splendidly rewarded his former services, was the trial of the regicides. With a brazen impudence of which history happily presents few parallels, he did not scruple to sit in judgment, and even to pass sentence of death, on his old associates. He had taken an active part in the Civil War, and helped to drive out the Stuarts ; he had served both in a civil and a military capacity against them ; and he had professed a great friendship for the popular leaders. But these considerations had not prevented him from intriguing to bring the Stuarts back without any security against future misgovernment, and they did not now prevent him from helping to punish the men whom he had formerly aided and abetted.

During the next six or seven years he was sedulous in the discharge of his duties at the Exchequer, and as a member of Parliament, and he appears to have waited with unwonted moderation until some fitting opportunity should enable him to come forward again as the restless and unscrupulous leader of a faction. In Parliament he had the consistency to oppose the Corporation Bill of 1661, by which all persons who held office in any municipal corporation were required to declare on oath their belief "that it is not lawful, upon any pretence whatsoever, to take up arms against the King," and their abhorrence of "that traitorous position of taking arms by his authority against his person, or against those commissioned by him." This bill, and several others equally hostile to the liberty of the subject, were carried through the House of Commons with great precipitancy; but the opposition in the Upper House was so strenuous, that Charles was compelled to adjourn Parliament. During the recess, the court zealously propagated a report that a plot against the King existed in several of the counties; and by the help of this contrivance they were enabled to carry the Corporation Bill and the Uniformity Bill through the House of Lords, notwithstanding the opposition of Southampton, Ashley, and other influential peers. A few months later Ashley performed a highly creditable act, in opposition to the King's wishes, in opposing and condemning the unfortunate and disgraceful sale of Dunkirk to the French. But in the mean time, to preserve his favor at court, he gave a warm support to an act amendatory of the Act of Uniformity, by which a dispensing power was conferred on the King, who was authorized "to dispense, by letters patent under the Great Seal, with the Act of Uniformity, or the penalties in the said law imposed." On the other hand, this bill was stoutly opposed by Lord Clarendon; and finally the measure was dropped, chiefly through Clarendon's influence in the House of Commons, which was at that time very great.

In his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Ashley labored with much zeal to promote the interests of trade and commerce, and he showed himself strongly opposed to granting monopolies, and even to permitting the existence in some flagrant instances of those already granted. But his official

rank was much lower than that which a Chancellor of the Exchequer now holds ; and it must be conceded that at this time he exerted comparatively little influence in determining the foreign or domestic policy of the country. On the 16th of May, 1667, his wife's uncle, the Earl of Southampton, died, and a vacancy consequently occurred in the office of Lord Treasurer. It was at once determined to put the office into commission, and, after some hesitation on the King's part, Ashley was appointed one of the five commissioners, uniting his new appointment with his former office at the Exchequer. From this period his political importance rapidly increased ; and there can be little doubt that, almost immediately after the withdrawal of Southampton's influence, he began to intrigue for Clarendon's overthrow. This event occurred at the close of the following August ; and it has always been believed that the Chancellor's downfall was precipitated by Ashley's exertions. It should be mentioned to his credit, however, that he strongly opposed the impeachment by which some of Clarendon's enemies desired to wreak their vengeance on the fallen minister.

It must have given much annoyance to Ashley to find that he was not likely to grasp the splendid prize of the Chancellorship,—long the object of his ambition. But Charles had little confidence in the wily politician, and Sir Orlando Bridgeman, at that time Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was appointed to sit in the marble chair as Lord Keeper. Ashley was obliged to content himself with the increasing power which he now began to wield as one of the Lords of the Treasury ; and one of his first acts, his support of the Triple Alliance, was well adapted to give him popularity with the nation. Unfortunately, however, for his reputation, he helped soon afterward to break “ this triple bond,” in order to please the King ; and none of his apologists have been able to defend him successfully against the charge of having sacrificed the interests of England to his personal ambition. About the same time he drew up and submitted to the King a paper which shows very clearly his political sagacity, and is not open to the charge of being inspired by personal motives. In it he refers to a conversation with Charles on “ the decay of

land-rents and trade, and the remedies of it," and then proceeds to set forth under various heads his own views on this important subject, arguing that of late years the quantity of land fit for cultivation had greatly increased, while the population had been greatly diminished by the civil war, the plague, and emigration to America. Assuming this diminution of the population to be the cause of the existing evils, he proposes as a remedy the adoption of certain measures which he thinks will invite immigration, and afford protection to all persons who may choose to settle in England. These he enumerates as follows:—that no person shall be admitted to any office, ecclesiastical, military, or civil, except those who approve themselves conformists to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and pay all tithes and church rates; that all nonconformists, except members of the Romish Church and Fifth-monarchy men, shall have full liberty to worship in any public place they can procure; that a general act of naturalization shall be passed, granting permission to every artificer or tradesman to carry on his art or trade in any part of the kingdom; and that there shall be a public register of all transactions in real estate. Though these measures were not carried out, they show how accurately Ashley understood the wants of the kingdom, and afford additional proof of the folly of the government which rejected them.

In regard to another matter, his support of the Declaration of Indulgence, it has sometimes been claimed that his course was equally praiseworthy; but this claim cannot be sustained. Even if the arguments of his admirers were sound, they would only show that in his support of the Declaration he added treachery to contempt for the Constitution. That the Declaration was an unconstitutional act, and that the Papists were the only persons who could derive any benefit from it, will not be denied by any candid reader of history. Yet it is maintained by Martyn and some other writers, that Ashley, knowing this, and having also discovered with extraordinary skill and sagacity that Charles was a Papist in secret, gave his support to the Declaration, with the sole purpose of inflaming the Protestant zeal of the kingdom to the passage of still more severe laws against the Papists. A more utterly

untenable hypothesis can scarcely be conceived ; and it is sufficient to dismiss it with a bare statement of the absurdities which it involves. Ashley was at once one of the most adroit and most ambitious of statesmen ; and in this case the obvious explanation is undoubtedly the true explanation. He saw that Charles wished to favor the Romish Church, and that consequently the direct way to his favor was by relaxing the laws against its members ; and perceiving this, he upheld the Declaration simply as a means of advancing his own fortunes.

In the beginning of 1672 occurred the shutting up of the Exchequer,—a measure proposed by Sir Thomas Clifford and condemned by Ashley, though he afterward derived the chief advantage from it. The reasons for his opposition are well stated in a short paper written at the time, and were as follows:—that it was contrary to common justice and the express statutes of the realm, that it was against his Majesty's promises and declarations, that it would amaze mankind and ruin thousands of poor persons, that it would depress trade, and that it would soon be known over Europe, and would cause great joy to the King's enemies. The measure was, however, carried into execution, to the great and general dissatisfaction of the public, and without any corresponding advantage to the King ; and in order to restore the public credit, Ashley soon came forward with an expedient which was the immediate cause of his elevation to the Chancellorship. This was an application to the Chancellor for injunctions to prevent the prosecution of any suits against the bankers. A more unconstitutional or tyrannical scheme could scarcely have been devised, but it answered Ashley's purpose ; for Bridgman refused to grant the injunctions, and was promptly removed. Ashley, who had been created Earl of Shaftesbury a little time before, as a reward for other services, was immediately raised to the vacant office as Lord Chancellor.

The new Chancellor brought to the discharge of his duties only a very slight acquaintance with legal science, and no familiarity with the rules adopted in equity proceedings. Yet it has been asserted that few if any of his decrees were reversed ; and he certainly managed to make himself very acceptable to the King, who is reported to have said, “ My

Chancellor knows more law than all my judges, and more divinity than all my bishops.” His reputation as a judge has, in truth, stood high, probably on account of the character which Dryden interpolated in the second edition of “Absalom and Achitophel” :—

“ Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge ;
In Israel’s courts ne’er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.”

A much better authority on this point than Dryden, however, Lord Campbell, pronounces a very different opinion, and says, that, “ except being free from gross corruption, he was the worst judge that had ever sat in the court.” Much weight has been laid by Shaftesbury’s apologists on the pretended fact that his hands were unstained by bribery,—that in an age when ministers and legislators, and even the King himself, drew pay from a foreign sovereign, he never touched French gold ; and he certainly is entitled to great praise on this last account. He was quick in the despatch of business, and though he committed some absurd mistakes in regard to forms, it is probable that his sagacious intellect prevented him from falling into any grave errors of fact, and from pronouncing any unjust decision where private suitors alone were concerned. By various devices he avoided rendering a decision on the validity of the injunctions, which he had recommended previously to his elevation to the wool-sack, and with his customary shrewdness he adopted the expedient of granting them conditionally. His theory of the duty of a judge in regard to political questions is shown plainly enough in his charge to one of the Barons of the Exchequer. “ Let not the King’s prerogative and the law,” he said, “ be two things with you, for the King’s prerogative is law, and the principal part of it, and in maintaining that you maintain the law.”

Before the meeting of Parliament Shaftesbury, in order to strengthen himself in the Lower House, issued writs under the Great Seal for filling the vacancies which had occurred since

the prorogation. This bold expedient was not without the sanction of some precedents, but it excited much indignation among the members of the popular party, and as soon as the Commons met, they unseated all the members thus chosen. At the opening of the session, after the King had delivered the customary speech, the new Chancellor rose and addressed the two Houses with a very remarkable harangue, which must be regarded as furnishing the key to his policy at this time. "My Lords, and you, the knights, citizens, and burgesses of the House of Commons," he said in opening,—"the King hath spoken so fully, so excellently well, and so like himself, that you are not to expect much from me. There is not a word in his speech that hath not its full weight, and I dare with assurance say will have its full effect with you." He then spoke briefly of the delay in summoning Parliament, and passed to a justification of the war with Holland, which he advocated in language that gave great offence to the country. "You judged aright," he said, "that at any rate *Delenda est Carthago*, that government is to be brought down; and therefore the King may well say to you, 'It is your war.'" In another place he is scarcely less warlike. "And if, after this," he says, "you suffer them to get up, let this be remembered,—the States of Holland are England's eternal enemy, both by interest and inclination." To the shutting up of the Exchequer, and the grant of injunctions in the suits against the bankers, he refers in passing, apparently for no other purpose than to find in them additional reasons why Parliament should vote his Majesty a large supply. The Declaration of Indulgence he praises as warmly as though he had first suggested it, alleging, "that no reasonable scruple can be made by any good man." He then renews his plea for a large supply, and concludes with the most fulsome adulation of both King and Parliament. The whole passage is too long to be cited; but a few words at the end will afford a very just idea of it. "Let us bless God and the King that our religion is safe; that the Church of England is the care of our prince; that Parliaments are safe; that our properties and liberties are safe. What more hath a good Englishman to ask, but that this King may long reign; and that this triple alliance of King, Parliament,

and people may never be dissolved?" The amazing effrontery of this speech has not escaped the notice and censure of subsequent writers; and even Shaftesbury himself felt ashamed of it.

At this moment it is certain that he was eager to win the first place in the King's confidence; but a very few weeks afterward he adopted, from some unexplained cause, a radically different policy, and began to intrigue with the popular party. He secretly stirred up the Commons against the Declaration of Indulgence, and in the House of Lords he frequently thwarted his colleagues in the government. He zealously supported the Test Act, which was now brought forward in the House of Commons, and was aimed directly at the members of the Romish Church. Notwithstanding a strenuous opposition, the bill passed both Houses, and became a law, to Shaftesbury's great delight. In consequence of its passage the name of the Duke of York, afterward James II., was stricken from the list of Privy Councillors, and he was compelled to resign all his other appointments; Lord Clifford was forced to give up the white staff of Treasurer; and a number of other Papists of lesser note also lost their offices. Though Charles had not ventured to refuse his assent to this famous law, which remained on the statute-book through all the vicissitudes of party for more than a hundred and fifty years afterward, he took care to adjourn Parliament before any other measures of a similar character could be perfected.

Parliament met again toward the end of October, but the Country party showed so much activity and spirit that the session was twice prorogued within a fortnight; and in order to punish Shaftesbury for the part which he had recently taken, he was soon afterward deprived of the seals. He had held office for little less than a year, and during that brief period he had rendered himself obnoxious to each of the two great parties in turn. Yet it is a noteworthy fact, that at the period of his dismissal he possessed a much larger influence than he had ever before enjoyed; and that the King gained nothing by his removal. From this period to the end of his career he was the most unscrupulous and factious adversary that any government in England has had to encounter; and his far-seeing

sagacity was constantly strained to the utmost to give effect to the successive blows which he aimed at his enemies. It is true that in the end he fell a victim to his own rashness ; but for a time his power and influence knew scarcely any limits. The Parliamentary session of 1674 was suffered to continue for only a few weeks ; but during this period the new spirit which Shaftesbury had inspired was rampant. Numerous measures of hostility to the court were introduced in the House of Commons, and pressed with so much vigor and success, that Charles was glad to have recourse to his old expedient of a prorogation before any of them had reached their last stage.

Soon after the commencement of the next session, in April, 1675, the ministry brought into the House of Lords a bill entitled “ An Act to prevent the Dangers which may arise from Persons disaffected to the Government.” This measure was designed to give additional legislative sanction to the Church heresy of passive obedience, and was a fatal blow at the liberty of Parliament, as well as of every person holding any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, all of whom were required to take oath that they would not, “ at any time, endeavor the alteration of government either in Church or State.” Shaftesbury was the principal opponent of the bill, which he resisted with his accustomed zeal ; “ and yet,” says Bishop Burnet, “ though his words were watched, so that it was resolved to have sent him to the Tower if any one word had fallen from him that had made him liable to such a censure, he spoke both with so much boldness and so much caution, that, though he provoked the court extremely, no advantage could be taken against him.” In consequence of the violent opposition which the bill encountered, and of a well-grounded objection that “ no care was taken of the doctrine, but only of the discipline of the Church,” the form of the oath was changed so as to read, “ I do swear, that I will not endeavor to alter the Protestant religion, or the government either of Church or State.” The vagueness of this declaration furnished a congenial theme for Shaftesbury’s subtle intellect ; and after taking exception in one of his speeches to the oath on general grounds, he very pertinently asked, “ Where are the boundaries, or where shall we find how much is meant by the Prot-

estant religion?" Curiously enough, his opponents did not perceive the force of this question, and by their own folly they furnished him with the opportunity of an easy victory. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," Lord Keeper Finch exclaimed, "that a Lord of so great parts and eminence, and professing himself a member of the Church of England, does not know what is meant by the Protestant religion." And some of the Bishops went so far as to say, the "Protestant religion is comprehended in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Liturgy, the Catechism, the Homilies, and the Canons." Nothing could have suited Shaftesbury's purpose better than such a reply.

He rose immediately, and declared that he had so confirmed a belief in the Protestant religion, "that he hoped he should burn for the witness of it, if Providence should call him to it; but he might, perhaps, think some things not necessary which they accounted essential,—nay, he might think some things not true, or agreeable to the Scripture, that they might call doctrines of the Church." He then proceeded to show that the Thirty-nine Articles could not be regarded as a standard of orthodoxy, both on account of the obscurity and contradictory character of some of the Articles, and because others "had been preached and written against by men of great favor, power, and preferment in the Church"; and that neither the Liturgy, the Catechism, the Book of Homilies, nor the Canons afforded a more satisfactory standard. The reply was unanswerable, and greatly annoyed the Bishops. "I wonder when he will have done preaching," one of them whispered to a neighbor. Shaftesbury heard it, and, turning round, replied, in a low but audible tone, "When I am made a Bishop, my Lord"; and then continued his speech.

But all his wit and eloquence were powerless against the more persuasive appeal of the secret-service money, which was scattered through both Houses with a lavish hand; and finally the bill passed the Upper House, and was sent down to the Commons, where its success seemed certain. But Shaftesbury's genius was equal to the emergency, and he determined even now to prevent the passage of the bill. His new scheme was not indeed creditable to him, and can be justified only by

those who are prepared to maintain the profligate maxim, that “all is fair in war and politics.” It was prosecuted, however, with characteristic energy, and for the time it answered his purpose, by stirring up a quarrel between the two Houses on a question of privilege, in the excitement of which everything else was forgotten. An appeal had been entered in the House of Lords from a decree of the Court of Chancery, in a case in which a member of the Lower House was the defendant ; and, availing himself of this circumstance, Shaftesbury managed to arouse the mutual jealousy of the two Houses to such an extent that legislation on all other subjects was at once postponed. By his secret instigation the House of Commons resolved, by a nearly unanimous vote, that it was a breach of privilege to serve a summons on any member to appear at the bar of the House of Lords ; while Shaftesbury himself stoutly upheld the right of the Peers to hear appeals in equity, even when members of the Lower House were parties in interest. The Commons next committed two of the appellants to the Tower, and likewise ordered the arrest of the barristers who had argued the appeal before the Lords. Thus far Shaftesbury’s scheme had succeeded admirably, and he immediately seized on this act to push the excitement to a still greater height. Exasperated by his fervid eloquence, the Lords voted that the prisoners should be immediately set at liberty, in disregard of any action by the Commons. In pursuance of this vote, their executive officer, the Usher of the Black Rod, rescued the barristers by force from the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, by whom the unfortunate lawyers were held under the authority of the Commons. The Lower House was greatly incensed at this indignity to their representative, and a vote was passed, by the active exertions of Shaftesbury’s friends, that, “if this outrage was submitted to, not only the privileges of the Commons, but the liberties of England, were forever subverted.” The Speaker himself participated in the excitement of the members ; and soon afterward, seeing one of the barristers, Pemberton, for some time Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, and still more famous as one of the counsel for the seven Bishops, he arrested him with his own hand, and caused him to be lodged in prison, — an exploit for which the Commons voted him special thanks.

Matters were rapidly growing worse, when the King prorogued Parliament for a period of four months, with the hope of putting an end to these contentions. But as soon as the new session opened, Shaftesbury brought forward a motion for the assignment of a day for hearing the appeal ; and in the debate which followed, he delivered a very powerful speech on the whole subject at issue. “ My Lords,” he said with great solemnity as he rose, “ our all is at stake, and therefore you must give me leave to speak freely before we part with it.” He then proceeded to answer the arguments of the other party, artfully opposing any concession on the part of the Lords, since “ this matter is no less than your whole judicature, and your judicature is the life and soul of the dignity of the peerage of England,” and if they did not settle the question then, they would not have an opportunity of doing it after the public business was finished.

“ Pray, my Lords,” he continued, “ forgive me if, on this occasion, I put you in mind of committee dinners, and the scandal of it ; as, also, those droves of ladies that attend all causes. It was come to that pass that men hired or borrowed of their friends handsome sisters or handsome daughters to deliver their petitions ; but yet for all this I must say that your judgments have been sacred, unless in one or two causes, — and those we owe most to that Bench [the Bishops] from whence we now apprehend most danger.”

He then briefly expressed his fears, that, if the Houses were to come to an agreement, it would enable the King to bring about a general European peace, which was much to be deprecated on account of the benefit to France. In conclusion, he made a truculent attack on the Bishops, as persons who were not affected by arguments the most convincing to the other Lords, and as advocates of the new and dangerous doctrine “ that monarchy is of divine right,” — a doctrine which neither the Jesuits nor the Popish clergy had ever maintained, and which was professed only by “ some of the Episcopal clergy” of the British isles.

“ In a word,” he said, “ if this doctrine be true, our Magna Charta is of no use ; our laws are but rules among ourselves during the King’s pleasure. Monarchy, if of divine right, cannot be bounded or limited by human laws, — nay, what is more, cannot bind itself ; and all our

claims of right by the law or constitution of the government, all the jurisdiction and privilege of this House, all the rights and privilege of the House of Commons, all the properties and liberties of the people, are to give way, not only to the interest, but the will and pleasure, of the crown."

This speech has come down to us in a very full report, and probably affords a fair specimen of Shaftesbury's Parliamentary style. It is bold, pointed, and direct, with not a few passages of stirring eloquence, and we need feel no surprise at the effect which it produced on those who heard it. His resolution for hearing the appeal was carried by a large majority; and in the House of Commons the excitement became as great as it was before the recess.

His measures having thus far been crowned with success, Shaftesbury next induced one of his friends in the Upper House to bring forward a motion for an Address to the King, praying for a dissolution of the Parliament; and this motion was defeated by a majority of only two votes. Under these circumstances Charles determined to prorogue Parliament for the term of fifteen months. Shaftesbury had succeeded in preventing the passage of the obnoxious bill, but he had failed in his attempt to bring about a dissolution,—an object which he had scarcely less at heart. As soon as Parliament met again, in February, 1677, Buckingham, who had also become a patriot, rose and objected to transacting any business, on the ground that the last prorogation was null and void, and that therefore the Parliament must be regarded as virtually dissolved. In this view he was powerfully supported by Shaftesbury, who was probably the real author of the objection. But their course found less favor than they had anticipated; and the government was strong enough to carry a resolution that Shaftesbury, who was looked upon as the chief offender, and his principal supporters, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Salisbury, and Lord Wharton, should be committed to the Tower during the pleasure of the King and the House of Lords, as a punishment for having brought forward a doctrine so insulting to the King and the Parliament. The minor offenders were released after a short confinement, on acknowledging their error. This Shaftesbury refused to do, and in June,

1677, he sued out a writ of habeas corpus ; but the Court of King's Bench declined to take cognizance of it, on the ground that the Tower was not within their jurisdiction. Subsequently he made a fruitless appeal to the generosity of the King and the Duke of York, and he also petitioned the House for his release with no better success ; and it was not until February, 1678, that he obtained his liberty. Before being restored to his privileges as a peer, he was required to repeat a mortifying apology after the Lord Chancellor :—“ I, Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, do acknowledge that my endeavoring to maintain that the Parliament is dissolved was an ill-advised action, for which I humbly beg the pardon of the King's Majesty, and of this most honorable House ; and I do also acknowledge that my bringing of a habeas corpus in the King's Bench during this session was a high violation of your Lordship's privileges, and a great aggravation of my former offence, for which I likewise most humbly beg the pardon of this most honorable House.” To such abasement was Shaftesbury reduced, before he could again enter the field of active partisan warfare. He soon, however, regained his former ascendancy ; and in November, 1680, the House of Lords, at a full session, passed a resolution which, after referring to the order for the committal of Shaftesbury and his associates, and the subsequent proceedings in relation thereto, sets forth that “ it is ordered, decreed, and adjudged, that the said order and proceedings concerning the said Lords were unparliamentary from the beginning, and in the whole progress thereof ; and therefore are all ordered to be vacated (by virtue of this judgment) in the Journal books of this House, that the same, or any of them, may never be drawn into precedent for the future.”

Shaftesbury's release was hailed with satisfaction by his friends, though his influence was much diminished by his long imprisonment and by his subsequent humiliation. But, fortunately for his ambitious spirit, an event soon afterward occurred, which enabled him not only to recover all that he had lost, but to become far more formidable than he had hitherto been. This was the pretended discovery of the Popish Plot, through the revelations of Titus Oates. It has some-

times, indeed, been asserted that Shaftesbury himself invented this stupendous falsehood ; but though he readily took advantage of it to promote his own ends, there is not a particle of proof that he first conceived it. With his accustomed sagacity, he saw that it might be used to torment the government, and he took the whole thing into his own hands. As soon as Parliament met, he brought forward a series of measures designed to crush the Catholics ; and he also introduced a motion for an Address to the King for the removal of the Duke of York from his presence and counsels, which failed of success. He succeeded, however, in carrying resolutions for a committee to inquire into the Plot, for the removal of Popish recusants, and declaring that “ there hath been and still is a damnable and hellish plot continued and carried on by Popish recusants for assassinating the King, subverting the government, and rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion,” besides a bill for preventing members of the Romish Church from sitting in Parliament. The government was powerless to resist the rising storm which Shaftesbury had set in motion, and which he now ruled at pleasure ; and after a motion to impeach the Lord Treasurer, Danby, had been carried in the House of Commons, Charles, as a last resort, dissolved the Parliament, in January, 1679. It had sat for eighteen years, and notwithstanding the grovelling subserviency of its earlier acts, it had passed through a transformation very much like Shaftesbury’s ; and at its dissolution it was one of the most unmanageable bodies with which any English minister has ever had to deal.

The new elections were in general unfavorable to the court, and Shaftesbury’s party received a considerable accession of numbers. In the choice of Speaker of the House of Commons the ministerial candidate was defeated ; and the impeachment of Danby was soon revived as a matter of course. Against this unjustifiable proceeding Charles in vain opposed a full pardon under the Great Seal. Urged on by Shaftesbury, the motion for an impeachment was carried, and Danby was committed to the Tower. Nor did the activity of Shaftesbury stop here. He next brought forward a motion for an inquiry into the state of the nation, and supported it in a vio-

lent speech, setting forth the great dangers which threatened the Protestant faith, and pointing to the condition of affairs in Scotland and Ireland as a pregnant illustration of the evils against which Parliament must provide.

It was in this conjuncture that Sir William Temple suggested to the King his scheme of a new council in place of the existing Privy Council and Ministry, in the hope that it might give peace to the country, and inaugurate a new era of good government. This body was to be composed of thirty members, of whom fifteen were to hold the principal offices of state, ten more were to be selected from the House of Lords, and the remaining five were to be taken from the House of Commons; and according to the new plan all the measures of the government were to be sanctioned by the council. The scheme proved in the end impracticable, and was abandoned; but it was now eagerly tried by Charles. In the selection of the members, important differences of opinion arose between his Majesty and Sir William, the latter of whom vehemently objected to the admission of Shaftesbury, which Charles deemed indispensable to the success of the experiment. The result was that Shaftesbury was not only admitted, but was also made President of the Council.

If Charles expected by this appointment to weaken Shaftesbury's influence, or to render him less factious, he was soon disappointed. Shaftesbury determined to use his newly acquired power to promote his own advantage, and to carry the measures which he regarded as necessary for maintaining the Protestant ascendancy, and for securing the liberty of the subject against the encroachments of the crown. He accordingly drew up, and caused to be introduced in the House of Commons, "An Act for the better securing the Liberty of the Subject," which is now known as the Habeas Corpus Act, and is universally regarded as one of the chief muniments of English liberty. This bill passed the Commons without much opposition; but in the House of Lords it was violently resisted, and the motion for a conference with the Commons on one of the amendments introduced by the Lords, was carried only by a miscount, which gave a majority of two votes in favor of the conference. The Commons receded, and the bill became

a law. This was the only measure of Shaftesbury which was carried through Parliament at this session; but it is one the importance of which cannot be overrated. Other important measures, indeed, had been brought forward, and some progress had been made with them, when Charles abruptly put an end to the session by a prorogation, which was soon afterward followed by a dissolution. The elections again turned out unfavorably for the government, and without a moment's hesitation the King determined, before Parliament met, to postpone the session for a period of twelve months by a new prorogation,—a step which came very near breaking up the newly organized council. This bold measure was at once followed by the dismissal of Shaftesbury from the Presidency, and by the erasure of his name from the list of Councillors.

Though deprived of office, the factious patriot did not permit his zeal against the Catholics to grow cold. On the 5th of November, he celebrated the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot by a procession, at the head of which was the effigy of Guy Fawkes, with other symbols suited to keep alive the popular hatred of Papacy. Twelve days later he caused the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to be commemorated by another procession, with still more inflammatory devices. He next procured petitions from nearly every part of England, praying that Parliament might be immediately summoned; but to these petitions counter-addresses were at once opposed by the Court party. Indignant at the failure of these expedients for compelling the King to call Parliament together, and at the same time elated by his vast influence over the people, Shaftesbury determined to go a step farther. Accordingly, on the 26th of June, 1680, in company with several of his most distinguished and influential supporters, he proceeded to the Court of King's Bench, and there presented to the grand jury a formal charge against the Duke of York as a Popish recusant. But before the jury had investigated the matter, and while many charges against private persons were waiting for an examination, the Chief Justice sent for the jury, and, by an unusual exercise of authority, dismissed them. By these and other schemes the popular leaders managed to keep up the excitement until Parliament met.

As soon as the session opened, the House of Commons passed a series of inflammatory resolutions, to the effect, that efficient measures ought to be taken “to suppress Popery and prevent a Popish succession”; that the Duke of York’s adhesion to the Romish Church had given great encouragement to the plots against the King and the Protestant religion; that in defence of the King and the Protestant religion they would stake their lives and fortunes, and that, if his Majesty should come to a violent death, they would “revenge it to the utmost on the Papists”; and finally, “that the discharging of the grand jury by any judge, before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration and not presented, is arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public justice, a manifest violation of his oath, and is a means to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom.” Having thus prepared the way for the blow which he had long meditated, Shaftesbury now caused a bill to be brought into the Commons for excluding the Duke of York from the succession to the crown. The bill passed the Lower House with little opposition; but in the Lords it was thrown out on the first reading by a vote of more than two to one, after a fierce debate, which lasted nearly till midnight, and at which Charles II. was present. In this debate Shaftesbury of course took the leading part; but the speech which he delivered has not come down to us. Another speech, however, on the same general subject, delivered a few days later, was printed at the time, and circulated to the extent of three hundred thousand copies. Probably some things were added in the printed speech; but if the speech as spoken was not very different from that in print, it must be pronounced one of the most remarkable speeches ever uttered in Parliament. It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of its bold and factious tone by a mere analysis; and we must confine ourselves to two or three brief extracts. “There must be,” he said near the commencement, “in plain English, my Lords, a change. We must neither have Popish wife, nor Popish favorite, nor Popish mistress, nor Popish counsellor at court, nor any new convert.” And as if he had not gone far enough in this declaration, he elsewhere exclaimed: “My Lords, it is a very hard thing to say we cannot trust the King,

and that we have already been deceived so often, that we see plainly the apprehension of discontent is no argument at court; and though our prince be himself an excellent person, that the people have the greatest inclinations to love, yet we must say he is such an one as no story affords us a parallel of." After much more in the same spirit and equally pointed, he concluded by a direct appeal to his Majesty: "However, we know who hears us; and I am glad of this, that your Lordships have dealt so honorably and so clearly in the King's presence, that he cannot say he wants a right state of things. He hath it before him, and may take counsel as he thinks fit."

In pursuance of an intimation in this speech, he soon afterward brought into the House of Lords a bill for dissolving the King's marriage; but this scandalous proceeding met with so little favor, that he allowed the bill to drop out of notice as quietly as possible. Some of his other measures were more successful, and, before the dissolution, he had caused to be introduced in the Lower House, or had carried, bills reviving the Triennial Act, providing that the judges should hold their offices and draw their salaries during good behavior, providing for a Protestant Association to defend the King and keep out the Duke of York, and for making the raising of money without the consent of Parliament an act of high treason, besides carrying an impeachment against Chief Justice Scroggs for illegally discharging the grand jury the year before, and sending up an Address of the House of Commons to the King for the removal from office of the Earl of Halifax, who had been his chief opponent in the debates on the Exclusion Bill. Before all these measures could be perfected, Parliament was dissolved, and a new Parliament was summoned to meet at Oxford.

Against the meeting of Parliament in this unusual place, Shaftesbury and fifteen other members of the House of Lords, of whom the Duke of Monmouth was the most prominent, immediately petitioned the King, alleging, that neither the Lords nor the Commons could sit in safety at Oxford, where they would be "daily exposed to the sword of the Papists and their adherents," and thus prevented from enjoying full liberty of debate; that there were no accommodations for the great

number of persons who would be present; and that the witnesses against the Popish Lords, and the judges who had been impeached, or were to be impeached, could neither bear the expense of going there, nor trust themselves to the protection of a Parliament which was not itself free. This petition was much applauded by the popular party, and London and many other places presented their thanks to the Lords by whom it was signed; but it met with no favor at court, and no attention was paid to its prayer that the place of meeting might be changed to London. The session was opened therefore at Oxford, on the 21st of March; and notwithstanding Shaftesbury's loud professions of insecurity, he lost not a moment in resuming his attacks on the government. The Exclusion Bill was again brought forward, together with a second bill for repealing an act passed in the reign of Elizabeth against Protestant Dissenters who failed to attend public worship on Sundays in their respective parish churches,—a bill for the same purpose which had passed in the last session having been surreptitiously removed from the House of Lords by the King's command. These measures, and the disputes between the two Houses as to the manner of proceeding against a wretch named Fitzharris, who had been put forward by the court to ridicule the Popish Plot, convinced Charles that he had nothing to hope from this Parliament; and, eight days after the commencement of the session, he abruptly dissolved it, with the declaration that "all the world may see we are not like to have a good end when the divisions at the beginning are such."

Though it is impossible to commend Shaftesbury's course, or the means which he employed, it must be conceded that his services in opposing the tyranny of Charles were of vast importance, and were not unfrequently attended by the most beneficial results. The court had long seen clearly enough that he was by far the most formidable antagonist with whom they had ever had to contend, and that, if he were crushed, no one remained to fill his place. They determined, therefore, without further delay, to break down his influence, and to ruin him utterly; and on the 2d of the following July he was arrested on a charge of high treason, at Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, his city residence. His papers were seized,

and he was hurried off to Whitehall, and, after an examination before the King and Council, committed to the Tower. As he was carried along, the populace gathered around him and loudly expressed their sympathy. “God bless your Lordship!” exclaimed one of the crowd, “and deliver you from your enemies.” With his accustomed readiness, Shaftesbury turned toward the man, and replied, with a triumphant smile: “I thank you, sir, but I have nothing to fear; they have much, therefore pray God to deliver them from me.” A few days afterward one of the Popish Lords who had been committed to the Tower through his influence expressed some surprise at seeing him in such a place, and asked how he came to be there. “I have been indisposed lately with an ague, and am come to take some Jesuits’ powder,” was the reply.

While a prisoner, he made repeated applications to the Court of King’s Bench that he might be brought to trial or be bailed, for no indictment against him had yet been prepared; but in each instance his application was refused by the Chief Justice, Pemberton, under the old pretext that the Tower was not within the jurisdiction of the court. Meanwhile no effort was spared to hunt up evidence against him, and to spread abroad a belief of his guilt. For this purpose the immortal pen of Dryden was called into the service, and the greatest political poem in our language was published just a week before the case was given to the grand jury. Innumerable prose pamphlets were also circulated. Pemberton perverted the law. When the indictment was laid before the jury, he charged them that they were only to inquire whether there was any ground of suspicion against the prisoner; and, in violation of the uniform practice in such cases, and against the protest of the jury, the examination was conducted in public, that the authority of the Chief Justice might be exerted to insure the finding of a bill. But all these precautions failed; the jury had been selected by Whig sheriffs; and the result was that the bill was ignored. As the officer read the indorsement, a shout burst forth from the waiting crowd, which even the presence of the judges could not restrain. Out of doors, bonfires, illuminations, and the frequent drinking of Shaftesbury’s health, bore witness to the general joy. Nor was this all. A

medal was immediately struck, bearing on one side the bust of the Protestant Earl, as he was called, with the inscription, “Antonio Comiti de Shaftesbury,” and on the reverse the sun emerging from a cloud and shining on the Tower and the city, with the date, 24th November, 1681, and the legend, “Lætamur.” To ridicule this outburst of popular joy, Dryden’s genius was again called into service, and Charles himself suggested the main idea of the poem. “The Medal” was speedily produced, and, as a truculent political satire, is inferior only to “Absalom and Achitophel.”

“ Of all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :
A monster more the favorite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
Never did art so well with nature strive ;
Nor ever idol seemed so much alive :
So like the man,— so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.”

The publication of the poem, however, only gave greater notoriety to its subject, and soon every Whig wore the medal as a party badge.

Notwithstanding the refusal of the grand jury to return a bill against Shaftesbury, he was detained a prisoner in the Tower for some months longer, and it was not until February, 1682, that he was released, and again took up his residence in the city. But his power was gone ; a prosecution which he had instituted against the principal witnesses who testified before the grand jury was removed from Middlesex to another county where the government was more powerful, and he was accordingly compelled to abandon it ; the election of Sheriffs of London and Middlesex was so conducted as to secure the return of the court candidates ; and a minion of the court was fraudulently declared elected Lord Mayor of London. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he lost his confidence in the weapons which he had previously used with so much success against the government, and that he joined in the plots for its overthrow. Added to this he was now suffering from great physical pain and debility, and from a morbid fear of being again committed to prison.

It had been his intention to bring forward the Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of the King's natural children, as successor to the throne, if the Exclusion Bill had passed ; but he now went a step farther, and determined to do by force what he had failed to do by constitutional means. He plotted with Russell and Sidney, and with West, Rumsey, and Ferguson ; and, impatient of delay, he went farther and faster than his associates wished to go. But he was closely watched by the court spies, and often found it necessary to change his place of residence. At length, in November, 1682, he received information which satisfied him that all his intrigues had been discovered, and that his only safety was in immediate flight. He accordingly quitted his place of concealment, which was searched only a few hours after his departure, and, disguising himself as a Presbyterian minister, he left London in the night, accompanied by one of his friends who was also disguised. They proceeded directly to Harwich, where he remained several days, narrowly escaping detection, and at length succeeded in embarking for Amsterdam.

Here he was kindly received, and the worthy burghers, forgetting the injuries which he had inflicted on their country, admitted him to the rights of citizenship, and hung his portrait in the City Hall. But he did not long enjoy these honors. He was soon afterward attacked with a severe fit of the gout, which terminated fatally on the 21st of January, 1683. He was not much above sixty-one years of age, but his irregular life, and the accident which happened to him on his first visit to Holland, as well as his fiery energy and restless activity, had broken down a constitution naturally good, and made him prematurely old.

His new countrymen testified their grief at his death by going into mourning, and by directing that no tolls or fees should be levied on his corpse or his personal effects, in any place through which they might pass on the way to England. His body was borne from these friendly shores in a ship hung in black, and on its landing at Poole in Dorsetshire, Shaftesbury's native county, it was received by all the principal gentlemen of the county. Thence it was conveyed to Wimborne St. Giles, where the funeral was solemnized ; and, forgetting all their past animosities, friends and foes alike joined the procession

which attended the remains of the great politician to their final resting-place.

In the long line of English statesmen, from Lord Burleigh to Sir Robert Peel, there is no more conspicuous name than that of Shaftesbury. There are in that splendid catalogue men to whose lofty virtue and pure patriotism his profligacy and factiousness present only a sad contrast,—men of a more profound acquaintance with the principles of the English Constitution, of more consistent opinions, and who occupied a foremost place in public life for a longer period. But there is not one who possessed a more acute or a more penetrating intellect than Shaftesbury, who exercised a larger influence than that which he sometimes wielded, or who identified his name with any measure of more transcendent importance than the Habeas Corpus Act. At the same time, his course through life was characterized by unrivalled sagacity in the management of party intrigues, and by a boldness scarcely less remarkable. To his keen eye the changes of political fortune were more quickly revealed than they were to any of his contemporaries, and he seemed always to guide, rather than to follow, the current of popularity ; or, as Butler very happily expresses it in *Hudibras*, he

“got the start of every state,
And at a change ne'er came too late.”

As an orator he was pointed in attack and skilful in defence ; and, if we except Halifax and Bolingbroke, he had till the time of Chatham few or no rivals as an eloquent and effective speaker. Very few of his speeches, it is true, have come down to us, except in imperfect and fragmentary reports ; but even in these there are many passages of fervid eloquence, which, when first spoken, must have thrilled every auditor.

Shaftesbury's personal character presents little that is attractive, except uniform courtesy in private life. His licentiousness was notorious even in that profligate age, and the character of Antonio in Otway's “*Venice Preserved*” was drawn as a portrait of him, though some of his biographers have ventured, in the face of undoubted facts, to describe him in very different language, and as being free from the gross immoralities of his time. It has often been asserted by them,

that he never took bribes ; and this is probably true as to his dealings with Louis XIV. and the agents of France, and indeed as to all his transactions in the latter part of his life. But it is not true that his hands were always clean, or that he always bore the reputation of unchallenged integrity. Pepys records one instance within his own knowledge in which Shaftesbury took money as a bribe ; and there were doubtless many other cases of a similar character. Under date of May 20th, 1666, the laborious Secretary writes, in his Diary, with much simplicity and honesty, that Mr. Yeabsly “ hath this day presented my Lord Ashley with £100 to bespeak his friendship to him in his accounts now before us ; and my Lord hath received it, and so I believe is as bad, as to bribes, as what the world says of him.” The next day the worthy diarist returns to the subject, and writes : “ It is stupendous to see how favorably and yet closely my Lord Ashley carries himself to Mr. Yeabsly in his business, so as I think we shall do his business for him in very good manner. But it is a most extraordinary thing to observe,” he adds, “ and that which I would not but have had the observation of for a great deal of money.” On two other occasions he again refers to his knowledge of the fact that Shaftesbury was bribed by Yeabsly. An instance so well authenticated as this is sufficient to prove that his Lordship was not above the lust of dishonest gain.

That he was a zealous Protestant, and that in all his measures he had regard mainly to the interests of Protestantism, has also been asserted by his admirers ; but his conduct, when calmly investigated, does not admit of so favorable an interpretation. It is doubtless true that he was more attached to Protestantism than to any other system of religious opinions ; but it is not less true, that he thought more of its usefulness as an engine of party warfare, and as a means of his own aggrandizement, than he did of its doctrines and its precepts. He was avowedly a member of the Church of England ; but on several points his views were very far from being orthodox according to the received standards of the age in which he lived.

In politics he had no settled theories of government, and no large views of either foreign or domestic policy. He probably regarded a limited monarchy as best adapted to the wants of

the English people ; but he was at all times ready to give his support to any party and any measures from which he hoped to derive personal advantage. He accordingly attached himself in succession to every party in the state, and he deserted each in turn with equal readiness. In any just estimate of his political character he must stand as the chief type of those politicians who regard the possession of power as of infinitely greater importance than the maintenance of any principles. Many of his measures, however, were wise and beneficial, though they were generally framed for mere party purposes, and were supported in a factious spirit.

In attempting to estimate the nature and extent of his influence we are inclined to attach great importance to the agreeableness of his manners, the liveliness of his conversation, and the brilliancy of his repartees, as well as to his extraordinary political sagacity. Though he lived in the midst of the Civil War, and participated in all the fierce party conflicts of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, he managed to preserve till the last years of his life his reputation as a courteous gentleman and an agreeable companion in social intercourse. To this he owed his introduction into public life, and he ever afterward made it a means of strengthening his personal and party interests. In public he waged an unrelenting warfare, and cared nothing about the weapons which he used, if they were only effective ; but in private life he cultivated the suavity of manners which politicians too often neglect. His conversation was lively and entertaining, and his wit was free from any taint of bitterness.

ART. VI.—*History of New England.* By JOHN G. PALFREY.
Volume II. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 8vo.
pp. xx. and 640.

WE had hardly hoped to be recalled thus early to a duty so grateful to our own feelings as that now before us. Dr. Palfrey's first volume is still a new book, and we learn that, when that made its appearance, the second was not even begun. Of course a part of its materials had been brought together, and so clear-sighted an historian must have taken a comprehensive survey of the entire ground before him. But the labor of consulting authorities, verifying names, dates, and details, and harmonizing apparent discrepancies, as well as the task of elaborate literary composition, has been accomplished in little more than a year and a half. No one who knows the author will imagine that this has been hasty, because rapid work. On the other hand, the volume bears all the tokens of thorough research and careful execution. Like its predecessor, it abounds in references to and quotations from first-hand authorities, and in notes which relieve the text from whatever might break its rhetorical continuity, and which often follow out in detail collateral subjects of inquiry and discussion. Indeed, the text contains what the cursory reader would wish to find there, and little more; while the notes are a mine of ample and varied wealth for the historical student. We need not repeat what we said, on the appearance of the first volume,* as to Dr. Palfrey's conscientious fidelity, his impartiality as an historian, and the uniform adaptation and adequacy of his style to the subject in hand. Whatever approving criticism we then put on record requires now no modification, unless it be a higher coloring, inasmuch as the more numerous threads of narrative have needed more delicate handling to interweave them without dropping or hiding any one of them. It is no small praise that they are all kept in distinct view, while they are so blended as to give perfect unity to the narrative, making it the veritable history of New England, and not

* *North American Review* for April, 1858.

what we should have had from a less skilful hand, the histories of the separate Colonies, held together only by the binder's thread and the covers.

The previous volume closed with the epoch of the confederation of the four Colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven. The first chapter is a sketch of the institutions and customs, the domestic, social, political, and religious life, and the industrial, educational, and financial condition of the colonies at that epoch. It will bear favorable comparison, as to its range of topics and its vivid presentation of an unfamiliar age to the inward eye, with the similar chapter of Macaulay, which must be fresh in the recollection of all our readers. It exhibits such contrasts as find place in no other history;—on the one hand, the highest civilization of the age, so far as it would be exhibited in intelligence, character, institutions, and provisions for a more ample and prosperous future; on the other, an enforced simplicity, more nearly allied to savage than to civilized life, as to very many external habits and arrangements. The development of the Colonies, and the growth of New England since the era of independence, while they have replaced the rudeness of the seventeenth century by a high grade of exterior culture and refinement, have done little more than to give a fit embodiment to the ideas of our fathers, and to cherish the germs of future states which they beheld in prophetic faith as clearly as we discern them in their realized maturity.

Among the figments which have found extensive currency, not only among the Transatlantic revilers of the Puritans, but among their unfilial posterity, have been the Blue Laws of the New Haven Colony,—a congeries of pious absurdity of which it was utterly impossible to conceive as having been enacted by men who had discretion enough to keep out of fire and water, much less, to found and govern an infant commonwealth. We are glad to find this libellous compilation traced to the mendacity of a man whose only title to fame was that of the most egregious liar of his times, and of whose entire career moral insanity and the total absence of moral principle are the alternative solutions. We quote the foot-note in which Dr. Palfrey puts this subject at rest.

“Most American readers have heard of the ‘Blue Laws’ of New Haven, which have been precisely described as making ‘one thin volume in folio,’ embracing the following among other provisions: ‘No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath-day. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fasting day. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jewsharp. Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap.’ (General History of Connecticut, 65, 66, 68, 69, 82.) It is not perhaps so well known, that these statements are without historical foundation. In the primitive age of the Colony, the discretionary action of the Magistrates sometimes resembled the discipline of the head of a family, rather than a formal legal administration; but the existence, at any time, of a code containing provisions such as are quoted above, is a mere fabrication, nor is there any record of so much as single judgments pronounced agreeably to the tenor of those provisions. The anonymous work which first vented the fiction was published in London in 1781, and a second edition appeared in the following year. The author was Samuel Peters, a loyalist and refugee. He was a college contemporary of Trumbull, the conscientiously exact historian of Connecticut, and is said to have been a native of the same town. Trumbull said of him, that ‘of all men with whom he had ever been acquainted, Dr. Peters he had thought, from his first knowledge of him, the least to be depended on as to any matter of fact.’ (Kingsley’s Historical Discourse, p. 84.) The reader at all acquainted with Connecticut history may satisfy himself concerning Peters’s credibility by five minutes’ inspection of his work. The reader without such acquaintance will form some judgment of the author’s capacity for telling the truth, when he comes upon the following representation of a scene on the river Connecticut: ‘Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it; here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight.’ (General History, &c., p. 127.) Malte-Brun (*Géographie Universelle*, Liv. XIII.) expresses the judicious opinion that this must be ‘grossly exaggerated.’ — p. 32.

In point of fact, the legislation of New England in its early days was in many respects in advance of that of the mother country. Capital offences were fewer; penalties less barbarous; and the laws of property more nearly conformed to the dictates of natural right. In this last particular, England is

still burdened by numerous outgrowths of the feudal system, which statutes and legal evasion have pruned away in part, but which still at times interpose impassable barriers between law and equity. It is truly surprising that the fathers of New England should have kept their codes so entirely free from this hereditary element of British jurisprudence, which in more recent times has found its way into the decisions of our courts and the declarative law of the land. As regards the Judaizing tendency of our early legislation, exaggerated notions have prevailed. The law of Moses was justly revered as of Divine enactment and authority, and its general principles and pervading spirit were worthily regarded as indicating the will of God for all times and nations; but it was never imagined that its particular provisions were binding on any people except that for whose benefit it was promulgated. The discrimination between moral precept and local statute was as distinctly made two centuries ago as it is by our living theologians. In the New Haven Colony, it was ordered, wisely and wholesomely as we think, that "the judicial laws of God, as they were delivered by Moses, and as they are a fence to the moral law, *being neither typical nor ceremonial, nor having any reference to Canaan*, shall be accounted of moral equity, and shall generally bind all offenders, and be a rule to all the courts in this jurisdiction in their proceedings against offenders, till they shall be branched out into particulars hereafter." This, it is believed, was the nearest approach ever made in New England to the re-enactment of the Levitical code, and is the sole foundation of the myth, according to which the founders of New Haven are said to have ordained that the laws of Moses should be in force till they could make better.

The second chapter is a *résumé* of English history from the battle of Marston Moor to the death of Charles I., comprising the development of the Independent church polity, in conflict with the Presbyterian. Of this polity Dr. Palfrey justly regards New England as the strong-hold and the nursery, and he traces its growth and ultimate ascendancy in great measure to reflex influence from the Colonies. It is an undoubted fact, that a large proportion of its advocates in England were intimately connected with Plymouth and Massachusetts, and that

writings which had their origin here were extensively and effectively circulated in the mother country. John Cotton, whose name was still fragrant in his birth-land, was the author of a treatise, entitled, "The True Constitution of a Particular Visible Church, proved by Scripture," which was published in London in the second year of the Long Parliament. This maintains the entire independence of each Christian congregation, and concedes to churches no right toward one another, except that of advice or admonition, and of withdrawing from the fellowship of a church that refuses to be counselled or admonished. Cotton was also in intimate correspondence with Thomas Goodwin, a leading member of the Independent party in the Westminster Assembly. Sir Henry Vane, who was a zealous champion of Independency, had no doubt learned its lessons and imbibed its spirit during his official residence in Massachusetts. Then, too, many distinguished citizens of the Colonies visited England as public agents, or for their private purposes; and during the abeyance of monarchy such persons were treated with marked respect, and brought into frequent conference with men in place and power. When we add to all these influences the yet more potent efficacy of successful experiment,—the known and admitted fact that, under a jealously guarded independency, the religious institutions of the New World had become firmly established, and enjoyed even a premature prosperity as compared with all other interests of the colonists,—it is not surprising that the principle of autonomy for each congregation of worshippers should have gained rapidly upon Presbyterianism, which, in truth, was rather imposed by the force of circumstances upon the revolutionary party, than adopted by their free choice as congenial with their political or religious biases. Though the Independents were scantily represented in the Westminster Assembly, their growing ascendancy in Parliament and in the nation at large frustrated, in a great degree, the execution of the ordinances of the Assembly for the settling of the Presbyterian government in the Church of England; and almost the only vestiges of that body which survived its protracted sessions were its Confession of Faith and its Catechisms,—“works

which have exercised a vast influence on religious opinion among the later generations of the British race."

The Commissioners of the Confederacy of New England held their first conference at Boston, in September, 1643. Each of the four Colonies was represented by two deputies, and John Winthrop was chosen as the presiding officer. The hostile designs of the Narragansetts were among the earliest subjects of their deliberations. The Narragansett sachem, Miantonomo, had formed a dangerous connection with Samuel Gorton and his associates in the Providence Plantation. The orderly inhabitants of the plantation cast themselves for protection upon the authorities of Massachusetts Bay. Gorton — whether a hypocrite or a fanatic — was a man who could not be safely tolerated in a feeble community surrounded by savages, who might at any moment be aroused to acts of violence. He seems to have cherished a virulent hatred against every agent, title, and token of authority in church and state, and though in a more settled condition of society his foul scoffs and insults against ministers and magistrates might have been fittingly regarded as demanding no other discipline than that of a mad-house, there were not wanting then inflammable materials which they might kindle into a fierce conflagration. The General Court of Massachusetts issued a warrant to Gorton and his associates to appear at its next meeting. Their answer was an amazing tissue of mysticism, nonsense, abuse, and blasphemy. In accordance with the advice of the Commissioners of the Confederacy, an armed force of forty men was sent to arrest them, and, after a siege of several days, they surrendered, and were conveyed to Boston. The question now was, under what charge they should be arraigned. Their transactions with the Narragansetts alone might have been a sufficient ground for their trial and punishment; but proceedings on this account might tend to create a general alarm and panic. They were, therefore, arraigned as "blasphemous enemies to the true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ and all his holy ordinances, and also to all civil authority among the people of God, and particularly in this jurisdiction." Under these heads of indictment there was no lack of evidence, their own acknowledged writings furnishing the most ample proof.

Gorton was found guilty, and was sentenced, during the pleasure of the Court, "to be confined to Charlestown, there to be set on work, and to wear such bolts and bars as might hinder his escape," and, on penalty of death, to forbear from publishing "any of the blasphemous or abominable heresies where-with he hath been charged." Six of his associates were similarly confined in as many different towns. They were released after four or five months. Their subsequent conduct proved that they had been treated more leniently than they deserved.

On no subject have the colonists of New England received more niggardly justice at the hands of posterity than on their relations with the aborigines. They were manifestly solicitous to deal justly and live peaceably with their savage neighbors. Their hostile movements were never wanton or gratuitous, but always in consequence of danger, real or apprehended. Their very aggressions were uniformly defensive in motive and purpose. In 1642, when the rumors of an impending assault from the Narragansetts were rife, yet not fully authenticated, the General Court of Massachusetts delayed action; for, they argued, "if we should kill any of them, or lose any of our own, and it should be found after to have been a false report, we might provoke God's displeasure, and blemish our wisdom and integrity before the heathen." It was added, "that such as were to be sent out on such an expedition were for the most part godly, and would be as well assured of the justice of the war as the warrant of their call, and then we should not fear their forwardness and courage; but if they should be sent out not well resolved, we might fear the success."

The repeated and sanguinary Indian wars of our fathers have often been contrasted with the pacific terms on which the French on this continent, from the very first, lived with the aboriginal inhabitants, and with the seventy years of perfect quietness enjoyed by the Pennsylvania colonists. Undoubtedly the reasons of this difference were, in great part, theological. Something like religious assimilation was desired and attempted, in each case, as the pledge of peace and the bond of union. In the case of the French, this was very easily effected. Compliance with Romish ceremonies was by no means uncongenial to the Indian character. The savages saw

in the ritual of the Church only an imposing form of idolatry, to which the superior knowledge and civilization of the white men gave an irresistible prestige, and to which they could conform without parting with any of their superstitions, or laying aside any of their ancestral customs. At the same time the ritual, once embraced, multiplied points of contact and community, and established amicable relations under a sanction none the less profoundly felt, because utterly uncomprehended and incomprehensible, on the side of the Indians. The Quakers, with their vague, fluent, and flexible religious creed, occupied a similar vantage-ground. They recognized a mutual community among all expressions of religious sentiment, and in the Great Spirit of the savages they discerned a dim and partial, yet a genuine, acknowledgment of the Deity, whose immediate inspiration was to them above Scripture, and in place of ordinance and ceremony. Their covenants with the Indians could thus have, and on all solemn occasions had, though without the formality of an oath, a religious sanction equally sacred and binding in the minds of both parties. Very different was the case with the founders of New England. Their fixed religious faith and sharply defined Calvinism could find no common or mutual ground with idolaters. They yearned with a true Christian zeal for the conversion of the savage tribes around them; but theirs was a system which admitted of no compromise or half-way conformity, while it was too metaphysical and recondite for the dwarfed and brutalized intellects of the aborigines. Except in a few instances, — of blessed significance, we doubt not, to the individual converts, but wholly insignificant as regarded the tribes at large, — the religious dissiliency remained irreconcilable, a perpetual ground of distrust, suspicion, and fear on the one side, and of ill-suppressed rancor or open hostility on the other.

But the New England Puritans looked upon their wilderness home as the destined theatre of an exalted Christian heroism; and, high above temporal safety and prosperity, their leading aim was to do battle with the Arch-enemy of souls, and to win a new realm for Christ. We have in the surviving literature of the times distinct vestiges of two widely different horoscopes for the future of New England, the one glowing

and blazing with the gorgeous imagery of the Apocalypse, the other red with the blood of martyred saints, but both equally presenting the strongest incentives to spiritual energy and prowess. There lies now before us a correspondence in 1634, between Dr. Twiss (afterward Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly), and Joseph Mede, the first Biblical scholar of his age. Dr. Twiss writes: "Considering our English Plantations of late, and the opinion of many grave Divines concerning the Gospel's fleeting Westward; sometimes I have had such thoughts, Why may not that be the place of New Jerusalem?" Mede's answer is worthy of note, as indicating the shade of opinion which seems to have been the more prevalent on our own side of the ocean. The following is an extract from his letter: —

"Though there be but little hope of the general Conversion of those Natives in any considerable part of that Continent; yet I suppose it may be a work pleasing to Almighty God and our Blessed Saviour, to affront the Devil with the sound of the Gospel and Cross of Christ in those places where he had thought to have reigned securely and out of the dinne thereof; and though we make no Christians there, yet to bring some thither to disturb and vex him, where he reigned without check.

"For that I may reveal my conceit further, though perhaps I cannot prove it, yet I think thus;

"That those Countries were first inhabited since our Saviour and his Apostles times, and not before; yea, perhaps, some ages after: there being no signs or footsteps found among them, or any Monuments of older habitation, as there is with us.

"That the Devil, being impatient of the sound of the Gospel and Cross of Christ in every part of this old world, so that he could in no place be quiet for it, and foreseeing that he was like at length to lose all here, bethought himself to provide him of a seed over which he might reign securely; and in a place, *ubi nec Pelopidarum facta neque nomen audiret.*

"That accordingly he drew a Colony out of some of those barbarous Nations dwelling upon the Northern Ocean, (whither the sound of Christ had not yet come,) and promising them by some Oracle to shew them a Country far better than their own, (which he might soon do,) pleasant, large, where never man yet inhabited, he conducted them over those desert Lands and Islands (which are many in that Sea) by the

way of the North into America; which none would ever have gone, had they not first been assured there was a passage that way into a more desirable Country. Namely, as when the world apostatized from the Worship of the true God, God called Abram out of Chaldee into the Land of Canaan, of him to raise him a Seed to preserve a light unto his Name: So the Devil, when he saw the world apostatizing from him, laid the foundations of a new Kingdom, by deducting this Colony from the North into America, where since they have increased into an innumerable multitude. And where did the Devil ever reign more absolutely and without controll, since mankind fell first under his clutches?

“ But see the hand of Divine Providence. When the off-spring of these Runnagates from the sound of Christ’s Gospel had now replenisht that other world, and began to flourish in those two Kingdoms of Peru and Mexico, Christ our Lord sends his Mastives the Spaniards to hunt them out and worry them: Which they did in so hideous a manner, as the like thereunto scarce ever was done since the Sons of Noah came out of the Ark. What an affront to the Devil was this, where he had thought to have reigned securely, and been forever concealed from the knowledge of the followers of Christ?

“ Yet the Devil perhaps is less grieved for the loss of his servants by the destroying of them, than he would be to lose them by the saving of them; by which latter way I doubt the Spaniards have despoiled him but of a few. What then if Christ our Lord will give him his second affront with better Christians, which may be more grievous to him than the former?” — *Mede’s Works*, p. 800.

This “ affront” was sedulously offered to the Prince of Darkness by the antagonistic forces of New England Puritanism. As early as 1622 Bradford relates, with deep concern, the death of Squanto, the faithful interpreter and guide of the Plymouth colonists, who breathed his last, “ desiring y^e Gov^r to pray for him, that he might goe to y^e Englishmens God in heaven,” — a statement which sufficiently proves that, in the midst of privations and straitnesses such as civilized man has seldom encountered, these loyal Christians had not forgotten their Master’s parting charge. Similar narratives are to be found in the primitive records of the other Colonies. The General Court of Massachusetts was “ the first Missionary Society in the history of Protestant Christendom,” that body having, in 1646, not only provided for the sending of suitable religious

teachers to the Indians, but also voted a pecuniary appropriation in aid of the work. A week before the passage of this order, John Eliot commenced his apostolate. There can be no doubt that his success was for a season adequate to his most sanguine expectations; and the reason wly the benefits conferred through his ministry were of so brief duration is equally evident. While individual minds were profoundly impressed and individual characters thoroughly Christianized under his influence, his converts were not sufficiently enlightened to become themselves teachers or missionaries. The work depended mainly on his pre-eminent qualifications for it,—his surpassing zeal, his unwearied beneficence, his superior philological capacity, and his rare administrative tact. Others possessed some of these gifts; but the absence of either of them was a fatal defect. There exists no soul so degraded or imbruted that it may not be made the recipient of Christian discipleship; but uncivilized man can be thus wrought upon only by the immediate personal agency of a strong mind and a fervent heart. Christianity can be preserved, propagated, and transmitted in none but a civilized community. The most sincere and steadfast of the Indian converts were in no proper sense of the word civilized. The arts and refinements which Eliot sought to establish among them were uncongenial to them,—restraints rather than privileges. It may be questioned whether his translation of the Bible was of any service to them. It is more than doubtful whether his version was in itself clearly intelligible; for in the absence of lexicons, and in the exceeding poverty of the native tongue, the words that he was compelled to employ must have been often unsuited to the material objects which they designated, and still oftener inadequate to the spiritual ideas they were intended to convey. And, were this otherwise, we can hardly imagine that the subjects of his ministry could have acquired the art of reading with sufficient facility to profit by his labors. No wonder, then, that the settlements of Christian Indians were early scattered, and the traces of his noble philanthropy dissipated.

In other parts of New England, and by other similarly earnest laborers, numerous aggressions were made upon the ignorance and idolatry of the natives. Through the agency of

Winslow, then in England, the Society for Propagating the Gospel was formed and incorporated in 1649. This Society—at first composed of Puritans—sustained for more than a century various missionary operations among the Indians, though after its re-incorporation under Charles II. a large proportion of its funds was diverted to the establishment and maintenance of Episcopal churches in the Colonies.

Prominent among Dr. Palfrey's characteristics as an historian is his sympathetic appreciation of the leading men in the administration of church and state. Here he pursues the safe middle path between the indiscriminate panegyric of characters which were not exempt from the common weaknesses of humanity and the besetting faults of their times, and the indiscriminate denunciation of narrowness where the Divine Providence had not yet opened larger views, and bigotry which the best light of the age was not adequate to dispel. He judges the fathers of New England, not by the ideal standard of perfect excellence, but by the measure of their culture and opportunities,—of what would then have been an enlightened conscience,—in fine, by the proper stature and proportions of a true Christian man of the seventeenth century. We extract, as an admirable specimen of sincere and genial, yet tempered and balanced eulogy, a part of his sketch of John Winthrop's character.

"They who, to make up their idea of consummate excellence in a statesman, require the presence of a religious sense prompting and controlling all public conduct, will recognize with admiration the prominence of that attribute in the character of this brave, wise, unselfish, and righteous ruler. His sense of religious obligation was the spirit of his politics, as well as the spirit of his daily life. It had pleased God to place him where he might so act, as that the virtue and well-being of large numbers of men, living and to be born, might be the fruit of his courage, diligence, steadiness, and foresight. With clear intelligence he discerned the responsibilities of that position, and accepted them with a cordiality which made it easy to subordinate every less worthy object, and control every meaner motive that might interfere with the generous task he had assumed.

"To the public service he lavishly gave his fortune. As freely he devoted to it the best labor of his mind, and sacrificed every personal

ambition. No obstinacy, or petulance, or pride, hindered the upright application of his serene and solid judgment. Not only did he not suffer injustice to irritate him; he would not be disabled, nor discouraged, nor depressed by it. Immovably patient of opposition, he scanned its reasons in reconsideration of his own plans, or watched its course to learn how it could be conciliated, or to note the time when its relaxation, or its errors, should invite a repetition of the efforts which it had embarrassed. He was too right-minded and too kind-hearted to despise any man's good-will or good opinion; but he sought public favor by no arts but honest labors for the public welfare. And he was far above regarding public favor as the price that was to stimulate or to requite those labors. When, from time to time, the place of highest dignity was assigned to others, he addressed himself, with no sense of mortification, and with unabated zeal, to the tasks of humbler station. He knew how with dignity to meet injustice and slights, as well as how to hold power and receive applause with soberness and modesty. Vindictiveness was an emotion unknown to him; resentments had no resting-place in his bosom. He judged candidly; he forgave without an effort; he loved to win back the offended by graceful overtures and prompt amends; and personal discontents could not withdraw him from alliances which would help him to promote the general good. So gentle was his nature, that no bitterness mingled with, or was excited by, the severest exercise of his official authority; men who had suffered severely from his action as a magistrate — Coddington, Wheelwright, Williams, Vane, Clarke — were afterwards in friendly correspondence with him. In private relations and intercourse, the qualities that specifically denote the gentleman were eminently his. His genuine sense of honor suspected no intention of offence. Just, frank, cordial, and ready to every expression of respect and courtesy, he gave to all their due, whether in great or in little things. Gracious and humane, he never, by the rudeness of self-assertion, gave pain to an inferior. A tender husband and father, his public cares never made him forgetful of the obligation of the domestic ties. What remains of his private correspondence is an affecting record of that union of excellences which attracts love as much as it commands veneration.

“His ability ought to be estimated by the amount and the quality of what it projected and what it achieved. His scheme of public action had been so well considered, that no complication of affairs found him unprepared with the principles which were to solve it; and, in the quaint phraseology of his age and sect, he was used to express, as occasion prompted, the profoundest doctrines of social science. His comprehensive system of politics embraced a long range of the future.

Not magnificence, nor inordinate power, was what he desired for the community which he was establishing; but freedom, security, competency, virtue, and content. The founders of dynasties have hitherto commanded the world's most noisy plaudits. But the time will come, when the men who have created happy republics will be thought worthy of higher praise.

“The defective part of his intellectual character, as it presents itself to the view of a later age, was his easiness of belief. Yet simply to tax him with credulity is to express no weighty censure; for what man may pretend that his reasons precisely fix the measure of his faith? To say that stories of monstrous marvels, to which so singular a condition of life gave rise, found in him an interested listener, or that successes or calamities were unreasonably construed by him as judicial rewards or penalties, is to say no more than that, in this respect, his habits of thought were the same as those of the wisest of his contemporaries, and did not anticipate the more cautious philosophy of later times. If the fact that he did not read the Bible with uniform good judgment is to be made the foundation of any correct inference, it must be coupled with the fact that he belonged to the second generation that came forward after the reform from Popery had placed the open Bible in the people's hands. Born and receiving his early education in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he passed his life in an age when the science of Biblical interpretation was not far advanced beyond its rudiments.”

— pp. 266—269.

One of the most striking features of the early history of Massachusetts is the instinct of self-government and of virtual independence. The transfer of the Company's Charter to its own soil was the initial act, to which the entire course of colonial administration and legislation was ever afterward conformed. The spirit of the Revolution—recent in some of the provinces—had been maturing there for a century and a half, when it took shape and action at Lexington. Except when under temporary duress,—never recognized as normal, nor endured without vigorous protest,—Massachusetts was continually exercising acts of sovereignty. When her franchises were respected, her magistrates demeaned themselves as a derived and loyal, but never as a subject and crippled government; seeking redress of grievances, but never suing for court favor, or accepting as a boon aught that she could claim as a right. Even under the Puritan Parliament, and under

the Protector whom she deemed the representative man of her religious theories, she held herself aloof from acts of submission as sedulously as under the dreaded rule of the Stuart dynasty. When Cromwell proposed to Massachusetts to help him conquer New Netherland, she treated his demand as subject to her consent or refusal. The General Court expressed themselves as "ready at all times, wherein they might with safety to the liberty of their consciences, public peace, and welfare, to their utmost to attend his Highness's pleasure," and "freely consented and gave liberty to his Highness's commissioners" to enroll five hundred volunteers. When it was intimated that it was the pleasure of Parliament that they should take a new patent from that body, after a year's deliberation, they represented their right, by charter, "to live under the government of a Governor and Magistrates of their own choosing, and under laws of their own making." About this time, Massachusetts ventured upon an undeniable act of sovereignty,—the coining of money. The need of this was by no means evident, though the introduction of much counterfeit coin was alleged as one of the grounds of the proceeding; and Spanish coin, in itself not inconvenient for current use, was a chief material for the operations of the colonial mint. Shilling, sixpenny, and threepenny pieces were issued; and the coinage was continued for more than thirty years. Considering the time when the exercise of this right was assumed,—a period when the principles of political freedom were professed, though atrociously violated, by the dominant party in the mother country, and when his relations with European powers occupied the chief attention of the Protector,—we cannot but believe that the establishment of the mint in Boston was designed as a precedent of self-government and an assertion of partial and modified independence. *Partial and modified independence*, we say; for we suppose that, from the very infancy of the Colony, its amenability to the legislation of the national Parliament was called in question, while there was not wanting a sentiment of loyalty to the crown, still less, of allegiance to the home executive while the throne was vacant.

At the restoration of the British monarchy, the confederated

Colonies had reason for self-congratulation on the prudence which had governed their relations to the Protectorate. They had proclaimed neither of the Protectors, but had simply recognized their sovereignty as an existing fact. On the accession of Charles II., complaints were made to him by the Quakers of the treatment their sect had received in Massachusetts, as also a representation of alleged wrongs and grievances by other parties. The General Court voted a loyal address to the King, in which they sought to purge themselves of the charges that had been urged against them, and prayed for the continuance of their liberties, religious and civil, "according to the grantees' known end of suing for the patent conferred upon the plantation" in the last preceding reign. As regards the Quakers, toward whom they had exercised no little severity, they urged their necessity as their apology. Nor were they without reasonable justification on this ground. Indeed, had they only made a nicer discrimination between religious mal-practices and breaches of the peace, they might have inflicted under the latter head hardly less heavy penalties than they imposed under the former. We cannot find on record an instance in which the mere profession of Quaker opinions was punished; but the victims were such as ran naked through the streets, or disturbed public assemblies by frantic outcries, or gave vent to seditious and defamatory utterances (and such utterances were perilous in those days of weakness), against the existing authorities. But our fathers waged judicial warfare against Quakerism in the concrete, and they therefore stand arraigned before their posterity as bigots and persecutors, though the immunity of Quakers on their soil would have been equivalent to the subversion of all authority, and the utter destruction of social order and tranquillity.

The Restoration was incidentally the source of yet another serious embarrassment to the magistrates of the New England Colonies. In 1660 Whalley and Goffe, two of the members of the High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I. and signers of the warrant for his execution, arrived in Boston in the same vessel that brought the news of the King's accession. They were warmly welcomed, and for several months they appeared freely in public, and often prayed and *prophesied* at religious

meetings. Cambridge was their place of stated sojourn, and they frequently visited other towns in the vicinity. When authentic intelligence was received of their exclusion from the Act of Indemnity, it was deemed inexpedient to come to an open issue with the home government, and the exiles were helped on their way to a safe retreat, in advance of the warrant at length reluctantly issued for their apprehension. Their story, familiar in its outlines to all our readers, is related in the volume before us with greater fulness of detail than in any other history within our knowledge.

Narrow limits of space and time prevent our giving a more thorough synopsis of the contents of this volume, or following our author through his narrative of the stormy period in the colonial annals which ensued upon the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. We have been able to offer but a very inadequate view of the ground covered by these pages ; but we trust that the necessary meagreness of our notice, which on every other account we regret, may make our readers the more solicitous to trace out, under Dr. Palfrey's guidance, the march of events, on which we have merely indicated a few of the prominent epochs and stages. The work, when completed, will be a classic of its kind, and will meet to the universal satisfaction the want which has long been felt in our literature, of a History of New England, authentic, drawn from original sources, comprehensive, impartial, and in spirit and style worthy of the men and the transactions it commemorates.

ART. VII.—1. *The Epidemics of the Middle Ages.* From the German of J. F. C. HECKER, M. D. Translated by B. G. BABINGTON, M. D. Publications of the Sydenham Society. London. 1844.

2. *Proceedings and Debates of the Third National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention, held in the City of New York, April 27, 28, 29, 30, 1859.* Board of Councilmen. Document No. 9.—1. *Report of the Committee on Quarantine;* WILSON JEWELL, J. M. MORIARTY, M. D., W. T. WRAGG, M. D., &c., &c.—2. *Report upon Disinfectants.* By W. C. VAN BIBBER, M. D.—3. *Report upon Sewerage, Water Supply, and Offal.* By JOHN H. GRISCOM, M. D.—4. *Report upon the Importance and Economy of Sanitary Measures to Cities.* By JOHN BELL, M. D.—5. *Draft of a Sanitary Code for Cities.* By HENRY G. CLARK, M. D.

3. *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.* January, 1851.

4. *North American Review.* No. XXVII. April, 1820.

“THAT Omnipotence,” says Dr. Hecker, “which has called the world with all its living creatures into one animated being, especially reveals himself in the desolation of great pestilences. The powers of creation come into violent collision; the sultry dryness of the atmosphere; the subterraneous thunders; the mist of overflowing waters, are harbingers of destruction. Nature is not satisfied with the ordinary alternations of life and death, and the destroying angel waves over man and beast his flaming sword. These revolutions are performed in vast cycles, which the spirit of man, limited, as it is, to a narrow circle of perception, is unable to explore. They are, however, greater terrestrial events than any of those which proceed from the discord, the distress, or the passions of nations. . . . And they take place upon a much grander scale than through the ordinary vicissitudes of war and peace, or the rise and fall of empires, because the powers of nature themselves produce plagues, and subjugate the human will, which, in the contentions of nations, alone predominates.”

A most memorable example of this is afforded by the great pestilence of the fourteenth century, which desolated Asia, Europe, and Africa, and which, having, in the short space of

four years, swept away *one quarter* of the population of the Old World, gained for itself the ominous title of the "BLACK DEATH." Scarcely recovered from this great catastrophe, Europe was visited by five separate attacks of a new plague, called the "Sweating Sickness," in 1485, 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551. The plague that devastated London in the seventeenth century continued to visit Marseilles as late as 1720, and Moscow until 1770, in which years, respectively, each of those cities is said to have lost one half of its population; and it remains domesticated on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey.

At various periods during the Middle Age, also, from 1374 onward, the nations of Central Europe, already ravaged by the Black-Death, the Small-pox, the Measles, and St. Anthony's Fire, or Erysipelas, were afflicted by a disorder of the nervous system, called the Dancing Mania,—also, St. Vitus's Dance, and Tarantism, according as it was ascribed to the influence of the Saint, or to the bite of the *Tarantula*. As late as the last century the semi-involuntary antics of this disease were resumed by the sect of *Convulsionnaires* at the tomb of the Abbé Paris; and even during the last year they showed a partial revival in the hysterical paroxysms of Irish girls, during the Protestant revival in Ireland. Rome was ravaged by intermittent and bilious remittent fevers, as many sections of our country are now. England has long been the home of typhus, France of typhoid fever, and America has added to this list of endemic diseases the Yellow-fever.

After the discovery of Jenner had quelled the ravages of the small-pox, Europe enjoyed a comparative immunity from epidemics until the appearance of a new pestilence, the Cholera, before unheard of. Long known in India, this disease first began to attract attention in 1817, when it broke out with great violence in Bengal, and commenced that fearful march, which did not cease until it had encircled the globe. Passing the mountains in 1818, it leaped over to Ceylon in 1819, and crossed the sea to China in 1820. The following year it was on the Persian Gulf; in 1822 it reached Syria, but did not fairly enter Europe until 1830, when it advanced as far as Moscow. Pursuing a westward course, it visited successively

St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Berlin, and Hamburg, in 1831. In London and Paris it appeared in 1832; and in the same year it overleaped the Atlantic, spread through the United States and Mexico, and ended at the Pacific. The years 1847 to 1850 (inclusive) were consumed in its second western transit from India to Mexico. Since the last-named period, we have had only sporadic cases in some of our large cities, where, it is to be feared, it has found a permanent home. So slow, so steady, and so even in its progress, the march of cholera has been said rarely to exceed the daily journey of a man, and has been fancifully compared to the wanderings of Alasuerus.

This hasty and imperfect sketch, which has traced the periodical recurrence of pestilence as one of the ordinary vicissitudes in all human history, naturally leads us to inquire what means have been employed for its prevention.

The history of pestilence is the history of Quarantine. Both alike may be traced in the earliest ages,—the one, limited by the smallness of nations, the sparseness of population, and the lack of commercial intercourse; the other, rudimentary, harsh, and oppressive. The segregation of the sick is as old as Moses. The Jewish legislator was not only familiar with contagion, but he inculcated sanitary precepts, and instituted quarantine regulations.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Leviticus the most stringent precautionary measures are enjoined upon the children of Israel, with a view to prevent the spread of leprosy; and in the account of the journey of the Israelites from Egypt, we find an instance of the resort to fumigation for the purpose of guarding against the plague, and of retarding its increase when it prevailed. The pestilence having broken out among them, Aaron took his censer, placed therein his incense of aromatic spices, and stood between the living and the dead; and the plague was stayed. Thus the popular belief in the efficacy of pleasant odors to destroy animal effluvia is as ancient as the first instance of contagious disease. The thunders of Sinai and the pains and penalties of the Mosaic law united to enforce a sanitary code, under the necessary and effectual guise of a religious duty.

Equally well informed was the profane world on the subject

of pestilence and contagion. In Greece and Rome the public officers bore much similarity, in office and duties, with our boards of health; citizens were separated from those infected with leprosy,—the ancient plague,—and the cattle of herds tainted with a murrain were carefully secluded from contact with others, or killed to secure the general safety. If the quarantine of Romans was less stringent than that of their flocks, it must be ascribed partly to the general disregard of human life, which rendered the lion more valuable than the gladiator, and common cattle than common men.

To the ignorance of physicians is also to be ascribed the fact that no more effectual measures than the kindling of large fires of vine-stalks, laurel, and wormwood, to purify the air, were employed to check an epidemic. Sanitary science was, as it ever has been, secondary to quarantine; and the doctrine of an invader from abroad more popular than the theory of the endemic and domestic origin of disease.

Although Viscount Bernabo, of Reggio, in Italy, as early as 1374, had enforced certain stringent regulations in regard to the plague, then prevalent,—such as that “every plague-patient be taken out of the city into the fields, there to die or recover,”—yet no real system of quarantine laws was devised, until commerce had begun to link together strange countries by a common bond of interest and intercourse. It was at Venice, the first truly maritime city, that quarantine was invented; and the laws then established have formed the basis of all similar systems since that time. Whoever visits Venice now can but be surprised that the city should be so healthy as it is. The slimy walls, the moisture of all the lower stories of the houses, the narrow, dark canals of water by no means clean, and the odors of the lagunes, which are very perceptible in summer, would seem to combine to render it the home of periodical fever and cholera. Yet such it is far from being. And its exemption from disease must be ascribed to two reasons,—to the fact that a salt-water tide ebbs and flows in all its streets, and to the care used in its construction, that all its canals and drains might be swept clean by the sea. In such a city it was, living by commerce alone, and rising in wealth and splendor, as its trade increased, from a few huts

of reeds to a proud Republic, that the intimate connection with the pestilential regions of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean suggested to its inhabitants the need of a sanitary cordon to secure its ports from the entrance of pest-laden ships. In 1448, the Senate of Venice instituted a code of quarantine. This code obliged all ships arriving from suspected places to undergo a term of probation before they could be allowed to enter the port and discharge their cargoes. Individuals were similarly treated. Here is the germ and the essence of quarantine. A few years anterior to the passage of these laws, the first regularly organized *lazaretto*, or pest-house, was established. It was erected on a small island near the city. All persons arriving from places where the plague was suspected were there detained. The sick from the city, laboring under the disease, were sent thither with their families, and were detained forty days after their cure.

The Republic of Venice also established the first board of health. It consisted of three nobles, and was called the Council of Health. It was ordered to investigate the best means of preserving health, and of preventing the introduction of disease from abroad. Its efforts not having been entirely successful, its powers were enlarged in 1504, so as to grant it "the power of life and death over those who violated the regulations for health." No appeal was allowed from the sentence of this tribunal. Bills of health were introduced in 1527. After the example of Venice, quarantines and lazarettos began to multiply among other nations, and this cumbrous, expensive, and restrictive system has been perpetuated for four hundred years.

It is true that no pen can adequately describe the numerous secondary consequences of pestilence. The panic, the senseless and almost insane dread, can be quelled by no assurances. Thucydides, Boccaccio, Manzoni, De Foe, and Eugene Sue, each in his turn, have left us descriptions which are among the most graphic of their writings. The gradual gathering of the great catastrophe, and its effects upon commerce, industry, confidence, and honesty; the desolation of the city, and the desertion of its public haunts; the harrowing tales of suffering and stories of individual terror,—are nowhere better

unfolded than in the Preface to the Decameron. And we may be pardoned, perhaps, if in this connection we give a single extract from Boccaccio. He is writing of Florence.

“When the evil had become universal, the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Some shut themselves up in their houses, with their wives, their children, and household, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of death or sickness was permitted to reach their ears; and they spent their time in singing and music, and other pastimes.

“Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them, as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night, from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavored to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled.

“Amid this general lamentation and woe, the influence and authority of every law, human and divine, vanished. Most of those who were in office had been carried off by the plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many members of their families that they were unable to attend to their duties, so that thenceforth every one acted as he thought proper.

“Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course. They ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, which they smelt to from time to time, in order to invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick, and by the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the plague.

“Others carried their precaution still further, and thought the surest way to escape death was by flight. They therefore left the city; women as well as men abandoning their dwellings and their relations, and retiring into the country. But of these also many were carried off, most of them alone and deserted by all the world, themselves having previously set the example. Thus it was that one citizen fled from another, a neighbor from his neighbors, a relation from his relations; and in the end, so completely had terror extinguished every kindlier feeling, that the brother forsook the brother, the sister the sister, the wife her husband; and at last, even the parent his own offspring, and abandoned them, unvisited and unsoothed, to their fate.

Those, therefore, that stood in need of assistance fell a prey to greedy attendants ; who, for an exorbitant recompense, merely handed the sick their food and medicine, remained with them in their last moments, and then not unfrequently became themselves victims to their avarice, and lived not to enjoy their extorted gain. Propriety and decorum were extinguished among the helpless sick. Females of rank seemed to forget their natural bashfulness, and committed the care of their persons, indiscriminately, to men and women of the lowest order. No longer were women, relatives or friends, found in the house of mourning to share the grief of the survivors,—no longer was the corpse accompanied to the grave by neighbors and a numerous train of priests, carrying wax tapers and singing psalms, nor was it borne along by other citizens of equal rank. Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying pillow ; and few indeed were they who departed amid the lamentations and tears of their friends and kindred. Instead of sorrow and mourning, appeared indifference, frivolity, and mirth ; this being considered, especially by the females, as conducive to health.

“ Among the middling classes, and especially among the poor, the misery was still greater. Poverty or negligence induced most of these to remain in their dwellings, or in the immediate neighborhood ; and thus they fell by thousands ; and many ended their lives in the streets, by day and by night. The stench of putrefying corpses was often the first indication to their neighbors that more deaths had occurred. The survivors, to preserve themselves from infection, generally had the bodies taken out of the houses and laid before the doors ; where the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted gaze of the passing stranger.

“ It was no longer possible to have a bier for every corpse,—three or four were generally laid together. Husband and wife, father and mother, with two or three children, were frequently borne to the grave on the same bier.”

In 1665, during the plague in London, as we are told by De Foe, the consternation was equally great, and, in the blind hope of checking the disease, “ infected houses were not only quarantined and shut up for one month after all the family were dead or recovered, but a guard was placed in front, day and night, to keep out visitors, and a large red cross with the words, ‘ *Lord have mercy upon us,*’ painted on the door.” Even this, we are gravely informed, did not prevent the spread of the epidemic ; but how must it have increased the general terror ! Of late years the government has withheld the num-

ber of deaths when the cholera has visited Paris. This course, to be sure, is open to the objection, that the community is not sufficiently warned for precautionary measures. In all times the panic of contagion has been the same, in every wide-spread epidemic. Fear of the yellow-fever led to an exhibition of equal barbarity among our own citizens in 1819.

“Philadelphia, forgetful of her reputation for kindness and hospitality, with a few cases within her own borders, carried the system of exclusion so far as to prohibit all intercourse with her neighbor, Baltimore, refused a shelter to those who were seeking a refuge from the disease, and denied admittance, or even liberty to pass through, to all who had visited any part of that city.

“New York, at a time when her citizens, struck with terror, were fleeing in every direction from before the face of the disease, when her stores were shut by hundreds, and all business suspended in consequence of it, and when her courts of justice were closed, or removed to other places, for fear of it, ordered a long quarantine upon vessels which arrived from Boston, where scarcely a shop was shut in consequence of the fever, and the regular course of business was not interrupted. And because a gentleman from Boston, after spending seventeen days at the quarantine ground of New York, in preference to remaining longer under the guardianship of her health officers, chose to return to the place which was the source of their fears, he was advertised at New York, and a reward offered for his apprehension, as though he had been a felon. American ships from England were brought to oppose the lazaretto of New York, and obliged to submit to visits of officers fresh from the exposure to the disease, lest peradventure they had brought the plague from Liverpool. Even New Orleans partook of the general terror, and ordered a quarantine, lest the yellow-fever should be imported from Boston. At the same time Boston was equally engaged in enforcing the same precautions towards her sister cities.” — *North American Review*, No. XXVII. (April, 1820).

So is it ever. Even the year just closed has furnished, here in Boston, its wretched examples. In the epidemic which has recently visited us, and which we have enjoyed peculiar facilities for witnessing in the Small-pox Hospital, out of one hundred persons under our charge, several were forced to leave their boarding-houses ; one was torn — literally — from his bed by a selfish landlord ; and two were found on the pavement, after being ejected and deserted. One poor young man

was sent forty miles by the night freight-train, from another city, because there was no receptacle for his dreaded malady there. Death relieved those timid citizens from the fancied danger of his return home. In one instance, we must add, a mother, of good sense and average education, was absolutely unable, through fear, to approach the bed-side of her son during a long and severe attack of the disease. Such instances are rare. The opposite cases, of devotion and affection overcoming all panic, are many. Yet every professional man must have experienced the thousand senseless obstacles which timidity throws in the way of his success in contagious disease. So too the recent epidemic among cattle has been ruled too much by hasty terror, and too little by calm reason. Hundreds of ailing and many sound beesves have been slaughtered, while as yet the contagious nature of the malady has been by no means proved.

It is not surprising that, with such a constitution of human nature, caution should have expressed itself, in all epidemic seasons, in strenuous regulations of quarantine.

The term Quarantine is said to be derived from the Italian *quaranta*, signifying *forty*. Why forty days were fixed upon as the period of purification from disease, we know not. Some refer it to a medical origin, derivable from the doctrine of critical days, — the fortieth day being regarded as the point of separation between acute and chronic diseases. Others think it has its origin in a regard for the forty days' fast of Lent; and still others attribute it to the Mosaic law, which appointed forty days for cleansing the impurities of leprosy. This particular time seems to have been followed in many quarantine systems, as much from routine as with any definite meaning. It may be justly regarded as too long a confinement, where there has been only exposure to and suspicion of disease. But a protracted term of quarantine was among the least of its evils. Fear made it unnecessarily harsh. Thus, in the last century, the laws of quarantine at Philadelphia provided that a penalty of ten pounds should be exacted for harboring any sick person who had been ordered to the pest-house, to be followed by imprisonment in default of payment. In 1774, a provision was added, that any sick person escaping from the pest-island

should be fined fifty pounds, and, if unable to pay, should receive twenty lashes on his bare back, well laid on! — a soothing application to the desquamating skin of a small-pox convalescent! In 1803, former laws were repealed, but a new one, both stringent and oppressive, was enacted, which imprisoned the sick and the well together, on board the infected vessel, or in the hospital, detaining the healthy many days, and requiring heavy penalties for any violation of the law. It is not worth our while to look further; for such have ever been the general features of all laws of quarantine. Self-preservation is the most selfish and cruel of instincts; and it is a mistaken aim of self-preservation which dictates all similar statutes.

Apart from the necessary evils inflicted on healthy individuals, the chance of increasing the disease by concentrating the virus in one—and generally an unhealthy—spot, and the perpetuation of the source of infection by the preservation of the *fomites* which originally conveyed or originated it, the injury done by such regulations to private interests, and to all the requirements of commerce, is immense. What could be more fatal to the prosperity of a maritime city, save its being actually the seat of contagious disease? And just in proportion to the extension of commerce, the evil increases. Commerce must be free, easy, rapid in means of communication, and unrestrained. The heaviest duties and the most arbitrary laws of the revenue system are nothing beside the exactions of a quarantine. Therefore we find both Hancock and Russell, who are among the strongest contagionists in sentiment, saying that “Quarantine establishments are certainly a heavy tax on commerce, and the benefit they promise to the state is very precarious, while the detriment to the merchant is real.” A similar conclusion has been reached, even in so exposed a place as Marseilles. Early in this century, and not long after a visitation of that city from the plague, strict quarantine laid its fatal embargo on commerce, and a general purification of the city, streets, churches, vaults, public buildings, and houses, was ordered and carried into effect. It was submitted to without a demur, but when, on the return of the distemper, some time afterward, it was proposed to have recourse a second time to this measure, it was effectually opposed by a deputation of the

Chamber of Commerce and the principal merchants, as being a new custom, unknown to all other towns of Europe, unnecessary, inconvenient, and impossible of execution without extreme prejudice to the commercial world.

To how great an extent restrictions, and the venality incident to irresponsible power, are carried in our times, we can best learn by a brief examination of the quarantines of Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean, under the government of Spain, and of New York.

“The quarantine station at Port Mahon,” says Dr. Horner, of the United States Navy, “is the place to which every vessel, arriving at *any port* in the kingdom, must resort for riding out her quarantine. The lazaretto, founded in 1794, is not excelled by any in the Mediterranean; it occupies twenty-five acres of ground. The quarantine ground, or anchorage for vessels, is either in the port itself, or in pest-harbor. What can be more unreasonable than that a ship arriving at Cadiz, in the Atlantic, from the West Indies, or any other place considered unhealthy, should be obliged to proceed to Port Mahon, distant five hundred miles, without any allowance for the time consumed, discharge her cargo, incur additional port-taxes, and ride out a quarantine? Vessels from suspected places, or having disease on board, undergo a detention of twenty days. No allowance is made for the length of the passage. Vessels from the United States, ‘where yellow-fever exists *exotically, or indigenously*, are considered to be infected.’ Finally every vessel which has come from any port on the globe, where the inhabitants at the time of sailing were suffering from any pestilential or contagious disease, is quarantined even after its extinction, until the Supreme Junta (the Council of Health) has declared the place to be in a state of health.”

Of the system of purification for infected vessels Dr. Horner speaks in the most disparaging terms.

“The vexations of quarantine are nothing in comparison with it. The vessels of unclean patent are sent to pest-harbor, unladen, scuttles and hatches opened, washed within and without, day after day, and fumigated every four days with a disinfecting mixture. The sails, and sometimes the clothes of the passengers and crew, are immersed in sea-water for twenty-four hours. Those vessels having had disease on board, undergo washing and fumigation for six consecutive days, and their quarantine is extended to forty days. As for the crew and passengers, they are fumigated every ten days, and woe to the unfortunate

wretches affected with asthma, or any other complaint of the respiratory apparatus. Letters, newspapers, and documents are even worse treated than goods; they are cut, perforated, their envelopes torn off, fumigated, immersed in vinegar, and exposed to the air. After this, they are carefully and cautiously handed to their owners by tongs of prodigious length, and then they are scarcely in a condition to be read. Heavy penalties are imposed for the smallest violations of any of the regulations. To this may be added, that when, in any of these ports, or in any inland places, a disease really, or supposed to be, contagious, breaks out and assumes an epidemic form, the inhabitants are placed in sequestration, and strictly prevented from going out."

A year or two ago, twenty-two ship-captains, whose vessels were undergoing the exactions complained of, in the port of New York, made the following statement in the New York Commercial Advertiser:—

"Vessels are detained a long time at quarantine upon the most trifling pretexts, their cargoes discharged there at a very heavy and unnecessary expense, not to preserve the health of New York, but for the benefit of whom it may concern. We will state a few of the exactions imposed on vessels, and will commence with the Health Officer, who boards the vessel upon her arrival; his fee is \$ 6.50. He is followed by the Port Warden, whose fee is \$ 5.00, for looking at the hatches. This must be done before the fumigator can be supposed to expose a handful of chloride of lime in the cabin and forecastle, for which his fee is \$ 6.00. After which the stevedore (one of whom monopolizes this business) presents his bill for discharging cargo (for signature), before he commences his work,— and he will not commence until his bill is signed as correct; he charges 44 cents per hhd. for discharging sugar, and for other articles in proportion; the charge for this work in New York is but 12 cents per hhd. If we refuse the stevedore's services, and prefer discharging with our crews, we can wait for lighters until the parties in power think proper to send them, the detention probably amounting to more than the exaction of the stevedores. We are charged 8 cents per hhd. cooperage for each hhd. on board, even if not a hhd. should require coopering. After a cargo is discharged, we are again charged \$ 6.00 for the farce of exposing a handful of chloride of lime in the hold. After which, whether we have any Dunnage on board or not, it is supposed to be burned, for which we are charged \$ 6.00. Many vessels, after having obtained permits from the Health Officer to discharge, have been detained from one to two weeks

waiting for the stevedore (who monopolizes this business) to discharge them."

From such pictures of stupidity and corruption it is true that certain reductions must be made for ports of higher civilization, or of superior honesty. Yet after allowing a great deal for abuse and exaggeration, we still find enough that is arbitrary and oppressive in all regulations of quarantine, to condemn them. English medical authorities have so far arrived at the same opinion, that they denounce quarantine as doing more continuous and greater injury to the interests of a commercial nation, than cholera, or pestilence itself.

What other arguments could be adduced for a quarantine system, if it were shown that, with the most stringent enactments and the most perfect practical application of them, it is *ineffectual* in preventing either the importation or the spread of pestilence,—that, in comparison with certain other methods, to be presently adduced, it is *unimportant*,—and that, if these methods, of easy, handy, and prompt application at home, were faithfully and fully carried out, it would be, except to a very limited degree, *unnecessary*? These assertions we now propose to prove.

Quarantine measures, no matter how judicious in themselves, or how prudently and strictly they may be carried out, have been heretofore, and ever will be, altogether ineffectual as a certain and absolute means for excluding either epidemics or the endemic maladies of particular localities. In the very face of, apparently, the most impassable barrier, of the most vigilant and extended sanitary cordons,—of all the securities that wisdom could devise, or untiring zeal carry into execution,—epidemic diseases, it is well known, have invaded community after community, while, on the other hand, they have entirely spared regions on their immediate route, where not the slightest precautionary measures had been adopted. This fact is proved by the entire history of endemic cholera, from its first outbreak down to the present time. This disease, as also yellow, typhus, and typhoid fever, will as certainly occur in those places in which their causes have become developed to a sufficient extent, under the strictest system of quarantine, as they will in the absence of all quarantine.

During three centuries, from the period of their introduction, the most rigid and severe quarantine regulations were in force in Italy ; and yet, according to Hecker, the plague raged throughout the Italian ports with unprecedented severity. In the great epidemic of 1348, according to Boccaccio, the city of Florence was placed under quarantine ; but no human prudence or precaution could prevent the contagion from spreading. At Marseilles, in 1720, there existed a rigorous quarantine,— all vessels from the Levant were strictly isolated for forty days,— but the plague made its appearance in the city, and destroyed fifty thousand of its inhabitants. It was ascribed to importation by a vessel from Sidon. Nevertheless, various writers on the disease have endeavored to prove that it existed in the place before the arrival of the suspected vessel. Another instance of failure occurred at Venice, when Milan was scourged by the plague. But one of the most remarkable instances of the inefficiency of quarantine laws is that of the occurrence of the yellow-fever at Tortosa, in Spain, in 1821. The most rigid restrictions had been enforced, for a considerable time, even before any apprehension of contagion was proclaimed ; and yet no place was ever more afflicted than that unfortunate city.

In our own country similar results can be shown. In no place has the failure of quarantine in excluding yellow-fever been more notoriously exhibited than in Philadelphia. From 1700 to 1794, almost no quarantine may be said to have existed at Philadelphia ; and although a large commercial intercourse was maintained, during this long period, with the West Indies, where yellow-fever prevailed annually, only four visitations of the disease occurred. But from 1794 to 1820, while a most rigid quarantine was vigorously carried out, the fever prevailed no less than eight times, with varying severity. At New Orleans it has been found, according to La Roche, that the appearance and prevalence of the fever are not influenced by the enforcement of quarantine laws. It has prevailed when those laws were enforced ; it has prevailed, also, even during the embargo of war ; and it has failed to prevail when no restriction was placed on intercourse with suspected places. From 1819 to 1823, strict quarantine was enforced at Natchez, yet yellow-fever continued to make its appearance year after year, and

at the last-named period the quarantine was abandoned as a useless encumbrance. From 1841 to 1849 it was renewed, but the disease continued. In 1855 a more rigid quarantine was enforced, with armed guards on the roads, and a secret police to detect any infraction of the law; yet the fever made its appearance. Vicksburg and Mobile furnish similar histories.

In the case of Philadelphia some allowance must be made for the increasing commerce of the city, and for the various degrees of the epidemic as it prevailed in the West Indies. It is true, also, that the disease may be generally admitted to originate spontaneously in the Southern cities.

New York, it must be admitted, furnishes *prima facie* evidence opposed to that we have cited. During thirty-four years prior to 1809, with no quarantine, the city had seventeen visitations of yellow-fever; but in the thirty-four years subsequent to 1809, with a strict quarantine, only two visitations.

We by no means assert that quarantines do no good; but only that they are not effectual in *excluding* disease, while we hope to show that other means, employed within the cities to be protected, render them needless. A perfect quarantine is, perhaps, an impossibility. If it were practicable, it could not exclude cholera. In these days of rapid locomotion it is impossible to isolate any great business centre. A hundred inland streams of immigration of non-residents may be emptying themselves into the city, while the quarantine is blockading only the harbor. Passengers and baggage, could, and would, be landed a few miles off, at other ports, and enter the town by railroad.

With the facilities offered by steam-communication, the unsettled and varying policy of the different States conspires to render the difficulties in the way of real quarantine insurmountable. Thus New Orleans relaxes her restrictions, while Charleston binds hers closer. Passengers have only to enter one port and take an inland route for the other, and they arrive in spite of the law, and in time to do all the mischief, by importing the contagion,—if there be a contagious element in the disease,—if not in their persons, yet more certainly in their baggage. Many modes of communication with the shore, too, cannot be prevented. The pilot, who boards the pestilential ship, has his home in the city, and returns to it as soon as he

has brought the vessel to, at quarantine. The health-officer and the consignees offer the same risks. The crew on board, and the traders on shore, with their covert modes of communication and their traffic in illicit articles, afford another danger: the stevedores and their men, and the crews of the lighters, who receive the cargo, all live on shore, go home without restriction, and may render the whole machinery of quarantine useless, by carrying infection in their clothes.

A still greater inducement tempts the evasion of quarantine. The all-powerful motive of self-interest urges the merchant, as much as a high protective tariff does the smuggler. It is not alone the loss of interest and time, and the danger of damaging a perishable cargo, which constitute the injury inflicted by quarantine. Vessels delayed from arriving from certain ports that monopolize the production of useful or necessary articles of any description, soon cause a demand and a rising market. Often the owner may have a cargo below, which would bring a fortune if it could be offered for sale, but which will slowly diminish, and perhaps perish, in quarantine. To these considerations we must add the prejudice against certain kinds of quarantine goods, and the difficulty of disposing of them. Thus every interest of business is a new argument against quarantines, unless they be effectual and indispensable.

To be sure, if we admit the non-contagious nature of such a disease as yellow-fever, we may safely allow the passengers to go on shore soon after the arrival of the infected vessel. Then the danger remains in the ship, and above all in her hold, before the cargo is discharged. Stevedores engaged in discharging vessels that come into port without sickness, are taken down with fever; showing that the poison is packed away with the cargo, and is liable to make its appearance whenever the goods are moved. If the cargo is landed at the quarantine station, and placed in isolated stores, it is still very difficult to purge it of the infectious principle. Probably chlorine is the only disinfectant which would be effectual; and if the organic virus be similar in composition to other organisms, and contain any hydrogen or moisture, chlorine would certainly induce a chemical change in its character. But this again would be open to the objection of injuring the color of any delicate tex-

tile fabrics. A very free exposure to the air would have some effect in diluting the miasm ; and although there is no known term of life for the contagious germ, it seems probable that time would have an influence proportioned to its duration. Some poisons, as yellow-fever, are cut short by frost ; and this would suggest the efficacy of a very low temperature, if it could be produced, in neutralizing the obnoxious principle, although we think that instances of the disease have occurred in vessels loaded with ice. The system of quarantine, too, should be extended during the entire year to be effectual, since small-pox and typhus are as liable—if not more so—to be communicated in winter as in summer.

Probably the most essential reform, to increase the efficiency of the quarantine system, would be the enforcement of a code of naval hygiene, which should control the sanitary requirements of all ships. In vessels arriving with perishable cargoes from between the tropics, and in emigrant transports, such regulations would be particularly valuable. Thus the germs of disease could be stifled in embryo, and the outbreak of pestilence anticipated. It is not always necessary that a vessel should sail from an infected locality, to have disease induced on board of her, or to cause her to bring it to the place at which she arrives. Hence the fallacy of “bills of health.” No pestilence of any kind may prevail at the port of departure, and yet the zymotic elements of infectious disease may be shipped and packed away in the hold, may be brought into action and life by a long inter-tropical voyage, and may either engender the disease on board, or furnish the *fomites* which will originate and spread it, on arriving in port, and discharging cargo. We are aware that the theory of the portability of the zymotic principle is as yet unsettled ; but to us it seems a plausible and reasonable way to account for many freaks ascribed to “contagion.”

We now inquire, Against what enemies has the toil of four hundred years been striving to erect the impracticable barrier of quarantine ? *Against four diseases*, or five, if we include the plague, which seems to have become obsolete in all decently clean countries, except those of the remote East. Nor are all these four diseases strictly foreign as regards ourselves. They

are Small-pox, Typhus, Cholera, and Yellow-fever. Three of them are engendered among ourselves, and are preventable, to a greater or less extent. All but yellow-fever can be classed in that fearful list of domestic diseases which belong to every great city, and which form the sanitary barometer of its hygienic state. Those diseases are Cholera; Cholera Infantum; Cholera Morbus; Dysentery; Diarrhoea; Hydrocephalus; Infantile Convulsions; Erysipelas; Scarlatina; Measles; Small-pox; and Typhus,—including also Typhoid-Fever.

Nor is the fatality of these four plagues any fair offset to the mortality resulting from the others. In twenty-five years, epidemic cholera, coming from abroad, and raging five separate times in New York, has caused 12,300 deaths; in the same period, cholera infantum, generated at home, has slain 15,000 infants, and hydrocephalus and convulsions together, 32,400!

Small-pox is a disease almost wholly preventable, yet within fifty years New York has lost 10,000 of its inhabitants by it. Of later years the deaths have been from 400 to 600 annually; and as the mortality does not exceed from five to ten per cent of all the cases, it must have visited and left its mark on perhaps 50,000 other persons. On the other hand, yellow-fever has caused in fifty years, in New York, in Brooklyn, and at the quarantine station combined, only 600 deaths, equivalent to the annual loss by small-pox. Well may the President of the Quarantine and Sanitary Convention say:—

“ Almost from the time of the first settlements of the colonists in this western world, defences against the approaches of disease and death from other places have been the thought and care of every city, town, and hamlet, while they have little dreamed, that with their increase of population, and their compaction, they have in every instance multiplied the sources of disease and death within their own precincts; nay, within their very households. This sad truth has come to be realized in its full weight only in very recent days, and even yet in comparatively few instances,—that in almost any city that can be named upon this hemisphere, the relative danger of the sickness and death of any given number of the inhabitants, from external sources on the one hand, and internal civic and domiciliary causes on the other, is about as *one to one hundred!*”

It may be asked, admitting all this, If a reformed quarantine

will do any good at all, why should we not continue it, rather than remove the last seeming barrier to disease?

The essence of quarantine laws is that they are directed against the importation of pestilences, or contagious diseases. It is plain enough that they cannot check epidemics; but their efficacy in regard to those diseases which are directly transmitted from person to person remains to be examined. And this introduces us to the vexed question of Contagion.

We will put aside the proposed and partially accepted distinctions between infection and contagion, as tending only to confusion, and confine ourselves to the latter alone. *Contagion* means literally communicable only by *contact*,—by the actual touching of the diseased person, or part. Thus, there are some diseases which will reproduce themselves in a healthy person only by absolute and *immediate* contact: such are scabies and syphilis. It is sufficiently easy to prevent the spread of these. And were the distinction plain between contagious and non-contagious diseases in this sense only, the laws of quarantine would be easy to frame. But another class of diseases reproduce themselves by what is called *mediate* contact. The medium may be the air, when emanations from the bodies of the sick, having become diffused, are so applied to the bodies of those in health; or it may be the clothes, bedding, or baggage of the sick, all of which come under the technical name of *fomites*. Quarantine can do much toward excluding this class of diseases. Such are small-pox, probably typhus, and perhaps scarlet-fever and measles, though these last are doubtful.

But there is another form of disease, of which it is difficult to prove that the propagation depends either on immediate or mediate contact between the healthy and the sick. Some believe that this class of diseases arise principally from local circumstances. These circumstances they trace to results of decomposition, rather than of secretion. The atmosphere is believed by both parties to be the vehicle of the deleterious substance. But the contagionists attribute the origin of the noxious matter to secretions formed in the bodies of the sick, and thrown off in such quantities as to impregnate the atmosphere sufficiently to apply, through it, to the bodies of the

healthy enough of the secreted matter to generate in them the same disease. On the other hand, the non-contagionists attribute the morbid influence to the results of decomposition, by which the organic matters, both animal and vegetable, that are met with in certain situations, when acted on by the great promoters of decomposition, heat and moisture, become converted into poisonous gases, which mix with the air respired, and thus produce disease. Under this last head we are disposed to place yellow-fever; and to this cause we ascribe the *origin* of typhus (in *animal effluvia*), in distinction from its mode of communication. Here too we would class typhoid, both as to its cause and its communicability.

Beside all this, others believe in an unknown and not-to-be-detected agent of disease in the air, which, for want of a more positive knowledge and name, they call its *epidemic condition*. Whether caused by spontaneous change, by varieties of electric tension, by the presence of organic spores, by too much or too little ozone, or by a more subtle process of decomposition than those which are palpable to the senses,—in which respect it might be compared to the miasm of intermittents,—although it cannot be detected by our present means of investigation, it is yet plainly traceable in its effects on the population who breathe it. It furnishes, too, an explanation of many of the differences in the healthiness of the same localities at different times; and accounts for the progress of certain migratory diseases over large areas of country, including every variety of climate, soil, and season. By this supposition we are disposed to explain the rise and course of epidemic cholera.

It is the difference of opinion as to the manner in which diseases propagate themselves, between contagionists and non-contagionists, that causes all the discussion between the quarantinists and the non-quarantinists. Both parties believe that the atmosphere is the vehicle; but they differ as to the nature and origin of the poison which the atmosphere conveys. Unfortunately, our greatest pestilences are the very diseases about which the most uncertainty prevails: they are cholera and yellow-fever. Small-pox may be definitely assigned to the contagionists; while typhus—besides that it is rarely prevalent, not having appeared as an epidemic since the Irish Fam-

ine — is thought by many to be non-contagious. But we will examine this subject again. Under whichever head we may place the modern plagues, we find an almost equal difficulty in accomplishing their prophylaxis. If contagious — purely contagious — they must be excluded by quarantine; but if non-contagious, or zymotic, dependent on conditions of the air or decomposing effluvia, they are to be regulated by sanitary measures. Both means are rendered difficult of application, — quarantine by the violated interests of commerce, and hygiene by the popular ignorance and carelessness.

A disease which is the effect of contagion *always* has the property of communicating itself to other persons, provided the same circumstances exist as those by which it was itself produced. Now in the case of yellow-fever, if we admit, for the sake of argument, that it may be caused by a communication from one individual to another, as well as by local exhalations, in order to prove that either of these is the true cause of the disease, it is necessary to show that the disease is produced by it under circumstances which preclude all possibility of the operation of the other. If by contagion, it must be in a locality where the disease has not prevailed as an epidemic; and if by local causes, it must affect individuals alike, who can have had no communication with one another. The former we judge very difficult, and the latter very easy, to prove satisfactorily. If we examine the cases adduced as evidence that this is a contagious fever, we shall find, generally at least, that the subjects of it had been exposed to the same local causes of disease as those from whom they were supposed to receive it. They had visited, nursed, and watched with their sick friends, or, if they had not entered their rooms, had gone through the infected district. Such is the usual history of those who contract our endemic typhoid fever, and they often ascribe it to similar exposure. The opinion is not uncommon, outside of the profession, that typhoid is contagious; but such is not the view of physicians. Take, for instance, a country village, with one or two houses exposed to a foul sewer, a badly drained barn-yard, or the too free use of night-soil or kelp as dressing, either of which causes may be palpable to the sense of smell. Typhoid seizes on several members of these

households in succession. The hired nurse and the sympathizing neighbors who watch with the sick all draw in the same local miasm, and all receive the poison, in degrees of intensity varying with the duration of their exposure. The nurse goes home to a different village, and shortly she has the fever. The neighbors disperse to their own residences, perhaps miles apart, and one, two, or three of them soon give way to unmistakable typhoid. Have they caught it of their sick neighbor, or of their sick neighbor's nuisance? The answer is easily decided *against contagion* by the fact, that they do not become new centres of infection, nor spread the disease in their own healthy neighborhoods. Judged by this test, we think the same result will be arrived at with regard to yellow-fever,—with this exception, however, that the *fomites* of yellow are much more potent than those of typhoid fever, and that the zymotic principle is portable—if closely packed, as in a vessel's hold—to a great distance, and retains its virus a long while.

Let us look at a few cases. We nowhere hear of persons being secured from an attack of yellow-fever by avoiding an immediate contact with the sick, while they remain in their immediate vicinity. Just the reverse is true of plague and of small-pox. Neither is the progress of yellow-fever through a city such as might be expected from a disease which is propagated only by contagion. The friends of those first affected, who visit them in their sickness, are not likely to be limited to their immediate neighborhood, but to reside in various parts of the town. In a contagious disease, therefore, we should expect to see new cases arising in different and distant places, and becoming themselves new centres of infection to others. Yellow-fever, on the contrary, creeps from house to house, and from street to street, as the exhalations which cause it gradually extend.

Of the three visitations of yellow-fever in Boston, each was subsequent to an unusual stress of summer heat; and the fever was principally confined to a small section of the town. The infected district was, in each instance, limited to the vicinity of Fort Hill. A few individuals underwent the disease in other parts of the town, but they were persons who had passed

some time, not merely visited, in the places just mentioned, and the disease did not extend to those who attended them. The brother of one sufferer slept with him in the same bed the night previous to his death, and, supposing the disease to be contagious, was afraid to return to his family, lest he should expose them. Yet, notwithstanding the strong predisposition to contract the fever which his fears must have given him, he escaped without any attack.

In 1855, when the yellow-fever was devastating Norfolk, thousands of the inhabitants fled from the infected neighborhood. Some hundreds were landed at, and remained in, Baltimore; very many were taken with the fever after quitting Norfolk and arriving in Baltimore, and about fifty died. Yet not a single individual in Baltimore contracted the disease, or was in any way affected by it.

Fifty cases of yellow-fever were conveyed from New York to the Staten Island Quarantine Hospital in 1856. According to Dr. Harris, of New York, some of these patients were conveyed from closely crowded tenements in the city; some walked down Broadway from Tenth Street to the South Ferry, throwing up the black vomit by the way, and others, on the ferry-boat, were similarly affected on their passage to the island. Now, although this is a fearful illustration of carelessness in the conveyance of cases of a disease supposed to be contagious, yet it is an equally strong argument against the contagion, that not a person is known to have contracted the fever, nor did it spread in any instance.

On the other hand, the only case which occurred in Boston where the patient was neither exposed to the infected locality, nor to the infected ship then in port, was the case of a young girl, whose brother died of the fever, and whose feather pillows, which had been soaked with the characteristic vomit, and had *putrefied*, she picked over and cleansed. Certainly this deserves the name of *fomites*. And so, as we have before stated, the stevedores often contract the disease in breaking out cargoes, even if there be no fever on board; and emigrant ships,—perfectly healthy,—by being obliged to anchor for some time at quarantine, among the infected shipping, have had the yellow-fever introduced on board.

It is needless to multiply instances. Enough has here been said to indicate, and more than enough was brought forward in debate in the Third National Quarantine Convention to settle, several cardinal points in the natural history of yellow-fever; namely, that it is a disease arising in certain localities, after long terms of heat and moisture, chiefly at the mouths of rivers, and most frequently where the flats have become uncovered and exposed to the sun, as at Norfolk, or where the earth has been freshly disturbed; that the exhalations which cause it are portable in cargoes, goods, cotton, clothes, or bedding, all of which may be properly called *fomites*;— more than this, that it is probable that the air itself, which is laden with the pestilence, may be shut up in a ship's hold, retain its noxious properties throughout an inter-tropical voyage, and develop its poisonous action when the hatches are taken off in port; that the disease may be generated, too, on the voyage; that the poison generally selects the worst parts of our cities, in a sanitary point of view, as its *habitat*; that its virulence may be increased by bringing together many infected vessels at a quarantine station; that it is soonest checked by a low temperature; and finally, that it is not contagious, nor communicable from one person to another.

These views were sustained by a large majority of the members of the Quarantine Convention. Only one dissentient voice among the medical men, that of Dr. Francis of New York, was raised. He is a contagionist after the model of Pym, Chisholm, and Mead; and although entitled to much respect as the Nestor of the profession there, and as having long since announced to his countrymen the important fact that yellow-fever is a disease attacking the same individual but once, yet his views on its contagiousness are opposed by his brother physicians of New York; by the Health-officers and Quarantine and Hospital Superintendents; by Doctors Stevens, Harris, Smith, Miller, Anderson, and many other New York physicians; by Doctors Wood and La Roche of Philadelphia; and by all the medical delegates from the Southern cities, such as Doctors Kemp of Baltimore, Gilman of Washington, Darby of Alabama, and many others, who have enjoyed the best facilities of observing the disease. The final vote stood eighty-five against

contagion, to six — of whom only two were physicians — in favor of it. The resolution which was passed by this decisive vote reads as follows: —

“ *Resolved*, That, in the absence of any evidence establishing the conclusion that yellow-fever has ever been conveyed by one person to another, it is the opinion of this Convention that the personal quarantine of cases of yellow-fever may be safely abolished, provided that *fomites* of every kind be rigidly restricted.”

We have not the space to adduce as numerous proofs of the non-contagious nature of cholera, which is, we believe, generally admitted by the medical profession throughout the world. Not only is all the evidence of past cholera epidemics against its contagiousness, but its diffusion in the air, beyond the reach of quarantine, is proved by the total failure of all *cordons sanitaires* to exclude it. Some more subtle element, some epidemic condition — which is but a name for our ignorance — pervades, at certain seasons, the atmosphere, in strata, apparently, of well-defined width. With varying, but generally slow progress, the epidemic current pursues a steady, and hitherto a westward course. Little airy streams often part from the main body, and, flying about seemingly at random, devastate a neighborhood, a town, a hamlet, or even a single house, wherever filth, bad drainage, or bad habits offer an attractive *nidus*. It is not apparent that cholera generates infectious *fomites*, unless, with some, we ascribe that quality to the dejections. Other diseases which produce morbid discharges from the bowels have been thought to be contagious, in like manner. Such are dysentery, and, to a less degree, typhoid fever. No doubt the continued exposure of the nurse to the foul gases, as sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and others, which accompany decomposition, and are notably present in such evacuations, will poison, to a certain degree, her system. So will a too long continuance in the dissecting-room produce diarrhoea, and sudden exposure to the mephitic vapors of drains, grave-yards, and cesspools cause vertigo, vomiting, syncope, and even death. But that the peculiar evacuations from the body of a patient will give rise to a disease *sui generis*, identical with the one which caused them, we very much

doubt. We do not doubt, however, that certain faults in hygiene—such offences against decency, the sense of smell, and health, as produce typhoid or cherish cholera—will also engender dysentery; and thus nurses and friends may be exposed to the same morbid influences, and contract the same disease, as the patient himself.

Typhus-fever is either non-contagious, or, at the worst, but feebly contagious. It is a virus which is readily dissipated by dilution with pure air. As its ominous names of ship-fever, jail-fever, and camp-fever indicate, it owes its cause to animal effluvia, produced by the crowding of human beings into small and close apartments, and allowing their secretions and excretions to accumulate and decompose. There are times when typhus becomes epidemic, and when it is questionable whether it result not from a poisoned condition of the general air. But as an epidemic it is rare. As a contagious disease, in sporadic cases, it is more rare still. Emigrant-ships and crowded cellars are its chief homes in our times. Formerly it devastated camps, when badly situated; and, decimating the swarming population of the filthy jails of former centuries, it accompanied the criminal into court, and swept away judge, jury, and spectators in indiscriminate death. The sessions were so fatal at one time from this cause, that the justices were obliged to close their courts during some of the English assizes. In these courts, if they resembled in foulness and bad air those of modern days, all the predisposing causes existed, and the disease was only called into life by the concentrated virus of a crowd of prisoners. As we have seen it brought from emigrant transports into the hospital, several cases have been kept in one airy ward with impunity to the other patients. Its *fomites*, however, are virulent, and tenacious of the poison. In this respect it ranks next to small-pox and yellow-fever. Clothes and bedding are peculiarly infectious. The fashionable tenant of a brown-stone house, who has hurried his tailor or dressmaker to produce from his over-worked journeyman a suit or dress in season for some festive occasion, may put on the robe of Nessus under the guise of the latest fashion. Typhus, bred in stifling garrets and feeding on starving frames, may lurk in its folds, and involve the poor seamstress and her

patron in a common fate. This is no fancy sketch. No class are more subject to typhus in great cities than the tailors and sewing-girls. And, like many other miseries, it is dependent chiefly on the bad air of their working and sleeping rooms; more perhaps than on little sleep and poor food. It is a vain delusion to suppose that the interests of one class of society can be distinct from those of another. Disease spreads from the hovel to the palace; and all are alike amenable to the operation of sanitary laws.

It is true that the influence ascribed to contagion is often carried too far. The fears of some people magnify every malady into an infectious disease. So, in Italy, phthisis, or pulmonary consumption, has long been regarded as contagious. Good observers, on the other hand, doubt the contagious nature of many of the diseases of childhood, commonly so reckoned. If a contagious disease must be always "catching,"—if no one who has not had it is to escape when exposed to it,—certainly by this criterion we must narrow our list of such complaints. Measles and scarlet-fever often go partially through a family, and spare children who are playing, or sleeping, side by side with the sick. It is probable that the hygienic condition of the household, the locality, and the air may have much influence on the virulence, and perhaps on the prevalence, of these diseases. Scarlet-fever, particularly, is apt to be most fatal in those neighborhoods which may be called the home of pestilence. And even if they cannot be prevented by care, cleanliness, and ventilation, they may be greatly modified by such measures, as also may puerperal fever, erysipelas, and the infantile exanthematous diseases.

No contagion is so strong and so certain as that of small-pox. It has been long regarded as the type of all that is "catching." Yet even this fails sometimes. During the Revolution, when prisoners were crowded into the old Jersey prison-ship, of ninety-four persons who had never had the small-pox, nor ever been inoculated, only about forty took the disease. Here, surely, is a marked instance of the occasional failure of contagion. Other instances have occurred within our own knowledge. We have known unvaccinated infants to escape the disease, when in the same house with it; and we are

acquainted with one physician, on whom vaccination has never been successful, and who yet has never contracted the disease from his patients, and with another who has had this complaint *twice*,— the real small-pox in childhood, and an attack of a milder form later in life. It may be said that such cases are the rare exception, and prove by their paucity the existence of an opposite law, or rule. But they indicate also, that, if the strongest contagion sometimes fails, that weaker form, which belongs to other pestilential diseases, must fail much oftener.

Perhaps the more rational treatment of small-pox has something to do with dissipating the virus. The older physicians, before Sydenham, did all they could to promote a copious eruption,— by a hot regimen, by covering the patient with bed-clothes, by keeping the doors and windows jealously closed, and excluding every breath of fresh air, and sometimes by administering wine and cordials. The celebrated John of Gaddesden improved even upon this. He surrounded the half-suffocated patient with red curtains, red walls, and red furniture of all kinds; everything was to be red; for in that color there was, he pretended, a peculiar virtue.

Worse than this method was the German treatment of that fatal malady, the Sweating-sickness, which raged epidemically, and which Hecker considers to have been the most pernicious and rapidly fatal form of acute rheumatism ever known. In this disease there was a natural sweat, and this was seized upon by the physicians as the grand indication. Whoever, when seized with the pestilence, wished to escape death, *must perspire for twenty-four hours, without intermission*. So says the Erfurt Chronicle; and Hecker continues the story as follows: “So they put the patients, whether they had the sweating-sickness or not, (for who had calmness enough to distinguish it?) instantly to bed, covered them with feather-beds and furs, and, whilst the stove was heated to the utmost, closed the doors and windows with the greatest care, to prevent all access of cool air. In order, moreover, to prevent the sufferer, should he be somewhat impatient, from throwing off his hot load, some persons in health likewise lay upon him, and thus oppressed him to such a degree, that he could neither stir hand nor foot, and finally, in this rehearsal of hell, being bathed

in an agonizing sweat, gave up the ghost." What wonder that, with the popular fear and such treatment, Germany was decimated five times by this pestilence; or that miliary fever—a disease almost unknown now—should have visited almost every puerperal chamber, for there a like hot regimen was carried out?

The contagion of small-pox clings a long while to furniture, bedding, and clothes. Its *fomites* are as pestilential as the emanations from the sick. We knew lately of a woman, not otherwise exposed, who contracted the disease by the shaking of the carpets of a small-pox chamber, in such a way that the dust and odor from them covered her, as she was in a state of perspiration. Such articles, therefore, demand as strict a quarantine as the disease itself.

Now, on reviewing what we have endeavored to settle with regard to the *four plagues*, we find them to rank thus, in their order of contagiousness: small-pox, very contagious; typhus, feebly contagious; yellow-fever, not contagious; cholera, not contagious;—and, with regard to their *fomites*: small-pox, very active; typhus, pretty active; yellow-fever, quite active; cholera, not active. Also, we have seen that the contagion of small-pox can be neutralized by vaccination; and the *fomites* of typhus rendered inert by ventilation. Small-pox, then, can be contracted, under all circumstances, from the sick person; typhus can be contracted in foul rooms and a close air, or probably from *fomites*, conveyed elsewhere; yellow-fever can be contracted in certain pestilent localities, or from the air or *fomites* brought thence; cholera can be contracted wherever the epidemic condition prevails.

If, therefore, communities be properly protected from the small-pox by vaccination, and occasional re-vaccination, it follows that typhus and yellow fevers are the only pestilences against which the barriers of quarantine need be erected; and even for them the restrictions should be confined to the *fomites*, and not extended to persons. We shall find, too, that while vaccination is the only preventive for the small-pox, typhus, yellow-fever, and cholera can be most effectually guarded against by sanitary measures alone. As regards the causes of these diseases, small-pox, as we have seen, is occasioned by

a specific virus; typhus, by animal effluvia; yellow-fever, by local miasms; and cholera, by an epidemic condition of the air.

Miasmata and specific poisons elude our search. We can easily detect the abnormal elements, such as carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, butyric and lactic acids, &c., which exist in foul air, where there is crowding, with no ventilation. But out of doors the stability of the atmosphere is remarkable. No great decrease of oxygen, and no extensive traces of the above-named noxious elements, are to be found in the air of cities, more than in that of the country. And in no instance have the secret elements of epidemics, which have been often supposed to be minute forms of animal or vegetable life, been revealed to the anxious inquirer. At least, such has always been the case; but we learn lately, by a newspaper, that a certain professor in Missouri—who must be the happy owner of a microscope of “a patent, extra-million magnifying power,” as Mr. Weller said, when asked whether he saw Mr. Pickwick embrace the fair Bardell, being separated from them by two walls and a flight of stairs—has succeeded in isolating and defining the spores, or *zcöphytes*, which swarm in the miasm of yellow-fever. Our faith in this gentleman, who has so far surpassed such *savans* as Faraday and other humble inquirers abroad, is somewhat shaken by the next paragraph, which informs us, that the discovery of the cure has been contemporaneous with that of the cause of the pestilence, and that the remedy can be had at so much per bottle. We fear that the miasmata of intermittent, bilious-remittent, and yellow fevers, and of cholera, will ever remain as securely hidden as the almost tangible poisons of syphilis and small-pox. Both seem within, yet are just beyond our reach.

It will be more profitable to inquire what science and sad experience can teach us of the influence which a good or bad sanitary condition may exert on the prevalence and the spread of pestilence.

In an article in the “British and Foreign Medico-Chururgical Review,” on “Cholera in its Relations to Sanitary Measures,” written soon after the epidemic visitation of 1848–49, we find many statistical statements, of which we shall freely avail our-

selves, as they are more extensive than any which have been made in this country.

Of all the circumstances affecting health, none is so important as the condition of the air that we breathe. On it, more than on the food we eat, depends the purity of the blood and the right exercise of every function of the body. Air is food. Oxygen is even more essential than carbon and nitrogen to our support, and it is a food which we consume unceasingly, asleep or awake. Respired air has lost one fifth of the oxygen which it contained, and contains a nearly equal volume of carbonic acid in its place. How, then, can the same portion of air be inhaled again without detriment? If we take the ordinary computation of 20 cubic inches of air as drawn into the lungs at each inspiration, and of there being about 20 respirations in a minute, then 333 cubic feet, or 33 hogsheads, are made use of by each person, *per diem*. Not less than between 10 and 12 cubic feet of carbonic acid are therefore evolved in twenty-four hours; a quantity which will contain at least 6 ounces of solid carbon. The inadequate discharge of carbonic acid—besides the more direct effects of oppression, loss of appetite, and impaired muscular energy—renders the body less capable of resisting the influence of baneful agencies from without. But respiration is also charged with a large amount of watery vapor. From 16 to 20 ounces of fluid, at least, are exhaled from the lungs in twenty-four hours. It is not mere aqueous vapor which is thus exhaled; there is effluvial matter mixed with it, or dissolved in it,—a matter which, upon being condensed, is found to be of a highly putrescent and rapidly decomposable nature. It is one form of the waste, and therefore excrementitious, products of the system, which are continually eliminated by the lungs, skin, kidneys, and bowels. That the atmosphere of ill-ventilated rooms, where a number of persons have been congregated for some time, is tainted with this animal effluvium, is obvious from the peculiar sickening smell perceived on entering a crowded dormitory in the morning, or even a large school-room, after children have been in it for several hours,—unless the apartment has been thoroughly ventilated. Medical men, after visiting the wretched abodes of the poor, often retain for several days in their clothes the offensive smell of such local-

ties ; — how thoroughly, then, must the bedding and furniture of such apartments, as well as the garments of the inmates, be impregnated with it ! It clings to the very floors and walls. The pollution of the atmosphere from the existence of this noxious organic matter in it is probably a more influential cause of some diseases, — as typhus, — and more frequently predisposes to epidemic disorders, than even the vitiation from excess of carbonic acid.

But the lungs are absorbing, as well as excreting organs ; they are as ready to take in, as they are active in giving out. The blood is permeating every part of them with such rapidity, that the entire mass of it probably circulates through them, and is exposed to the air contained in their minutely divided cells, in little more than three minutes. How favorable is such an arrangement, when coupled with the exquisitely delicate fabric of the pulmonic tissue, to the imbibing or absorption of all volatile matters in the respired air, and hence of all effluvia !

Now it is the result of experience, that health and strength cannot be maintained in a space of less than 700 to 800 cubic feet ; and that to live and sleep in a space of less than from 400 to 500 cubic feet for each individual is not compatible with safety to life. Nor will even this space suffice in an air-tight apartment. Air containing only ten per cent of carbonic acid, is incapable of supporting life. The extent of space to each person ought, of course, to be greater during the prevalence of any epidemic or contagious disorder.

“ A striking illustration of the effects of *overcrowding* on choleraic invasion, is afforded by what took place at Taunton. The town — of 16,000 inhabitants — was tolerably healthy. Cholera attacked the workhouse, so violently, that in ten minutes from the time of seizure the patient was in a state of hopeless collapse. In one week, 60 out of 276 inmates — nearly one fourth — were swept away, and the survivors suffered from diarrhœa. This workhouse was low, badly drained and ventilated, and had numerous nuisances within its walls ; the people had insufficient space allowed them, and personal cleanliness was neglected. It had been very subject to measles, scarlet-fever, typhus, dysentery, and scurvy. But the greatest mortality occurred among the girls ; out of 67, one half were attacked, and 25 died. But only 10 deaths occurred among the boys. Why was this ? The greatest overcrowding existed in the girls’

school-room, which was a slated shed, 50 feet long, 9 feet 10 inches broad, and 7 feet 9 inches high. In this miserable place were huddled together 67 children, with about 68 cubic feet of air to each. The boys' school was worse than this; *but they could not be kept from breaking the windows!*

“ Meanwhile, no actual cholera, but only bowel complaints, visited the town; and in the jail, where the prisoners were well cared for, and had from 800 to 900 cubic feet of air to each cell, not a solitary case of diarrhoea, even, occurred !”

But the crowding of workhouses never reaches that degree which is, unfortunately, but too common in the dwellings of the poor, and especially in the lower class of lodging-houses. In one report, we read of 37 human beings, in London, men, women, and children, being crammed into a room $10\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 feet, the majority of them nearly naked and very filthy. The inevitable pollution of the air is extreme. When a single case of febrile disease occurs in this atmosphere of putrid vapor, the morbid fermentation — zymosis — proceeds with extreme rapidity, and the ravages of death are appalling.

“ On the night of July 9th, the great outbreak of cholera in Stonehouse Lane took place, and between that time and the 17th there were 64 deaths in a circle the diameter of which did not exceed 80 yards. The inhabitants of that dismal place were chiefly Irish, of the lowest and most degraded class, herded together like cattle, ragged, half naked, and inconceivably filthy; dead to all proper feeling, even the scenes around them made no good impression, for they stole the spirits, and everything they could lay their hands on, even the blankets from off the dying. Their disease was aggravated by the determination of the living to retain the dead, sometimes until long after decomposition had been established, for the sad but noisy obsequies of their country and religion. Of one family of nine persons, four died; and in another house, a whole family, root and branch, was swept away. The dead and the dying lay together in one small room, which was in so horrible a condition, that, when the bodies were removed, the only way it could be cleansed was by introducing the hose of a fire-engine through the windows and washing all down stairs. The consternation among all classes was such, that none in the town would receive those who desired to fly from the infected place, and a few, who had escaped into another lodging-house, were hooted back to the plague-spot whence they came.”

So too we learn, that at East Farleigh 1,000 persons, of all

ages, were employed, temporarily, on a single farm, to pick hops. They were lodged in sheds and out-buildings, so crowded that many had but 50 cubic feet of air apiece. Within four days of the first seizure, there were 200 cases of diarrhoea, 97 of cholera, and 47 deaths. On other farms, with better accommodations, there was but little sickness. And during the cholera epidemic of 1834, 34 hop-pickers died on this same farm, but the disease did not prevail elsewhere.

At Juggernaut, in India, at the annual festival, the number of pilgrims who arrive often amounts to 150,000. The inhabitants are quite healthy before the festival; but on the arrival of the pilgrims, and when the lodging-houses are crammed, cholera suddenly breaks out, and in a few days hundreds are cut off by it. This is an invariable occurrence; and the disease as suddenly disappears on the dispersion of the crowd.

Severe outbreaks of cholera have also repeatedly occurred on board of emigrant vessels,—occasionally, too, when the ship has sailed from a healthy port, and there is no known origin for the germs of the disease. The inference is, that they must have passed through a stratum of atmosphere loaded with some peculiar influence, which, under favorable circumstances, produced the cholera poison.

The next determining cause of cholera—and indeed of other epidemics—is the vitiation of the atmosphere by putrid effluvia. It used to be doubted whether bad smells were really injurious. Much stress was laid on the fact that night-soil men are often hearty and vigorous. By some it has even been thought beneficial for children with the whooping-cough to be held over a privy, and for consumptive patients to live in the air of a crowded cow-stall. Such views, happily, are now obsolete; we again trust to our noses, and turn a deaf ear to the argument of the workhouse guardian, who would not admit that the effluvia of cesspools could be unhealthy, because he had lived near one all his life! Experiments instituted on animals show the toxical effects of the chief gases in sewer emanations; namely, carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and sulphide of ammonium. A mouse, exposed in a cage to the air of a cesspool, though well fed, died on the fifth day. Dogs thus exposed suffered from vomiting, diarrhoea, febrile

symptoms, rigors, restlessness, thirst, and loss of appetite. The gases were then experimented with separately. A puppy, exposed to less than two per cent of sulphuretted hydrogen in common air, died in two minutes and a half. A dog, exposed to .0205 per cent of this gas, was affected within a minute by tremors, and fell on his side ; the action of the heart became irregular, and within four minutes respiration ceased. Ammonia, and its salts, produced unmistakable typhoid symptoms. The minute quantity of 56 parts of sulphuretted hydrogen in 1000 of common air, was sufficient to occasion serious symptoms, — eructations, tremors, rapid and irregular respiration and pulse, and diarrhoea. The inhalation of carbonic acid, in small proportions, was also followed by diarrhoea. These symptoms, resulting from the inhalation of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and sulphide of ammonium, are sufficient to account for the effects arising from cesspool effluvia, without seeking for any further product from such emanations.

“ Immediately opposite Christchurch Workhouse, Spitalfields, and separated from it only by a narrow lane, there was, in 1848, a manufactory of artificial manure, in which bullock’s blood and night-soil were desiccated by dry heat on a kiln, causing a most powerful stench. The Workhouse contained about 400 children. Whenever the works were actively carried on, and particularly when the wind blew in the direction of the house, there were produced numerous cases of fever of a typhoid form, a typhoid tendency to measles and small-pox, and an unmanageable and fatal form of *aphæ* of the mouth, ending in gangrene. In December, 1848, cholera having already appeared in town, 60 children in the Workhouse were suddenly seized with diarrhoea. The manufactory was closed, and the children returned to their usual health. Five months afterwards the works were reopened and the stench returned. 45 boys, whose dormitory faced the manufactory, were again seized with diarrhoea : the girls, who slept in a distant part of the house, escaped. The manufactory was suppressed, and there has been no return of the disease.”

The emptying of a cesspool is often followed by diarrhoea among some of the inmates of the house. At a boarding-school in Clapham, a foul cesspool was opened in August, and its contents spread over the garden. Within three days, 22 of the boys were seized with alarming symptoms of the stomach and bowels, subsultus of the muscles of the arms, and excess-

sive prostration of strength. Two cases proved fatal. If such an event is liable to take place in ordinary seasons, how great must be the danger when an epidemic is abroad!

The "Potteries," near the West End of London, are probably unsurpassed in filthiness. It is said that 3,000 swine are kept there. The streets, courts, alleys, and yards are without a drop of clear water; there are no sewers, and all the drainage of the pig-sties and privies is left on the surface, close to the very doors and windows of the houses, or flows lazily into a large stagnant pond, called the "Ocean," which is covered with a filthy slime, and is constantly bubbling with putrescent gas. In the first ten months of 1849, there were 50 deaths among 1,000 persons. The evils of a locality like this are not confined to itself: the residents in the neighborhood have to suffer from its pollutions. About a quarter of a mile distant is Crafter Terrace, a row of clean, airy, respectable houses. There was no cholera there until September 9, 1849, when the wind and stench came directly from the Potteries. In the next twelve days, there were seven fatal cases in this single block.

"At Hamburg, in those streets which immediately face the spot where the numerous canals that have traversed the city, and have become loaded with the excreta of 175,000 people, concentrate to pour their foul contents into the Elbe, the cholera destroyed three per cent of the inhabitants, while the residents near other parts of the river suffered much less."

The exhalations from *foul mud at low tide* are also among the predisposing causes of pestilence. While cholera was prevailing in the town of Cardiff, the water in front of 17 houses was drawn off, to repair a lock: the occupants of 15 of the houses were soon affected with prostration, tremors, vomiting, and diarrhoea. There were 43 cases of diarrhoea, 33 of cholera, and 13 deaths. The other houses in the neighborhood, at a little distance on one side of the basin, escaped entirely. When the water was re-admitted, the air became pure at once, and the disease was speedily arrested.

So, too, the yellow-fever almost invariably locates itself in the worst-paved, worst-drained, and filthiest portions of New Orleans. It has been well said, that dirt may be the soil, but not

the seed of disease. We do not wish to imply that yellow-fever arises wholly from such causes ; but it is certainly helped by them. In Philadelphia, every visitation of yellow-fever, from 1699 to 1853, has been in the same neighborhoods,—around the low places and wharves, and near a main sewer. In 1699 and 1853, the epidemic began at spots not three hundred yards apart.

Dampness is a third cause which favors the march of pestilence. In London, both in 1832 and in 1849, the stress of the cholera fell on the districts near the river-banks. St. Petersburg and New Orleans, built below the level of the river, are chosen homes of cholera and yellow-fever. Like facts have been observed in Hamburg and in France. Yet during the height of the last cholera epidemic in London, the air was unusually dry. It was also very close and oppressive, and so stagnant that there was not a breath of wind on the Thames. This motionless state of the atmosphere, if associated with heat, is the most pernicious of all to health, because putrid effluvia are not dissipated, while the process of putrefaction goes on with unusual rapidity, and the molecular germs of zymotic disease are probably more quickly developed. The functions of the skin are much impeded ; thirty ounces of watery vapor, and about two ounces of excrementitious matter, are thrown off by the skin in twenty-four hours. In close, foggy weather, this function of excretion is obstructed ; the perspiration clings to the skin ; evaporation is prevented, and feverishness induced. At the same time, the activity of the cutaneous absorption is increased by moisture, which thus produces just the opposite of excretion. Therefore less is thrown off, and more—poisons if they exist in the air—can be taken in. Hence the importance of protecting the surface with light woollen clothing, of avoiding the night air and the basement stories as sleeping-rooms, and even of keeping up a small fire, to insure dryness and a circulation of air. So, too, houses which rest on an undrained site are more exposed to infection than those which are high and dry.

The influences of impure water, unwholesome or insufficient food, intemperance, and fatigue also favor the advance of epidemics. Probably bad water comes next to bad air as a cause

of cholera. Numerous instances of diarrhoea in camps and armies are known to have been owing to the use of pond-water full of organic matter. Certain houses are spoken of which were supplied from a well in close contact with a cesspool; and almost all the persons drinking the water were affected with disordered bowels. The same locality was severely visited with typhus; and where fever is found, there is the chosen seat of cholera. A gigantic—though involuntary—experiment was made in London in the epidemics of 1848–9 and 1853–4. Throughout the southern districts, comprising one fifth of the population of the metropolis, there were distributed two different qualities of water, by rival water-companies,—one pretty good, the other very bad. Now it so happened that the company which supplied the bad water in 1848 gave good water in 1853; while the other company, which supplied good water in 1848, grew careless, and gave very poor water in 1853. The result was as positive as a crucial experiment. The population who took bad water in 1848 took good in 1853, and *vice versa*. Death, too, shifted sides, and followed the bad water. The mortality from cholera was three and one half times as great among the bad-water drinkers; and both halves of the community were afflicted in turn. Their sanitary condition, in other respects, was similar enough to be fairly comparable.

Very much of the water used in London is polluted with the drainings of sewers and cesspools. Such waters when analyzed are rich in nitrates, phosphates, and ammonia, all indicating organic matter from the foulest sources; and when put under the microscope they swarm with *vibriones*, *rotifers*, and other animalculæ, and with many forms of *confervoid* vegetable life. These little creatures are scavengers, who, though they do no harm themselves, are indicative of the presence of the matters on which they live. The deluded people of London, we are told, send a long way for the water of certain favorite pumps, because they are cool, sparkling, and supposed to be very pure. The coolness is owing to the presence of *nitrates* indicative of organic matter; and the effervescence, to carbonic acid, or a trifle of ammonia, derived from the deeper drainings of a soil reeking with the liquid deposits of grave-yards and sewers.

In our own city, as we learn from the "Report on the Cholera in Boston," "isolated instances of the cholera were noticed in even the most salubrious portions of the city; but, with few exceptions, the disease was confined to unhealthy, ill-ventilated, and crowded localities." So much were the physicians of the Cholera Hospital impressed with this fact, that they had sketches taken of the worst places around Broad Street, and sent in with their report to the city government. In looking over the history of the successive visits of epidemic cholera in England, we are not surprised to find that the disease recurred repeatedly in the same neighborhoods. At Leith, Pollockshaws, and Torquay, cholera marked its first victim in the second visitation in the very house that it did in its first. At Oxford, the first case in 1849, as in 1832, occurred in the county jail. A similar return to its former haunts was observed on the Continent.

There remains but one other argument to complete the logic of this terrible testimony. Cholera is well called the "inspector of nuisances"; does it shun the spots where nuisances have been abated? The three Model Lodging-Houses, in London—two of them situated in a most unhealthy district, with numerous fatal cases around—escaped almost entirely. The complete immunity of the "Metropolitan Buildings" in Old Pancras Road, containing upward of five hundred inmates, was equally striking; although within a few hundred yards the epidemic was so severe that three deaths occurred in one house, and the whole neighborhood was afflicted with diarrhoea. In the Model Prison at Pentonville, whose sanitary arrangements are good, there was no cholera among 465 inmates. Giltspur and Newgate enjoyed an almost complete exemption, although the district around suffered with extraordinary severity. At the House of Correction in Coldbath Fields, in 1832, there were among 1,148 prisoners 319 cases of diarrhoea, 207 of cholera, and 45 deaths. At that time the drainage of the prison was most faulty. The whole sewerage having been rebuilt, and ventilation improved, in 1849 out of 1,100 prisoners there was not a single instance of cholera, and only a few mild cases of diarrhoea. So the Lunatic Asylums of Bethlehem and Hanwell escaped without

loss of life, although cholera prevailed around them. Hamburg suffered very severely in 1832. In 1842, one third of the city was burned down, and it was subsequently rebuilt with due regard to drainage and other sanitary requirements. In 1848, the rebuilt part enjoyed an exemption from cholera. Exeter and Nottingham, after due sanitary reforms, offer analogous results.

Verily the deafness of municipalities to the sanitary requirements, as well as to the other miseries of the poor, are well portrayed in the fierce complaint of Charles Mackay's "Cholera Chaunt":—

"I see his foot-marks east and west,
I hear his tread in the silence fall :
He shall not sleep, he shall not rest, —
He comes to aid us one and all.

But they will not hear his warning voice :
The Cholera comes. Rejoice ! rejoice !
He shall be lord of the swarming town !
And mow them down, and mow them down !"

We must not fall into the common error of supposing that these great horrors which we have described are all the causes of disease; that we who live in good neighborhoods are safe; nor that thousands of lesser infractions of sanitary laws will fail to bring their penalty. By unconsciously inhaling a small modicum of sewer gas, by bad drains, by poor water, by defective ventilation, we all may be in danger of disease and death.

In an article on "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease," in this Review for July, 1859, we called attention to the superlative importance of Hygiene, or *Preventive Medicine*. "The Third National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention," likewise, wisely decided to devote most of their attention to reports on sanitary subjects, rather than to quarantine. In the words of Dr. Wragg, "Sanitary measures first; quarantine next; and in time of disease, or when panic is taking hold of the minds of the people, both together." Thus, again, on a similar sanitary question, Mr. Viele says, "There is probably no subject so complex, so incalculably difficult to

grapple with, especially if it be how to apply a remedy, as the drainage and sewerage of large overgrown cities. Yet we must perceive that, unless this be efficiently done, *an ultimate limit is set by the hand of man to himself, to dynasties, to peoples, and to nations.*" The importance of sanitary reform cannot be over-estimated. Sanitary science—like social science—is new; it is eminently the offspring of an age which devotes itself to organic chemistry and the microscope as well as to reforms. Like other new sciences, it comes to us from an older civilization. Germany, England, and France are its birthplace. The great centres of London and Paris are its true fields of observation, because there the great questions of a high civilization and a crowded social life are first studied and recorded. It would be wise for our country to learn the lesson in time from its parents.

Hygeia, the goddess of health, was called the daughter of Æsculapius. As identical with the Latin goddess Salus, she was honored by the Romans with a temple and festivals, and one of the city-gates was called the *Porta Salutaris*. It might surprise a modern health-officer to learn the extent of the sanitary measures which were carried out in Rome, and how much the office of the ediles resembled his own. Rome's whole attention was not devoted to war; and the boast of Augustus, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble, should not so much excite our admiration, as the labors of his son-in-law, Agrippa, the architect of many of her aqueducts and sewers. The work of drainage and sewerage was begun by her kings, and continued during the Republic on an immense scale. The inner diameter of the *Cloaca Maxima* was thirteen feet; and earthquakes and the neglect of fifteen hundred years have not moved a stone out of its place. Much of the plain lying between the Seven Hills was marshy, and required the successive draining of centuries. The Campagna, once reclaimed, has returned to its pestilential desolation. The aggravated periodical fever, which, under the name of *pestis*, ravaged the city, yielded, in a great measure, to paving. The aqueducts, nine in number, and coming from distances varying from seven to sixty miles, furnished water enough to flow through the numerous fountains and sewers like rivers, and to suffice for the

colossal Public Baths. Special officers, the *Curatores Aquarum*, were invested with the care of the water-works, and were considered of consequence enough to be accompanied, in their tours of inspection, by an architect, secretaries, lictors, and slaves. The comprehensive jurisdiction of the ediles included the supervision of the public buildings—temples and theatres—and of private edifices, to such an extent that they should not endanger nor incommodate passengers on the streets; and also of baths, aqueducts, and common sewers, as well as the control of the markets and public houses. The ediles took care that the health of the people should not suffer by bad provisions, which they threw into the Tiber; nor their morals by bad women, whom they had authority to banish from the city. In short, they combined the duties of architects, health-officers, and a correctional police.

Paris, perhaps, presents the most perfect example of the completeness and successful working of modern sanitary laws. The care of a paternal, though despotic government, which acts upon the principle that the people, like children, cannot take care of themselves, and the naturally minute and methodical character of the French, have combined to carry the supervision of science into every department of life. Water, it is true, is not conveyed into all the houses, but the supply is abundant and pure. Numerous fountains cool the air and adorn the city, and the whole system of drains and sewers is flushed, as with a river, for one hour, twice a day. The sewerage is, perhaps, the best that exists in any city of its size. The main sewers rival the Roman *cloacæ*; and are so large, airy, and clean, that they are navigated by boats, and traversed by a sidewalk. Already immense sums had been spent upon them; but, as it was found that their contents polluted the Seine, two new sewers have recently been constructed, which run parallel to the river, and, receiving the whole *ejecta* of the city, empty a long way below it. The same scrupulous care is bestowed upon the streets; they are swept daily, and the roadway is so clean, that it is almost as much used by foot-passengers as the *trottoir*. A penalty of twenty-five francs prohibits the throwing of the most trivial thing into the street. The air is kept free from nuisances, either of a chemical or indus-

trial nature, by the banishment to the suburbs of manufactures and *abattoirs*. More attention, if possible, is devoted to the purity of drink and food. The wine is inspected, the butcher's shops visited, the bread weighed, and every drop of milk tested by the lactometer. Consequently the bread is the best and the milk the purest to be procured in any city in the world. And the sale of drugs, medicines, and particularly poisons, is restricted by the severest penalties.

Now, is any tangible result to be shown for all this, or is it merely theoretical? Unquestionably the Paris of the Middle Age was very dirty, and the Paris of to-day is very clean. But what has followed from it? The mortality of Paris in the early part of the fourteenth century averaged 1 in 20, whereas the ratio in 1830 of all deaths was 1 to 32: the poorest ward, where destitution was extreme, gave a death-rate of only 1 in 24; and among the more wealthy classes, it was 1 in 42. Therefore it is safe to say that the poor mechanic of the nineteenth century, who resides in the French capital, is better off on the score of air and comforts, and enjoys a greater chance of living, than the rich citizen of the fourteenth century. At the same time, the population is 300 times greater, at the present day. As we ascend in the social scale, we find that the wealthy now have twice the prospect of life in Paris than they had then. At Geneva, according to the mortuary statistics of M. Marc d'Espine, the difference is still more strongly marked. The probable life at Geneva, in the sixteenth century, was rather less than 5 years; in the seventeenth century, 11 years; at the beginning of the eighteenth, 27 years; at the end of the century, 32 years; and now it is 44 years.

In England, like results have been attained, although the constitutional form of the government, and the consequently feebler executive, render them less extensive and complete.

Have we profited by the lesson? For, unlike the case in older countries, many of our cities have been laid out at once, instead of growing by successive accumulations; thus affording us the best possible opportunity for a good hygienic foundation. Some of the Western cities have been well laid out. Others, like Chicago, in consequence of their fearful mortality, are obliged to be raised, after they are built, at an immense

expense. Some are so dirty, and so poorly located for health, like New Orleans and St. Louis, that yellow-fever haunts the one, and cholera the other. A startling fact, which tells in a few figures the deplorable state of the public health in the city of New York, is its gradual deterioration during the last forty-six years. Thus in 1810, with a population of 96,000, the deaths were 1 in 46; whereas in 1857, with a population of nearly 700,000, the deaths were 1 in 27. If the mortality of London bore the same ratio to population as that of New York, it would be 92,784, in place of 56,786. No city possesses better natural advantages for health than New York. The soil is so dry that sub-cellars are dug and used in many parts of the city, and it is bathed on either hand by noble estuaries, which cool it and render it clean. Internal causes alone can have produced such a fearful increase of mortality. New York has copied all the architectural, as well as social, vices of the Old World. If in Liverpool there are 2,398 courts containing 68,365 persons, and 7,892 cellars with a population of nearly 40,000; and if in Nottingham 8,000 houses are built back to back, and side to side, with no other outlet than the street door;—in New York the cellar population is 25,000; in Cherry Street there are tenement houses containing more than 500 persons; and “Rotten Row” consists of eight houses, fronting each other, and as many more in the rear, containing 1,250 persons in a space of 180 feet by 50 feet. The pestiferous stench and filth of these pent-up apartments exceed description. Conflagration often purifies them; but latterly we have seen many lives sacrificed to a want of proper outlets. The small quantity of air and of light produces a much greater mortality than bad food and clothing; for people living in the same way, except in better localities, have been 75 per cent better with regard to mortality than those who lived in cellars. During the cholera season not a patient recovered who was allowed to remain in a cellar. By comparing the worst with the best wards, we find (1856) the Sixth Ward, with 25,000 inhabitants, living in 1,400 dwellings, and the deaths 1,089; the Fifteenth Ward, with 24,046 inhabitants, living in 2,445 dwellings, and the deaths 436. Deaths in the Sixth Ward were 1 in 23; in the Fifteenth Ward, 1 in 55. In 1857, we find the deaths

in the Fifteenth Ward to be 1 in 69 ; but in the First Ward, 1 in 22. Boston is as crowded, in some parts of the North and East ends, as New York, though its death-rate is better. Philadelphia, more wisely laid out, and spreading over more ground, has a larger number of houses to its population.

Shall we erect quarantines against a foreign foe any longer ? Is anything more needed to prove that the enemy is within our walls ?

It is with great pleasure that we have perused the very able report of Dr. John Bell, on the "Importance and Economy of Sanitary Measures to Cities." It reviews briefly the Public Hygiene of Ancient Nations ; treats of the Causes of Pestilence, and the Neglect of Sanitary Legislation ; of Paving ; Street Cleaning ; Sewerage, and Sewer Gases,—their Remedy, and the Disposal of Sewage ; Ventilation ; Defect of Light ; Model Houses ; Water Supply ; Intemperance ; Preventable Diseases ; Sanitary Improvements ; Public Parks, Gymnasia, Baths, and Wash-Houses ; and Nuisances,—as Slaughter-Houses, Cow-Houses, and Intramural Interments. On many of these topics we have already dwelt long enough. We propose, in conclusion, to advert briefly to the others, and among them to Paving, Sewerage, Ventilation, Preventable Diseases, and Nuisances.

Evils from neglect of *paving* are pointed out in most reports on the health of towns. Before the streets of London were paved, the inhabitants were as great sufferers from periodical fevers as those of the worst rural districts. Now the death-rate of London is a trifle better than the average of the whole kingdom. In Philadelphia, the exemption from intermittent and bilious-remittent fevers has, with great uniformity, followed the paving of the streets. Paving ought to precede the erection of houses in a new city. The city of Louisville, Kentucky, is one of the most marked examples of the good effects of paving. Intermittent fever was a regular annual visitor, and occasionally a form of bilious fever prevailed, which was as fatal as yellow-fever. After the streets were paved and the ponds filled up, Louisville, from being called the grave-yard of the West, became one of the most healthy cities. This change was brought about without the aid of sewerage. Periodical fever will be prevented from showing itself, if its favorite haunts are

covered with a good pavement, so as to separate from the sun and air the bed of moist, putrefactive materials, which ferment, and give rise to noxious gases.

Paving is of less benefit if the streets are not well scavenged. The expense of street cleaning has been used as an argument against it. But London balances the cost by the sale of ashes and dust; and the city of Aberdeen derives from its streets an annual profit of three thousand dollars.

Sewerage is not surpassed, in its importance to health, by either ventilation or pure water. From the sanitary records of Manchester, we learn that the mortality in the undrained streets amounts to four per cent, and in the drained districts it is only two per cent; and some streets with a mortality of 1 in 32 were elevated by sewerage to 1 in 50. It has been well said that the course of typhoid fever in a town may be tracked by that of neglected sewerage. Sewers may produce great evils by being emptied into a river. The Thames is thus converted into an open drain, and the exhalations for the past few summers have been so offensive as to alarm the whole of London. Paris has found it necessary to construct covered tunnels, parallel with the Seine, to remove a similar evil; and London will be driven to a like expensive measure ere long. Heedless, as usual, of all the lessons of experience, New York and Boston follow the same plan of emptying all their sewage into their harbors. Worse than this, the mouths of the main sewers are exposed at low tide, and give out most offensive smells, propagating pestilence, and in the summer of 1859 rendering that section of Boston which is generally the most salubrious almost uninhabitable. The nature, the amount, the fertilizing power, and the waste of sewage, are now attracting the serious attention of the economists, sanitarians, and scientific agriculturists of England.

The contents of the public sewers of a city are very complex, consisting, not only of the solid and liquid *ejecta* of the population, but also of the fluid refuse of every branch of industry. The filth of kitchens, laundries, and dye-houses; the drainings from stables, slaughter-houses, and the public markets; the various liquid impurities of trade and manufactories; and the washings of the streets and alleys,—all go to swell the amount of sewage.

Altogether, it is calculated that the daily sewage of London is equal to 233 tons of solid matter, diluted with about 84,750,000 gallons of water. This is from the drains of the houses, and the washings of the streets, which last item comprises about 81 tons of pulverized granite and iron, the washings of the roads and thoroughfares. Besides this, there are 102 tons of saline matter dissolved in sewer-water, consisting chiefly of carbonate of lime, common salt, and the alkaline sulphates and phosphates; and finally 152 tons from trade and manufactures. The grand total of solid matter rises then to 487 tons *per diem*, of which about 215 tons are organic. The value of the drainage of London, for manure, is estimated at half a million pounds a year; and of all Great Britain, if we rest the calculation on the actual price in Belgium, where it is saved and so utilized, at fifty-one millions sterling. This is a consideration, certainly, for a country which is getting old, and requires high dressing to support a surplus population. The superfluous millions of China settled the question, ages ago, in their practical way. There, we believe, each man saves his own.

How to deodorize such a mass safely, and without dissipating all the ammonia, which is so valuable a constituent, is a difficult question. The most feasible plan seems to be to dilute it largely with water, to convey it through subterranean pipes, with sufficient back-water to eject it, at convenient intervals, by hydrants, and thus to irrigate the land. In this very dilute state it is said to be most readily taken up by the absorbent radicles of plants.

We have already alluded to the constituents of sewer gas, such as sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphide of ammonium, and light carburetted hydrogen, or marsh gas. To these must be added the very considerable leakage from the gas pipes, which permeates the soil, and escapes into the sewers. We have spoken also of the danger to health, not only from main-sewers, but from house-drains, sinks, and gully-holes.

A very marked instance is recorded in Paris. There was a small lodging, which had been successively tenanted by three vigorous young men, each of whom died within a few months of his occupying the place. M. d'Arcet, called upon

to make an examination, found that a pipe from a privy, on the upper floor, ran down by the side of the wall, near to the head of the bed where the inmates slept. The pipe was unsound, and the wall was damp from the leakage of the soil into it. Although there was no perceptible smell in the room when examined, yet any doubt as to this being the cause of the sickness which had prevailed there was removed by the fact, that, on the pipe's being repaired, the unwholesomeness of the place was cured. People exposed even to 1 part of sulphuretted hydrogen in 100,000 of air have their vital energies reduced, so as to be more susceptible of disease. Robust men, in excavating the Thames Tunnel, suffered severely from this gas; and although the ordinary test by lead paper indicated no more than the above proportion, by continual exposure they became emaciated and fell into low fevers. Dr. Lethby, after mentioning other methods, finally settles upon wood-charcoal, — which has the property of largely absorbing gases into its pores,— as the best preventive to the miasmata of sewers. “ You have but to place a small box of charcoal in the course of the draft”— back through the gully-hole— “ of the sewer, and the purification of the air will be complete.” Traps, or valves at the upper end, are another method. The lower end should terminate under water, or be closed by a gate, at low tide. Experience shows that there is much less friction and risk of detention of sewage, if the sewer is egg-shaped, or circular. The house-drains, also, should join the main pipe at an acute angle. A fall of only two inches to the hundred feet is enough, with a good back-water.

As we have shown air to be the most essential of vital requirements, so *ventilation* must be among the most important of sanitary questions. Although the better classes may have enough cubic feet of air to breathe, it is not changed often enough. We may not be struck with pestilence in consequence, but we are slowly poisoned, from youth to age, in schools, churches, work-shops, parlors, and bed-rooms. Children are very susceptible, and need much air. In the Lying-in Hospital, Dublin, 2,944 children died out of 7,650; but after careful ventilation, in the same time, only 279. Many think that the bad air of work-rooms is more injurious to mechanics

than over-work and poor food. One of the simplest and most gentle modes of ventilation is the admission of external air through a perforated zinc plate, or a fine wire gauze, which is to take the place of a pane of glass. There should be as many as 290 holes to the square inch. It is introduced in the upper part of the window, generally in the corner pane, farthest from the fire, or register. The fine orifices prevent the air from coming in with a rush, and diffuse it through the apartment. This is not all the benefit; for by the law of the diffusion of gases, there is a constant interchange between the pure external air and the impure air of the room, which latter is thus carried off.

We are apt to forget that we can warm our houses quicker by letting out the air already in the apartment. A draft is essential to ventilation, and it is most easily produced by means of heat. Thus, the open fire acts as a ventilator. As a rule, the pure air should be admitted near the floor, and the hot, impure air be let out near the ceiling. Advantage has been taken of the power of heat to create a draft upward, to construct a very effective mode of ventilation, in connection with the hot-air pipes of the furnace. Independent ventilating flues are built in the walls, in proximity to the hot-air tubes, so that they can be connected together by means of a lateral branch tube and register. Thus the current of hot air can be diverted from the hot-air tubes to the ventilating tubes, when the ordinary furnace register is closed, as at night. The ventilating flues terminate in the open air, like a chimney, or through the shaft of the chimney, if one wishes. Now if the hot-air register of a room be closed at ten o'clock at night, and the heat, instead of being thrown back into the furnace, is allowed to pass through the branch tube into the ventilating flue, and so continue until six the next morning, the interior of the ventilating flue will become so thoroughly heated, that it will continue to rarefy the air in it sufficiently to create an upward draft for many hours the next day. At six in the morning, then, the furnace register is re-opened to warm the house, and the communication with the ventilating flue closed. Now if this ventilating flue be connected with the room by an aperture near the ceiling, the course of the air will be as fol-

lows. Entering the cellar air-box cold and pure, it passes round the furnace, and ascends to the room warm and pure. After serving to heat the room, circulating through it and becoming old, respired air, it is sucked up into the ventilating flue and passes off, to make room for more. Thus a constant current of pure, warm air may be kept up. The noted apparatus of Van Hecke, in use at the Necker Hospital in Paris, is very similar to this, with the exception of a ventilating fan, driven by steam, in the cellar. The ventilating apparatus propels from sixty to one hundred and twenty cubic inches of pure air, hourly, for each bed.

Light we firmly believe to be connected in some as yet unknown manner with the vital processes of life. As with plants,—as with the eggs of the frog,—which will not develop in darkness, why not with man? Humboldt inclines to the opinion, that exposure of the whole body to the sunlight, as among many savage nations, is very favorable to a good physical conformation. Want of sunlight in basements, narrow alleys, mines, and prisons, produces anæmia, and a pallid, earthy skin; the occupants of such apartments seem etiolated, like celery. Chlorosis is notoriously prevalent among the kitchen-girls of London, who live in cellars and basements. Above all, the influence of the sun is necessary for children. Unfortunately, fashion and the upholsterer exclude the light from the large-windowed parlor, as well as from the low basement. It is the *mode* to live and move in a gloomy, but becoming shade. The mortality of a barrack in St. Petersburg, on the dark side, was two hundred times greater than on the side on which the sun shone.

Efforts have been made, in London and in Boston, to improve the crowded condition of the poor by Model Houses, which give all the inmates certain common privileges, and two good, clean rooms, or more, at a moderate expense. So far as they have been carried out, they have been not only successful in their main object, but a good investment for the builders.

We have said enough, perhaps, about water. We will only call attention to the relatively large consumption of our chief cities, in which Boston heads the list. The average daily consumption of water per head — including domestic and manu-

facturing purposes, baths, stables, fires, and other uses—is, for different cities, as follows: by an inhabitant of Paris, $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons; of Vienna or Constantinople, 15 gallons; of Edinburgh, 19 gallons; of London, 20 gallons; of Philadelphia, 30; of New York, 40; and of Boston, 43 gallons. How much of this is consumption, and how much waste?

The persistence in old abuses, arising from an ignorance of hygienic laws, furnishes us with a fearful list of what may be properly called *preventable deaths*. Dr. Playfair thinks there are every year in Lancashire 14,000 deaths which might be prevented,—which are unnatural, and which ought not to take place,—but which do take place, in consequence of a violation of sanitary laws. An ingenious approximate calculation is made as follows. Taking the least unfavorable sanitary conditions of a certain number of people, living in sixty-four districts, in various parts of England, as a standard, we may reckon the difference between this and the general mortality as preventable, and make our estimates accordingly. The people now referred to dwell in sixty-four districts, extending over 4,797,315 square miles; and their number is 973,070, or nearly a million of souls. Although living, undoubtedly, under many favorable sanitary conditions, yet investigation will lead to the detection of many sources of insalubrity; such as small, close, and crowded bed-rooms, and a neglect of personal cleanliness and that of their surroundings. And yet, after all, the mortality annually, per 1,000, of this million of men, women, and children, year after year, does not exceed 17. Setting out from this standard, we are safe in affirming that the deaths in a people exceeding 17 in 1,000 annually are unnatural deaths. In London, during the sixteenth century, 50 persons died, every year, out of every 1,000; consequently the excess over 17 was 33. That this excess was not inevitable is now demonstrated; for, with a great increase in population, the mortality has fallen to 25 in 1,000. Is the excess of 8 deaths a year among every 1,000 living inevitable? This cannot be admitted for a moment, if we regard the as yet imperfect state of the sanitary arrangements of London. Neither is the excess of 5 deaths a year—the mortality of England and Wales being 22 in 1,000—inevitable, with the evidence of the violations of hygiene

before our eyes in every district. If we extend the argument to all of Great Britain and Ireland, we find by calculation, that there are nearly eight millions of people who do not live out half their days; a hundred and forty thousand of them die, every year, unnatural deaths; and two hundred and eighty thousand are constantly suffering from actual diseases which do not prevail in healthy places.

In the State of Massachusetts, an estimate exhibits an annual loss to the Commonwealth of from \$ 62,000,000 to \$ 93,000,000 by the premature death of persons over fifteen years of age.

In the town of Preston, the loss of children under five years of age is, among the gentry, $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; but among the operatives, $55\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Infants afford the most perfect test of the sanitary state of a city or town. Their delicate organization succumbs the soonest to any morbid influences which prevail. Thus, the fearful amount of cholera infantum in New York—owing it is thought mainly to impure milk, taken from cows shut up in vile cow-sheds, and fed on distillery slops—is a fair indication of the unhealthiness of the city. The Sanitary Committee believe that \$13,000,000 and 5,000 lives might be annually saved in that metropolis.

Under the general head of *Nuisances* are included special obstructions to the public health, such as accumulations of dung and offal, pig-sties, open privies, obstructed drains, pools of stagnant water, noxious smoke, and other matters coming from manufactories, and especially the animal refuse invariably found in the vicinity of slaughter-houses, all of which act with so much power in the midst of a dense population. Something has been done to regulate nuisances in our laws, more in England, but by far the most in France. There, the whole class is divided into three lists. In the first belong manufactories of sulphuric, hydrochloric, and nitric acids, and other chemicals; melting establishments of fat on open fires; knackery and catgut makers, and manufacturers of animal black, glue, blood-manure, fireworks, matches, and gunpowder. These cannot be within a radius of 3,000 feet of a dwelling-house. In the second class, which are permitted after suitable inquiry, are plaster-kilns, high-pressure steam-engines, gas-works, tanneries, foundries, chandleries, and many others. The third

class must be submitted to inspection, and includes brick-yards, potteries, dye-works, &c. Any manufactory, the processes of which are improved, may pass from one category to another. The excessive annoyance from the smoke of bituminous coal in large cities, as in London and Cincinnati, becomes a question of importance to the public comfort and health. It is difficult to remedy this. Tall chimneys only spread the evil over a more distant district. The subject of intramural interments, the last presented by Dr. Bell, though heretofore much agitated in Great Britain, does not possess a practical interest for American cities, now that suburban cemeteries are universal.

The general conclusions arrived at by the "Committee on Quarantine," at the "Third National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention," are as follows:—

1. No system of quarantine laws can guard against diseases which are capable of spreading by any other means than pure contagion.

2. The line of demarkation between contagious and non-contagious diseases is not so clearly defined as to afford a practical rule for their control.

3. The difficulties of enforcing quarantine, after vessels and passengers have entered port, are so great, that it is hopeless to endeavor to effect anything useful by the old plan.

4. The only possible way of restraining the intercourse between the infected and the uninfected, is by a total separation; and to do this, our ports must be shut against the entrance of vessels from places known to be suffering from infectious diseases to such a degree as to be justly called epidemic.

We have already recorded the vote of the whole convention against *personal quarantine*.

We may affirm from our investigations, that there is only one disease that is purely contagious,—small-pox,—and that that can be guarded against by vaccination; that cholera is epidemic, and not contagious; that of the two other pestilences, yellow-fever and typhus, the former is not contagious personally, the latter feebly contagious, while both are infectious by their *fomites*. Against the *fomites* only—the cargo, hold, and clothes, and not the passengers—of these two dis-

eases, is a quarantine desirable. To be useful, it must be very strict; if very strict, it must cripple commerce.

One suggestion may be of importance,—that a suitable Board of Health, composed equally of practical merchants, physicians, and chemists, have the power, during the warm months, of inspecting all cargoes of a perishable nature, when they enter port. In this manner, any danger will be detected before it can spread far; that which is decomposing can be thrown away; and certain parts of the vessel, or cargo, if from a yellow-fever port, or with typhus on board, can probably be effectually disinfected by chlorine. Let all the sick be cleansed, and brought up freely to the hospitals or the city.

We must never let panic cause us to forget the lesson which the labors of the sanitarian should have taught us,—that Hygiene, and not Quarantine, is the law of health; that the danger is at home, among us, and ever present; that the filth or the sanitary misery of the humblest pauper in our neighborhood affects and threatens us directly; and, finally, that, with all our fears, man was meant to resist disease, to live longer than he does, and to overcome all the sanitary evils of his social state,—that he must do so, or die prematurely, and as the fool dieth. Otherwise, by neglecting health at home, and seeking for it elsewhere, we shall resemble the ambitious man in the fable, who went abroad in a fruitless search for Fortune, and, returning, found her sitting at his own door.

ART. VIII.—*Occasional Productions, Political, Diplomatic, and Miscellaneous, including, among others, A Glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe and the French Revolution of 1848, while the Author resided as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States at Paris.* By the late RICHARD RUSH. Edited by his Executors. With a Copious Index. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860. Royal 8vo. pp. 535.

“Not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles” of American liberty, in all that constitutes true patriotism, was the

venerated Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia. Inheriting from his stern ancestor, Captain John Rush,— a favorite officer of Oliver Cromwell, and a commander of a troop of horse under his eye,— an intelligent devotion to the cause of constitutional freedom, he added to his republican faith the learning of the schools, the virtues of the cloister, and the manners of the court. His services to the cause of American education had a signal commencement, while he was yet a student at Edinburgh, in his negotiations with Dr. Witherspoon, who was induced by his agency to accept the presidency of Princeton College; and for the space of forty-nine years (from the nineteenth to the sixty-eighth year of his age) he ceased not to instruct his fellow-citizens through the press. His four volumes of "Medical Inquiries and Observations," his volume of "Essays, Literary, Moral, and Philosophical," his collection of "Lectures," chiefly introductory to his course on the "Institutes and Practice of Medicine," his "Inquiry into the Effects of Public Punishments," his "Essay on Capital Punishments," his "Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits," his "Observations upon the Study of the Greek and Latin Languages," his "Defence of the Bible as a School-Book," and many other publications, evinced his lively interest in the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. Equally at home among the rich and the poor,— now administering consolation at the bedside of the departing, and anon one of the most resolute in the imposing convocation which decreed the Magna Charta of American liberty,— his life was full of honor, and his death was peace. When at last his career of usefulness was suddenly arrested, it was felt that his country, and especially the city long honored by his well-earned fame, had sustained no common loss. All ranks and conditions lamented his death; but no tribute would have been so grateful to the departed spirit, had it been allowed to linger awhile amidst familiar scenes, as the tears of the poor and the wretched, who, rendered bold by the agony of a great grief, filled the house of mourning with their griefs,— imploring permission once more to gaze upon the face, or at least to touch the coffin, of the benefactor whom they should see no more on earth.

We have briefly adverted to the excellence of his private

character. "Piety to God," one of his biographers remarks, "was an eminent trait in the character of Dr. Rush. In all his printed works, and in all his private transactions, he expressed the most profound respect and veneration for the great Eternal."

"His writings," says Dr. Hosack, "in numerous places bear testimony to his Christian virtues; and in a manuscript letter, written a short time previous to his fatal illness, he candidly declared that he had 'acquired and received nothing from the world which he so highly prized as the religious principles he received from his parents.' It is peculiarly gratifying to observe a man so distinguished in a profession in which, by the illiberal, religious scepticism is supposed to abound, directing his talents to the maintenance of genuine piety and the enforcing of Christian virtue. To inculcate those principles which flow from the source of all truth and purity, and to impart them as a legacy to his children, was an object dear to his heart, and which he never failed to promote 'by constant exhortation and the powerful influence of his own example.'

The second son of this zealous patriot, active philanthropist, and learned physician was Richard Rush, the author of the "Occasional Productions" which have elicited this article. To be the son of such a father was no slight honor, but—fortunate on both sides of the house—he could claim as his maternal grandfather another signer of the Declaration of Independence,—Richard Stockton, of New Jersey.

At the age of fourteen he became a student at Princeton College, and was there graduated in 1797, in his eighteenth year,—the youngest of a class of thirty-three. Having determined to apply himself to the mysteries of Coke and Blackstone, he commenced his legal studies in the office of William Lewis, of whom a graphic portrait was presented by Mr. Horace Binney, in his reminiscences of "The Leaders of the Old Bar of Philadelphia," a work reviewed in our pages for January of this year. At the age of twenty-seven he attracted the notice of the leaders of the Democratic or Republican party, by a speech at a meeting in the State-House yard, in Philadelphia, convened shortly after the attack on the United States frigate Chesapeake. In 1808 he extended his reputation by his defence of Colonel Duane (editor of the Aurora, the great Democratic paper), who was charged with a libel upon Governor McKean. In

January, 1811, he became Attorney-General of Pennsylvania ; and in November of the same year was appointed by Mr. Madison First Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States.

During the war of 1812-14 Mr. Rush was a vigorous champion, in the public prints, of the measures of the Administration ; and to few writers was Mr. Madison so deeply indebted, at a time when many educated men, equally ready with the pen and the voice, considered resistance to government one of the first duties of patriotism.

Early in 1814 Mr. Rush was requested by the President to take his choice between the Attorney-Generalship and the Secretaryship of the Treasury. He selected the former, and occupied the position for three years. After acting as Secretary of State for about six months, in 1816, he was in October, 1817, created Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Great Britain, and he discharged the duties of this post with great reputation for no less than eight years. For the responsibilities of a diplomatist at the court of a great and polished nation Mr. Rush was peculiarly fitted. His honorable descent, his intellectual culture, his intimate acquaintance with English literature, and his courteous manners, were well calculated to command that respect and consideration which further so effectually the official agency of a resident minister.

Amidst the evidences of political decadence which late years have exhibited in the United States, it is pleasant to feel that the mission to England has been, we think we can say without exception, committed to men of culture and refinement. Political partisanship may send boors and drunkards to some European courts ; but a sense of decency still regulates the appointments to others. The personal influence, and the recollections of the personal characteristics, of Adams, Everett, Ingersoll, Lawrence, and Dallas neutralize in the English mind the baleful effects of much Congressional vulgarity and of many a freebooting foray.

In 1833 Mr. Rush favored the world with his interesting "Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London," of which a new edition was published in 1845. "His journal," remarks the Edinburgh Review, "is the evident fruit of a sensible and

virtuous mind,—a mind loving truth, and (what it is strange should be a compliment) desirous of being pleased."

In 1825 Mr. Rush became Secretary of the Treasury, and occupied that post during the administration of John Quincy Adams; and in 1828 he was nominated, on the same ticket with Mr. Adams, for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. In 1836 he was appointed by General Jackson to proceed to England and receive the Smithsonian bequest, and he successfully discharged the duties of this mission. In 1847 he was appointed American Minister at Paris, and was the first foreign ambassador who recognized the new government of 1848. After his return to Philadelphia he withdrew altogether from the cares of public life, dividing his time between the studies of his library and the hospitalities of his parlor, until his decease, on the 30th of July, 1859. An admirable summary of the principal events of his life, accompanied with reflections upon his character, was prepared by his friend, Hon. Henry D. Gilpin, late Attorney-General of the United States, (who survived him only about six months,) and read at a meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, August 8th, 1859. His death was also properly noticed, and a brief sketch of his public services presented, by Senator Pearce, of Maryland, at a meeting of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, held January 28, 1860.

The volume before us is prefaced by a carefully prepared "Introduction," by Mr. Rush's executors, giving a brief history of the "Occasional Productions" which follow. The first title which meets our eye is, "Synopsis of a few Familiar Letters of Washington, to his Private Secretary, Colonel Lear, illustrative of his Domestic Life; with some Reflections. To which are added Four Letters in full." Of this "Synopsis," of which a few copies were published in 1857, the "object was to speak of Washington at home, and thus to deduce from the small facts which drop familiarly from these private letters, whether they touch upon his household economy, his friends, kindred, or servants, reflections upon his domestic character, in proof of its comprehensiveness and richness." In this re-publication we have the "Synopsis" as revised by the author, some emendations, and three letters and a short note believed

to be now for the first time published. The heading of the article is sufficiently attractive,—“ Washington in Domestic Life ”; and we find him here, true to himself, endeavoring to carry out the strict discipline of the camp in the cabals of the kitchen :—

“ He is glad to hear that the affairs of his household in Philadelphia go on so well, and tells Mr. Lear it might not be improper for him to hint how foolish it would be in the servants left there to enter into any combinations for supplanting those in authority (meaning the upper servants). The attempt would be futile, and must recoil upon themselves ; and next, admitting that they were to make the lives of the present steward and housekeeper so uneasy as to induce them to quit, others would be got, and such, too, as would be equally, if not more, rigid in exacting the duty required of the servants below them ; the steward and housekeeper were indispensably necessary in taking the trouble off of Mrs. Washington’s hands and his own, and would be supported in the line of their duty, whilst any attempt to counteract them would be considered as the strongest evidence the other servants could give of their unworthiness. A good and faithful servant, he adds, was never afraid of having his conduct looked into, but the reverse.” (Mount Vernon, June 15, 1791.) — p. 49.

Under date of June 19, 1791, writing from Mount Vernon, Washington tells Mr. Lear,—

“ that in the fall he shall want blankets for his servants and people at Mount Vernon ; and the summer being the best time for buying them, he wishes inquiry to be made on this subject, saying he should want about two hundred. He wants to see Paine’s answer to Burke’s pamphlet on the French Revolution, and requests it may be sent to him. He says that ‘ Paris ’ has grown to be so lazy and self-willed that John, the coachman, says he has no sort of government of him, as he did nothing that he was told to do, and everything he was not.” — p. 50.

And this insubordination in Washington’s household ! Washington’s “ *Private Life* ” indeed ! — there was little of privacy for him. Few things give us a more vivid conception of all that he sacrificed for the public, than the following lines from a letter to Mr. Lear, of which, and of another to the same gentleman, a fac-simile is presented in Mr. Rush’s volume :—

“ Unless some one pops in, unexpectedly, Mrs. Washington and myself will do, what I believe has not been within the last twenty years by us,— that is, sit down to dinner by ourselves.” (Mount Vernon, 31st July, 1797.)

Think of that, husband or wife, whose equanimity is completely destroyed by seeing an extra plate on the table, or hearing an extra voice in the parlor, provocative of the exclamation of "Bore!" Imagine a series of "bores" for every succeeding day of twenty years.

The next article, "Washington, Lafayette, and Mr. Bradford," contains some allusions to Washington while he held the Presidential office, and resided in Philadelphia. The following cannot be read without lively emotion by those who remember Washington's letter on behalf of Lafayette. At the fireside of the chieftain, the French Revolution of course was a frequent theme.

"No single incident among the group of events was ever called up with more intensity of interest than the doom of Lafayette, then a prisoner in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria.

"One evening when Mr. Bradford was there, and no company; none present but the family circle, consisting of the General and Mrs. Washington, his private secretary, with young Custis and his accomplished sisters; and the conversation going on with the wonted dignity and ease of that illustrious circle, the sufferings of Lafayette again became the theme. Washington, as he dwelt upon them, in contrast with the former fortunes and splendid merits of Lafayette in our cause, and recalling scenes also that awoke anew the warmth of his friendship for him, became greatly affected. His whole nature seemed melted. His eyes were suffused. Mr. Bradford saw it all; and what a spectacle to be witnessed by a man whose own bosom was open to every generous impulse! If the great Condé, at the representation of one of Corneille's tragedies, shed tears at the part where Caesar is made to utter a fine sentiment, what was that, in its power to stir the soul, though Voltaire has so emblazoned it, to tears shed by Washington over the real woes of Lafayette! Washington, a nation's founder, and Lafayette, his heroic friend, who had crossed the ocean to fight the battles of liberty by his side! Tears, tears they were fit for the first of heroes to have shed!"

"Going home in the pensive tone of mind which a scene so moving at the fireside of Washington had created, Mr. Bradford sat down and wrote the following simple but touching little stanzas, the off-hand gushings from the heart of a man of sensibility and genius."—pp. 99, 100.

"The Lament of Washington," also published in Griswold's "Republican Court" and "Lossing's Mount Vernon and its

Associations," follows the lines referred to in the above extract. "The Character of Mr. Calhoun," first published in 1850, and well received in South Carolina and elsewhere, is very properly republished among the "Occasional Productions." To this succeeds a "Letter to a Committee of Invitation from the District of Penn, in the County of Philadelphia, referring to the Question of African Slavery and the Compromise Act of 1850"; and this is followed by "A Speech at the Meeting of the Friends of the Constitution and Union, held in Philadelphia, November 21, 1850." In this speech, Mr. Rush gives a spirited and vivid account of the "Federal Procession" in Philadelphia, in 1788. Mr. Webster's reference to this exciting occasion, though he lacked the advantage of personal inspection which Mr. Rush possessed, will be recalled by some of our readers.

"More than all," says Mr. Rush, "there was a SHIP. The name of the ship I thus beheld moving as if by enchantment was the UNION. It was the glorious name, seen waving in the air in her flags, and placed in letters of gold upon her stern. Was not this enough to make Union men of all? The feeling ran through my boyish veins, grew stronger in manhood, and has been a settled conviction in riper years. At all times, fellow-citizens, under all circumstances, at home and abroad, in peace and war, under all administrators, Republican or Whig, Federal or Democratic, let us rally round the Union." — pp. 139, 140.

In 1849, Mr. William H. Trescot, of South Carolina, printed for private distribution, "A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States"; and a copy presented, in 1851, to Mr. Rush, elicited from him a "Letter upon Public and Diplomatic Subjects," dated March 31, 1851. This "Letter," and another, to be noticed presently, excited so much interest in gentlemen to whom they were submitted for perusal, that the author was induced to print a few copies for circulation among his friends. They are now given to the public at large in the volume before us.

In the first of these Letters we are glad to find an emphatic rebuke — a rebuke deriving great weight from the experience, and also from the political affinities, of the censor — to that tone of schoolboy petulance, that vulgar, irrational, arrogant, and ignorant spirit, which disgraces so many American politicians when they have occasion, or make occasion, to refer to England and English institutions.

"Scarcely," Mr. Rush writes, "do I know how to portray the novel feelings to which I have alluded, but will touch upon them. In the day of our comparative weakness, we had a feeling of uneasiness towards England. It was prone to think evil; and, from many and obvious causes, was largely a harsh feeling. It never rose to fear, but was anxious and brooding, from the sense we had of her power. At the present era, the consciousness of our own power appears to be creating an insensibility to hers. The change, so far, is intelligible, to whatever extreme it may have gone. But the new position towards her at which we have arrived in regard to that great test among nations, their power, seems to be bringing in its train another new feeling, even a new doctrine, hitherto as strange. The more strange is it, as the very reverse might rather have been anticipated with the ascending influence of the American name. We would throw her off altogether as our parent stock. We would strike at the very root on which so majestic a political fabric has been raised by us in this new land! In portions of the Middle States, in parts of the great West, and in the Northwest, a doctrine is started, yes, truly, a doctrine is occasionally started and struggles to peep upwards, that we are *not* of the Anglo-Saxon race! This, at first blush, may seem incredible. Indications of it may not have reached you at the South; but so it is. How much farther the notion is to go, what new shapes take, how much more of history is to be changed into fanciful and novel shapes for its sake, and for what ends, passes my comprehension, as it probably will yours.

"Some of the causes of it may be easily read. Others I need not recount. That the English are a mixed race is true; and so much the better for them, as Macaulay has forcibly pointed out in some of the best pages of his History. That Scotland and Ireland are of her home empire all know. That from these portions of it we had large numbers of our people during and before the Revolution, of the highest ability and merit, as well as those of German and Dutch ancestry, and of French, from the Huguenots, is also true; and equally true that the great American family has been strengthened and enriched by subsequent incorporations into it from these and other sources. It was so that Rome attained her final grandeur. But that the charters of the thirteen original Colonies which founded this great nation were all derived from England; that Independence was declared in the English language; that *that* is the language of the nation, its laws, literature, State papers, journals of Congress; of those who sit in its judgment-seats; of all the records of its wonderful colonial growth and importance, as Burke truly, philosophically, and gorgeously described both,

in his imperishable speeches; the language which embalms the immortal story of our Revolution, with Washington at its head, himself of full English descent; the language which its other heroes and sages spoke, and the rich treasures of which formed their minds, taught them to think, and supplied them with the most effective of all their intellectual weapons for arguing down the exercise by England of arbitrary power over us, more, far more, than Grecian or Roman authors, who so often side with power against right; that it is the language in which goes the word of command to our army and navy, and embodies the general orders after victory;—such facts belong to the past, as well as that we inherit trial by jury from the English, the *habeas corpus* from the English, and the great elements of the English common law. The solid, effulgent memory of all cannot be obliterated. They belong to the past. The retrospect of them is the richest that any people under heaven have ever been able to claim as establishing their origin, and stamping the causes of their stupendous advancement in so brief a period of time. England, no other race; England, with her host of famous men, in genius, science, letters; in hardy, persevering, and bold enterprise; in a high-spirited sense of independence and freedom; famous in peace, famous in war; famous all over the globe, by sea and land, before we were founded,—this England, with her wide circle of faults, wider of glory,—is the true parent stock of this great nation, deny it who may; and that she *is*, will stand out in all time as her greatest glory of all.”—pp. 150—153.

The second Letter, to William H. Trescot, is upon “Public and Diplomatic Subjects, with References to the Course of the United States as a Neutral Power, and their Achievements upon the Ocean during the War of 1812.” The writer evinces a lively interest in Mr. Trescot’s researches into our diplomatic history,—researches which, as is well known, resulted in Mr. Trescot’s two treatises, entitled, “Diplomacy of the Revolution,” and “The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams.” We extract a passage from this letter, as a specimen of nervous eloquence seldom surpassed.

“The very act of our going to war was heroic. No language could be too strong in describing it. We were to fight against incalculably more odds than Napoleon did. We went out upon the deep with only a sling in our hands. We went upon the deep against a foe that it might have been thought would at once consign all our ships to its dark caverns. That foe had vanquished French ships wherever to be found,

brave as the French ever are, until all their ships were captured, sunk, or had to seek shelter from destruction by running into their own ports. This was their sole refuge. Not one of them could venture any more upon the ocean, singly or in fleets. Not another gun could Napoleon mount at sea, with all his vast power on land. A similar doom had awaited the navies of Holland, Spain, and all other nations. The idea of our coping with England even elicited sarcasms in the House of Commons. Canning, in one of his speeches, alluded to our flag as '*that little bit of striped bunting.*' Not only did we begin our war after Napoleon had exhausted, to no purpose but disasters to himself, his resources and efforts against England; but there was more to appall us, had *that* feeling been in us. He had drawn upon the whole maritime border of the Mediterranean and Atlantic, among European nations of the Continent conquered and tributary to him, (and which among them were not?) to aid him in ships and seamen to go against England on the seas, or invade her in her island. All these were scattered or demolished. England had driven them all back to port, or made wrecks of them. Duncan at Camperdown, Howe on the 1st of June, '94, Nelson at the Nile, Cochran in Basque Roads, Parker at Copenhagen, Nelson again at Trafalgar,—these names recall vividly, but only in part recall, the destruction which the naval thunders of England dealt among her foes, wherever it was possible for her to assail them. Never before was there such havoc on the sea by one nation against all the rest. All had yielded in hopeless submission to that one. For warlike purposes, it is not too much to say that Europe was annihilated upon the seas. The banner of the United States, alone, floated in solitary fearlessness. Lastly, we began the fight with a navy which was as nothing in size to the French navy, when Napoleon first had the direction of it against England. When, then, in all time, were such odds seen as we had against us? I am unable to remember anything like it.

“ And what was the progress, what the issue, of the contest upon the great highway of nations, as we maintained it, after the daring manner in which we went into it? Instead of our ships of war, few in number as they were, being driven from the seas, as Napoleon's were, they increased in number as the war went on. They increased in the activity of their service and brilliancy of their victories. They were in all seas. They ran down to Cape Horn. They scoured the Pacific. They were all over the Atlantic. They went into the West Indies and the East Indies. Skilfully avoiding the enemy's fleets, they hunted up his single ships. They watched in their paths. They entered the British Channel. In all latitudes they sought this gigantic foe on his own element. They strove to be foremost in the attack. They encountered

him ship to ship, with a chivalry, with a perfection of discipline, with a constant superiority in gunnery,* and with a success utterly before without example by any other nation in the world. In vain did he plead that our ships were heavier than his. Sometimes they were. In some instances it was the reverse. In others *his* were not merely subdued, but shot to pieces and sunk in an almost incredibly short time. Glory, then, to this young and dauntless nation, which, relying upon itself alone to vindicate neutral rights, while Europe with folded arms was waiting to see it sacrificed, speedily and triumphantly broke the terrific spell of English invincibility upon the ocean.

“The result riveted universal attention. Britain had ruled the waves. So her poets sang. So nations felt; all but *this* young nation. Her trident had laid them all prostrate; and how fond was she of considering this emblem as identified with the sceptre of the world! Behold, then, the flag which had everywhere reigned in triumph supreme, sending forth terror from its folds — behold it again, and again, and again, lowered to the stars and stripes which had risen in the new hemisphere. The spectacle was magnificent. The European expectation that we were to be crushed, was turned into a feeling of admiration unbounded. Our victories had a moral effect far transcending the number or size of their ships vanquished. For such a blow upon the mighty name of England, after many idle excuses, she had at last no balm so effectual as that it was inflicted, and could only have been inflicted, by a race sprung from herself.” — pp. 167 – 171.

The “Character of Mr. Canning,” which follows, written while Mr. Rush was Secretary of the Treasury and a member of the Cabinet of President Adams, first appeared in 1827, in the National Intelligencer, and was confidently ascribed to the pen of the President, Mr. Rush’s immediate predecessor at the Court of St. James. It was republished in England and quoted in the House of Lords. It now appears with some corrections by the hand of the author. We are next presented with a “Letter from Paris to Benjamin F. Hallett, of Boston, Chairman of the Committee of the National Convention of the Democratic Party, assembled at Baltimore, declining, as Minister of the United States, to present to the National Assembly and the Executive Government of France Resolutions of Congratulation

* “This is fully admitted by Major General Sir Howard Douglass, in his ‘Treatise on Naval Gunnery,’ a book of high authority, published with the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in England.”

from that Convention,"— a refusal which redounds greatly to Mr. Rush's honor; two essays, entitled "Value of Early Efforts at Excellence," and "Labor Necessary to Eminence,"— from the Philadelphia Portfolio of 1803—4; and three "Letters to Mrs. Rush from London," the first "Describing a Visit in 1836 to Grove Park, the Seat of the Earl of Clarendon," the second "Describing a Visit at Christmas, 1836, to Hagley, the Seat of Lord Lyttelton," and the third "On the Death of William the Fourth, and Accession of Queen Victoria to the British Throne." These Letters will be read at the parlor table, by the female part of the household, with more interest than they are generally disposed to expend upon such historical and political matters as occupy many of the pages of this volume. Mr. Rush was so fortunate as to pass the afternoon and evening with Lord Clarendon, on the day when he had officiated in the morning, as a Privy Councillor, in the duties connected with the ceremony of the passage of the crown to Victoria.

"To his narrative, fresh from the scene," Mr. Rush writes, "we all listened, as you may imagine, from curiosity, if no other feeling.

"The Lord President (Lord Lansdowne) announced to the Council that they had met on the occasion of the demise of the crown; then, with some others of the body, including the Premier, he left the Council for a short time, when all returned with the young Princess. She entered leaning upon the arm of her uncle, the Duke of Sussex. The latter had not before been in the Council-room, but resides in the same Palace, and had been with the Princess in an adjoining apartment. He conducted her to a chair at the head of the Council. A short time after she took her seat, she read the declaration which the sovereign makes on coming to the throne, and took the oath to govern the realm according to law, and cause justice to be executed in mercy.

"The members of the Council then successively kneeled, one knee bending, and kissed the young Queen's hand as she extended it to each; for now she was the veritable Queen of England. Lord C. described the whole ceremony as performed in a very appropriate and graceful manner by the young lady. Some timidity was discernible at first, as she came into the room in presence of the Cabinet and Privy Councillors; but it disappeared soon, and a becoming self-possession took its place. He noticed her discretion in not talking, except as the business of the ceremonial made it proper, and confining herself chiefly, when she spoke, to Lord Melbourne, as official head of the ministry, and her uncle the Duke of Sussex.

"We heard all about it before it could get into the newspapers, a rare thing in England, his Lordship having come almost immediately from the Palace, to greet his friends expected at this dinner.

"The important points of the story of the day told, and the dessert course finished, our accomplished host [Lord Clarendon], addressing himself to me, with his mild expression of countenance tinged with archness, blandly remarked, 'How sadly you in your country have departed from the example of your good old English stock!' 'How?' I asked. 'How?' he replied; 'why, could you elect a lady President of the United States?' This was something of a posing question, under the event and topics of the day. I sheltered myself by saying it was a constitutional question we had not yet raised. 'Ah,' he said, 'you *know* you could not; but we in Old England can now call up the classic days of our good Queen Annè, and the glories of Elizabeth; but as for *you*, you are in love with that Salic law,—you will have none but men to rule over you; no lady, however beautiful or accomplished, can you ever put at the head of your nation, degenerate race that you have become!'" — pp. 264–267.

"I follow up the Smithsonian legacy," he adds, "in a way that I hope may induce the Chancery lawyers to make an end of the business the sooner, if only to get rid of my teasing."

These racy Letters are followed by the "Correspondence with the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, (under an Official Call,) setting forth the Construction placed upon the Article in Relation to the Newfoundland Fisheries, in the Convention at London of 1818, by the Negotiators of that Treaty. With an Explanatory Letter from the Author to his Executors."

The rest of the volume is occupied by "A Glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe in 1847–1848; and the French Revolution which followed, while the Author resided as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Paris."

The interest excited at home by Mr. Rush's prompt action in acknowledging the Provisional Government, will be remembered by many of our readers. The new government was proclaimed on the 26th of February, 1848; on the 27th, M. Lamartine, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, officially notified the foreign ambassadors and ministers of the fact, and on the very next day Mr. Rush formally acknowledged the French Republic, and proffered to it the congratulations of the Republic

of the United States. The considerations which induced a diplomatist of large experience and cautious character to venture on so bold a proceeding, are well explained by himself:—

“ Unwilling to take it [the step] without the knowledge of the Diplomatic Corps, not one of whom had I seen since the Revolutionary whirlwind, I determine to inform the English Ambassador, and, after my interview with Mr. Walsh, I call on Lord Normanby. Meeting Mr. Martin on my way, I invite him to go with me. His well-trained judgment, concurring with that of Mr. Walsh in the propriety of the course I had resolved on, gives me the united voice of my legation in its favor.

“ I found Lord Normanby at home. On the first intimation of my object, he mentioned what the morning papers had announced, but what I had not seen ; namely, that I had already acknowledged the Provisional Government. I told him it was not the case, but that I was about to do so ; perhaps to-morrow. It was not agreeable to me, I said, to separate myself from my colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps on this occasion, even temporarily, as would probably be the case ; but I would not place myself in that situation without giving them information, and trusted to their liberal estimate of my position for rightly viewing the step I was about to take. I was too far off from my country to wait for instructions. Before they could arrive, events here might show that I had fallen into undue delay. The Provisional Government proclaimed a Republic as the government of France. France was our early friend and ally, when we were struggling for admission into the family of nations. She had now proclaimed a government like ours ; and my belief was that my government would expect me to be prompt in acknowledging it. These were the considerations appealing to me in the present exigency. It was to this general effect I made known my intention ; adding, that I came to him first, from the great intercourse between our two countries, as well as from my personal relations with himself.

“ It was plain that the English Ambassador had not expected such a communication from me. He asked if I designed it merely as a communication of my intention, and nothing more ; or whether I wished the expression of any opinions from him. I said I should be happy to hear any opinions he would express. He then said, that as to my distance, it was indeed peculiar to my case ; neither upon that, or the other considerations to which I had adverted, was it for him to offer an opinion ; it was for me alone to attach to them whatever weight I thought fit. But otherwise my course, he must say, struck him as unusual.” — pp. 370—372.

Let us follow Mr. Rush to the Hôtel de Ville :—

“Conducted into the room where the Provisional Government was sitting, I addressed myself to its president and members, by saying, that, too distant from my country to wait instructions, I sought the first opportunity of offering my felicitations to the Provisional Government, believing that my own government would transmit to me its sanction of the early step I was taking; that the remembrance of the ancient friendship and alliance which once joined together France and the United States was still strong among us; that the cry would be loud and universal in my country for the prosperity and greatness of France under the new institutions she had proclaimed, subject to ratification by the national will; that, under similar institutions, the United States had enjoyed a long course of prosperity; that their institutions had been stable; and while they left to all other countries the choice of their own forms of government, they would naturally rejoice to see this great nation flourish under forms like their own, which had been found to unite social order with public liberty. I concluded with a repetition of the hope General Washington expressed to the French Minister, Adet, at Philadelphia, in 1796,—that the friendship of the two Republics might be commensurate with their existence.

“M. Arago, on the part of the Provisional Government, replied, that its members received without surprise, but with lively pleasure, the assurance of the sentiments I expressed; France expected them from an ally to whom she now drew so close by the proclamation of a Republic; he thanked me, in the name of the Provisional Government, for the wishes I had expressed for the prosperity and greatness of France, and concluded with responding to the words I had recalled of the great founder of our Republic.

“The venerable Dupont de l'Eure, official head of the Government, and eighty years of age, then approached me. Taking me by the hand, he said, ‘Permit me, in thus taking you by the hand, to assure you that the French people grasp that of the American nation.’” — pp. 374, 375.

The whole sketch should be read in connection with Lord Normanby's “Year of Revolution,” and Louis Blanc's “Historical Revelations.” The references to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in Mr. Rush's “Glance” will excite special interest. The following extract from a speech of the present Emperor of France, delivered June 12th, 1848, may, to borrow Gibbon's phrase, “make the philosopher smile” :—“The Empire! who wishes for it? It is a chimerical notion; it will remain as a

great epoch in history, but can never be revived." But they "have changed all that now"!

In conclusion, we need hardly remark that Rush's "Occasional Productions" constitute a book of deep and permanent interest, which must take its place in the historical library by the side of the volumes of Sparks, Everett, Bancroft, Trescot, and Wheaton. Could we be assured of a succession of American statesmen and diplomatists of the same stamp as Richard Rush, we might confidently calculate for the future upon good management at home and reputable representation abroad.

ART. IX.—*Lectures on the English Language.* By GEORGE P. MARSH. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860. 8vo. pp. 697.

We have already expressed our high sense of the worth of these Lectures; else we should not employ their title as our text, without some detailed analysis of their contents. Our present purpose is to discuss but one of the many fruitful topics presented by Mr. Marsh, namely, the diversities in the English tongue as spoken in England and in America.

It has for some time been the fashion, among a certain class of semi-political critics, to favor the impression that the language of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family is gradually diverging into two appreciably distinct dialects. On the one side, the English critics, ignoring the inherent tendency of every language to expand itself so long as there is any creative vigor left in the nation that uses it, or at any rate unwilling to acknowledge that *we* have any such co-ordinate inheritance in and power over the common language as that *we* may rightfully give it such expansion, have been too ready to stigmatize all the contributions which the vigor of American life, or the new exigencies of American literature, have made to the language, as innovations, corruptions, barbarisms. On the other side, along with much foolish talk about a national American literature, has sprung up among many American

writers a disposition to claim that there is, and of right ought to be, full license allowed to this great, free American people to modify the language, as they have modified customs, institutions, and laws, quite independently of foreign models, so as to adapt it to the peculiar wants and characteristics of the American mind ; and though we do not find many writers going so far as to insist upon an American language, yet they do insist upon being absolved from all allegiance, and even from any special deference, to English use and authority.

Now it is gratifying to those who love the English language and English literature more than they love or hate any distinctions of British or American, to be able to confront this folly with the wonderful fact, that, in spite of the many causes which for two centuries have been co-operating to make two distinct nations, the language of both is so nearly the same, that each has more and wider varieties within its own circuit than the two when compared in the aggregate. Indeed, when we consider how sensitive language is to external circumstances, to the influences of climate and scenery, to the changes, physical, intellectual, social, and moral, through which a people may pass ; when we remember that for a full half of this period of two hundred years — and that the first half, when of course changes in the language would have fixed themselves most permanently — there was of necessity but little intercourse between the two countries, and that books were dear, and the press was but feeble ; and when we take into the account that for the last century there has been a constant influx of foreigners of all nations, who have mingled freely with our own people, and can hardly have melted into the mass without tinging it to some extent, — the fact that, in spite of all this, the language of the two nations is substantially the same, is one of the most wonderful and gratifying in the whole history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It seems to say : “ Split the race in two, and put them in opposite quarters of the globe ; then set them at variance, so that for decades of their history they shall hate each other as only members of the same family can hate ; send hordes of barbarians to mingle with the emigrant branch, bringing new elements into the general character, and new sounds and idioms into the common language, — and yet the

two branches will go on developing, independently in the main, their characters, modes of life, institutions, and laws, and at the end of two centuries they will be substantially one people in every one of their grand characteristics, and in their language, which is the exponent of all the rest.” This result most emphatically verifies the deep-seated and essential oneness of the two nations, and rebukes alike those politicians who are so ready to foment British and American antipathies in the one great Anglo-Saxon family, and those critics who would encourage a British and an American dialect of the one common English tongue.

But having been led thus far into a statement of the circumstances tending to produce divergence between the speech of the mother country and that of her emigrant children, and finding much more cause to wonder that this divergence is so small than that it is sufficient to be discernible, we feel bound — at any rate the inquiry is an interesting one — to account for this surprising uniformity of speech in the two countries, in spite of the apparently strong influences tending to the corruption and confusion of the English language in America. In pursuing this inquiry, we ought to take special notice of the fact, that, before the English language had become domiciliated in this country, it had reached a point of maturity beyond which no very great and radical changes were to be expected. If it had been planted here during its formative process, as was the case with the Greek language in the colonies, its after-growth would doubtless have been affected by the diversity of circumstances to which it would have been exposed in the two countries. If, for instance, — supposing that possible, — English colonists had settled America a hundred and fifty years earlier than they did, bringing with them the English of Chaucer and Wickliffe’s Bible instead of that of Shakespeare and King James’s version, it can hardly be doubted that an entirely different and an essentially ruder dialect would have grown up in the Colonies. But as it was, the English colonists brought with them a full-grown language, which had been the speech of the Court and of Parliament and of the tribunals of justice for two hundred years, which was now to a considerable extent the language of the University and of scholars, whose sinewy

vigor and succinct proportions betokened the early manhood of its career, and whose form had been forever fixed in some of the noblest literature it can be expected ever to embody,—in the poetry of Spenser and Shakespeare, and in the prose of Hooker and the English Bible.

It requires no unpardonable amount of enthusiasm in the American scholar to believe that the circumstance of the present version of the English Bible having appeared at the time it did, had some providential reference to the wants of the new empire just then about to rise in the West. This version, destined so long to be the oracle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was published just nine years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Now it is safe to assert, and would have required no uncommon powers of prophecy then to foresee, that, whatever new version might thereafter appear in England, the Bible which those worthies brought with them, which they read and prayed over in the *Mayflower*, out of which they derived the authority for their new social and their old ecclesiastical polity, which was their palladium through all the dangers and trials of their early settlements, on which their first civil officers had been sworn, out of which the first marriages and deaths had been solemnized, would have such a hold on the memories and affections of their children and children's children, that it would be impossible here to supplant it by any other for many generations. Happily—providentially, we will say—this version was one of such excellence that it was not supplanted by any other at home; but has continued to this day to teach the two nations, morning and evening, for two and a half centuries, along with its lessons of love to God and love to man, attachment—reverence almost—for the purest and raciest English that can be found in our literature. Indeed, we imagine that a due estimate of the influence which the English Bible has had, during so long a time, in keeping the language of these two Bible-reading people from corruption and from divergence, would at first sight appear exaggerated and fanciful.

Thus much being premised,—that the English language when planted in America had attained a point in its development at which more was to be feared from its not being maintained as it was than from its not being improved, and that

its shape had been fixed in a sterling literature, especially in the English Bible,—we must recognize, as foremost among the influences which contributed to its conservation, the intellectual character and habits of the American people. The leading men in all the Colonies, and the majority in New England, were men of considerable education and culture. Not a few were scholars from the Universities. From the very outset, the intellectual wants of the new people were as clamorous and as faithfully consulted and provided for as those of the body. In the midst of all their hardships and straits, the colonists were a reading, thinking, studious people. They were fond of hearing sermons, of perusing books of divinity and devotion, of discussing in public questions of theology and morals, and of haranguing and being harangued on all sorts of subjects. And this character, thus early exhibited, the American people have always maintained. Though not an eminently conversational people, we are more given to reading and to speech-making than any other people in the world. And it is easy to see that this constant familiarity with the language of books and of public addresses would keep the general ear true to the purer standards of the language.

Still, no doubt, much importance ought to be attributed to the influence of intercourse between this and the mother country in maintaining uniformity of language. For, as a matter of fact, the time when Americanisms sprang up in the greatest number and most abounded in the current literature was just the time when there was the least intercourse, personal or literary, between the two countries. If one wished to make a list of Americanisms, he would find more in the publications of the last quarter of the last century than in those of any other period of the same length. On the other hand, we think it safe to say that there never has been a time since this country had a literature of its own, when fewer deviations from English usage were current than now. For a considerable part of the colonial period, the language was studiously subjected to English authority, and seems to have varied from it but little. As we draw toward the period of the Revolution, the diminishing deference to and dependence upon the mother country show themselves in more marked and increasing departure

from English usage. The maximum of divergence is attained during the period intervening between the Declaration of Independence and the war of 1812,—since which time, the greater literary activity of this country, increased facilities for travel, the freer circulation in either country of the literature of the other, and the attention paid to the study of philology in both countries, have brought the language of the two nations, by an almost equal approach, nearly to convergence. There is doubtless a good deal that is fanciful in this mode of statement, and many glaring exceptions might be easily adduced; but we believe that, if not too literally applied to individual cases, it fairly represents the general history of Americanisms.

What is an Americanism? Not any chance misuse of English of which an American writer, or even a coterie of American writers, may be guilty, nor the vulgarity of a particular clique or locality. It is unjust to invest these occasional anomalies and provincialisms with the dignity of national peculiarities, and to label a list of them laboriously scraped together from all the trash and rubbish of literature, and from the offscourings of society, "A Dictionary of Americanisms." Let our Joel Barlowisms, our Websterisms, the slang of the backwoods, the bar-room, and the stump, the dialects of Mississippi boatmen, of Bowery Boys, and of Yankee pedlers, be styled and denominated by their specific names; but to publish them to the world as "Americanisms," is to convey the impression that they form part of the common speech of the country. It would be equally fair and just to cull the choice phrases of the London thieves, and the uncouth barbarisms of Staffordshire miners and Yorkshire laborers, and, interspersing with them the distorted and grimaced monsters of the Carlyle diction, and the vagaries of Pinkerton, to label the whole so as to convey the impression that all this is a part of the common speech of England. An Americanism is a word or phrase, old or new, employed by general and respectable usage in this country in a way not sanctioned by the best standards of the English language. We do not admit that every new word which happens to see the light first in this country is therefore an Americanism. The English language is no longer the language of England merely, and while we allow that

everywhere there ought to be deference to English authority, as due to the land which nurtured the language from its infancy, and which still, by her genius, literature, and learning, does most to illustrate and preserve it, we still hold that any legitimate contribution made to its growth or improvement in any portion of its domain is entitled to be counted part of the *English* language. So we hold that any new word, if honestly born, and adapted to general needs and usages, is not American, or Australian, but English. On this principle such words as *Presidential* and *Congressional* are not justly stigmatized as Americanisms; for, though of American origin, they are framed according to the analogy of the language, are obviously necessary words, and would doubtless have been formed and used long ago in the mother country, if there had been equal occasion for them. The same may be said of *immigrant*, *prairie*, and many other words which will readily suggest themselves. Again, a word may be used in a sense characteristic of this country, and yet not be an Americanism. For instance, in England, the adjective "sick" (though not the noun, *sickness*) is colloquially restricted to "sickness at the stomach,"—so much so, that the expression "sick with a cold, or fever," would mark one as an American,—who would nevertheless be in the right, and would be using no Americanism, but good standard English. Again, the spelling of such words as "center," and "traveler" is not an Americanism, though to be found in a few American books, but a *Websterism*, not adopted and sanctioned by such general usage as to entitle it to the national appellative. On the other hand, a word or a construction may be an Americanism, though a collector of rarities may find it in some standard English author. Here, we think, is a fallacy in the commonly received logic of language, which deserves to be exposed. That a particular usage is unauthorized is a *universal negative*, proverbially difficult to maintain, and in the matter of language extremely hazardous to assert. Your reading—somewhat extensive, you flatter yourself—furnishes no instance of such a usage. Your ear—attuned, as you think, to the genuine tones of the language—pronounces it harsh, foreign. A hundred well-trained eyes concur in rejecting it as unmistakably spurious. But publish it to the millions

of eyes and ears and memories, and a thousand to one, some one will apprise you that in some past century of English literature, some author, standard and representative of his time, it may be, has given his sanction to this very usage,— and your universal negative is disproved. He may have thrown it off in mere indolence, or wantonness, or even ignorance: he may have been driven to the wall for a rhyme; it is at any rate a *ἀπαξ λεγόμενον*,— but there it is, and you are answered. Your objection is pronounced “frivolous and vexatious.” But are you answered? Is every freak, even of a great writer, to be reverenced and made a standard? There need be no other refutation of this favorite argument than a *reductio ad absurdum* by applying it to a few standard writers. Shall we use *to lay* intransitively because Pope did, or employ double superlatives because both Shakespeare and Milton did? The true principle is that laid down by Quintilian: “Etiam si potest nihil peccare qui uitetur iis verbis quæ summi auctores tradiderunt, multum refert non solum quid *dixerint*, sed etiam quid PERSUASERINT.”* The assertion that a particular usage is unauthorized in general, or is an Americanism in particular, does not depend for its validity on the impossibility of finding a single instance of it in the whole range of reputable literature, but upon the preponderating testimony of good use, past and present,— testimony negative, as well as positive,— the testimony of silence, as well as that of express sanction.†

We propose now to inquire into the actual amount and kind of divergence between the present recognized and habitual speech of this country and that of England.

Whenever an Englishman and an American discuss the rival claims of their respective countries to pre-eminence, both

* Query: Would not this be a good motto for the proposed Dictionary of the London Philological Society?

† For example,— we were under the impression that the use of “drank” instead of “drunk,” for the past participle of *drink*, was an Americanism; but we succeeded in finding two or three instances of this use in English poets,— enough to furnish an opportunity for the kind of rejoinder alluded to. We have therefore not ventured to maintain the charge in the open field,— though here, under cover of the privilege allowed us in a note, we do slyly assert that this *is* an Americanism.

are sure to appeal triumphantly to the superior character of their respective languages. "What horrible work you Englishmen make with your *h*'s and *v*'s! What barbarous dialects are spoken in your provincial districts! It is n't at all certain that two freeborn Englishmen from different counties can understand each other. Really, you will have to come to America to learn the English language!" On the other hand, the thoroughbred Englishman retorts: "What ill-breeding you Yankees show in your speech! What a disgusting slang one hears in your villages and on your plantations! What shockingly low expressions your professional men use!" True all, in the main; and any attempt to state in few words the relative claims of the English language as spoken here and in England, must amount to this,—that here the many speak better than in England, the few not so well. In England a man's language is, in general, a fair test of his education and social position; here, one man's language, like his clothes and his manners, is about the same as his neighbor's, and all, on the whole, very good, and very much above the average in England. And this is our boast,—if we must boast,—that the spectacle of so many millions, covering nearly a whole continent, all speaking the same tongue with such uniform and general purity, without any variations approaching to a diversity of dialect, is the proudest triumph the English language, or any human language, has yet achieved.

It would be naturally enough expected that as in everything else, so in language, Americans would not feel themselves so much bound by conventional rules as the English. Now, perhaps more than any other language, the English is subject to rules wholly conventional and arbitrary. The elements of which it is composed are so heterogeneous, its tributary wealth has been to such an extent conglomered into a mass, rather than organized into a living unity, that to a great degree its only integrity is due to the maintenance of the minute rules imposed by use upon individual cases. How unlike in this respect it is to such a language as the Italian, in which every word is pronounced exactly as it is written, and which in all its departments is so regular that it seems more like the invention of a single mind, deliberately planned and elaborated

under the constant supervision of law, than a growth under the various disturbing influences of social life! Imagine, for instance, the English become a dead language, its literature remaining, but all dictionaries and philological treatises lost, and Macaulay's *New-Zealander* studying it by grammar, as we study Greek and Latin. What a figure our orthoepy and etymology would make in such a grammar! What an endless investigation of anomalies the study would necessarily be! Now in this country various circumstances have given the language a tendency toward regularity and uniformity. Not only is it a general characteristic of the American mind, in all departments of activity, to systematize in disregard of conventionalisms, but, owing to the circumstance of our being a reading rather than a conversational people, many anomalies, especially in pronunciation, have become first unfamiliar, then repulsive, and finally outcast. Such, for example, has been the fate of the words "clerk" and "sergeant," still pronounced *clark* and *sargeant* in England. Such once promised to be the fate of "wound" (*woond*) and "deaf" (*dēf*). A feeling of dissatisfaction with this anomalous condition of the language, a conviction that these apparent crudities ought to be and might be removed, and the language further developed into something more nearly approaching regularity and consistency, has often sprung up, and sometimes in some slight degree asserted itself during the last two hundred years. But we apprehend that this reform-spirit mistakes the genius of the language it would curve into propriety; that, as it is not a homogeneous language, it cannot be reduced to perfect regularity; that, after all, many of its seeming inconsistencies are only so in seeming, and not in reality, and many more add to its variety and strength. The issue of all the experiments in this direction very emphatically confirms our view. While the result of this tendency in our country has been some few manifest improvements now generally adopted,—as, for instance, the omission of the *u* in the termination *our* in certain words,—still it must be confessed that but few of the many changes proposed have won or are likely to win their way to permanence. Many which twenty years ago promised to live, have been abandoned, and Webster, their champion, who prob-

ably owed much of his former popularity to these changes, is now for the very same reason likely to fall below his deserved reputation, while his own editor and reputed successor has given them up as hopeless. Whether this tendency to force uniformity upon the language will maintain its ground in this country, and what success it is to have in bringing our refractory tongue under the laws of analogy and consistency, remain yet to be seen. The indications, however, are now decidedly unfavorable to such innovations. It is gratifying to see that Worcester's Dictionary, which bids fair to exercise a predominant influence over American speech for many years to come, takes the true scholarly position, that long-established good usage is not to be set aside by any appeals to abstract principles. Meanwhile, no better counsel can be addressed to any who in either country are seeking to improve the language, than the following from the pen of Henry Rogers : —

“ Whatever deflection may have taken place in the original principles of a language, whatever modification of form it may have undergone, it is at each period of its history the product of a slow accumulation and countless multitudes of associations which can neither be hastily formed nor hastily dismissed ; that these associations extend even to the modes of spelling and pronouncing, of inflecting and combining words ; and that anything which suddenly breaks in upon such associations impairs, for a time at least, the power of the language.”

The most marked specific difference in the language, as used by the English and by Americans, is that which an intelligent traveller would notice in the language of conversation. The Americans, as has been intimated, are not an eminently conversational people. They are talkative, but the talk does not naturally assume the style of conversation.* Every one who has happened to overhear to any considerable extent the talk of the rail-car, the inn, or the sidewalk, must have noticed that the moment two persons leave the common topics of business or chitchat, and broach subjects of general interest, they

* Our strictures upon the lack of a colloquial dialect as characterizing American speech, are somewhat more strictly applicable to the Northern than to the Southern States.

fall to speech-making, and use the formal and ambitious phraseology of the harangue. Whether it is a constitutional trait, or whether it is due to the peculiar discipline of American institutions, at any rate the manifest destiny of Americans is toward speech-making whenever they open their mouths. The English, on the other hand, have a constitutional dread of speeches. Even in Parliament, the occasion hardly presents itself once in a session which justifies or makes tolerable, according to the sentiment of either House, anything above "animated conversation on public business," as Parliamentary oratory has been so happily defined. We have heard it suggested,—and we think the suggestion quite reasonable,—that the horrible practice of hem-hem-ing and ha-ha-ing which so disfigures the speeches of British statesmen and diners-out, is partly affected, in order to quell all suspicions of premeditated eloquence. At any rate, the honorable gentleman who has just floundered through his ten-minutes after-dinner speech, with infinite abstractions, and amid the wrecks of sentences, will retire with you into the drawing-room, and join at once, and with perfect ease, in the natural and equitable flow of conversation. Not that the English are remarkably happy in conversation: far from it. The versatility and sprightliness which are necessary to good conversation belong much more naturally to the American than to the English character. But the language of conversation heard in cultivated English families is certainly the most perfect of its kind,—choice and pure as the language of scholars, but simple and natural as the language of peasants. Here, on the contrary, in consequence of the speech-making propensity—the *lues oratoria*—and of the universal habits of reading, conversation is carried on in a style either decidedly low or decidedly high. Only in a few specially cultivated families—*old* families, if we may venture the obnoxious expression—do we hear that medium style of speech, that natural, plain, unstudied utterance, equally removed from pedantry and vulgarity, which is the charm of conversation. The talk of the educated abounds in bookish expressions and constructions, and in words of Latin derivation. The book-rule, for instance, that it is inelegant to end a sentence with a preposition, has such terrors for us, that we compel ourselves to the formality

of promoting the particle to the beginning of relative clauses. Many expressions, which our inkhorn prudery would condemn as improper and indelicate, are of every-day use in England, and do not shock ears the most polite. This bookish fastidiousness of ours would obviously tend to let slip out of use and memory many of the *idiotisms** of our tongue, those condensed, economical, pithy, sometimes rough expressions through which the homely vigor of a language finds utterance. As a matter of fact, many such expressions, still current in England, are out of vogue here. The educated substitute for them the tamer, less expressive circumlocutions of books ; but that warmth of feeling in the vulgar, which instinctively aims at something forcible and telling, has, for lack of these genuine old bits of Anglo-Saxon feeling and wit, manufactured a host of slang phrases, most of which are as extravagant and unnatural as they are low and coarse.

It is worthy of notice that the general standard of appeal in questions of language is different in the two countries. In England there are certain classes and professions in which it is almost a point of honor and conscience to speak good English, and the members of which do, as a matter of fact, speak with such acknowledged care and accuracy, that their practice is recognized as authoritative. In spite of the horrid work occasionally made by Irish and country members, the usage of Parliament is accounted good, and is appealed to as such. That such a word was so used by a dignitary of the Church, by a prominent member of the bar, or by the *Times* newspaper, is usually decisive of its correctness. Now where have we a class of men to whom any one thinks of appealing ? Our only resort is the *Dictionary*, and thus a lexicographer who can, by one means or another, get the ascendancy, forces all his caprices and notions up to the dignity of a standard. Who ever quotes *Congressional* usage, unless to show how

* Mr. Marsh discriminates thus excellently between *idiom* and *idiotism*: " *Idiom*, in its proper sense, signifies the totality of the general rules of construction which characterize the syntax of a particular language and distinguish it from that of other tongues. *Idiotism*, on the other hand, should be taken to denote the systematic exemption of particular words, or combinations of particular words, from the general syntactical rules of the language to which they belong."

low a style of language prevails in our national legislature? "In truth," said Mr. Webster, "I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our Congressional debates." The newspaper press of this country, adopting too often the morals and the politics of the mob, takes their language too, and what is in other countries, and ought to be everywhere, the conservator and the model of pure language, here gives sanction and currency to all sorts of slang,— to the terms of the card-table, the ring, and the pit. Compare, merely on the score of language, the leading and most widely circulated dailies of New York with those of London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin, and see in part the explanation of the fact, that in no country is so much slang spoken by educated people as here. If there is any class of men in this country to whose example and influence the ordinary speech of the country is under obligations, that class is unquestionably the clergy,— even with all the faults justly chargeable upon them. They certainly, as a body, use better language than any other class in the community, and their example has long been almost the only oral witness against the wide-spread tendency to vulgarisms and slang in the popular speech of the country. Now we know, and are glad to recognize, the compensating fact, that here every one speaks so comparatively well that there is no room for such broad distinctions as those which prevail in England, and which constitute the title of certain classes to give the law. Yet it still remains true, that the natural tendency of the spoken language is always toward corruption and vulgarism, unless upheld by the actual practice of the influential men,— and these are, in the main, the professional men of a community.

Before passing on to notice differences in the collocation of words, in phrases, and in single words, it ought to be suggested that there is a class of men in this country who studiously conform themselves to English models, and never allow themselves to depart from what would be sanctioned by the highest actual and present English authority. In the criticisms which follow, the practice of such men is not taken into the account. We regard as American usage whatever is sanc-

tioned by so large a number of respectable writers and speakers as to be general, though not universal.

It is very common with all but the most scrupulous writers in this country to put an adverb between the "to" and the infinitive; as, "to clearly prove," instead of "to prove clearly," or "clearly to prove." One may meet with this construction now and then in careless English writers, but in American publications, both newspapers and solid books, it occurs constantly and without rebuke. *Help* almost always in conversation, and very generally in writing, loses the "to" which should follow it before an infinitive. "Will you help me *do*," instead of "to *do*, a thing?" "Either" is applied to one of several, though properly it applies only to one of two. Both Webster and Worcester sanction this usage, the former even placing it first in order. We think it would be difficult to find an example of this in any good modern English author. The elliptical form of sentence ending in "to" with an infinitive suppressed, which most Americans allow themselves to use in conversation,—"I have never seen Niagara, but should very much like to,"—is never heard in England: in such cases the Englishman ends his sentence with "to do" or "to do so." Indeed, Americans in England notice that the English require of the word "do" an unusual amount of vicarious work.

There is a class of words which, though strictly Americanisms, according to our definition, are occasionally found in respectable English writers. They seem, however, to be denied in England the full citizenship which our laxer naturalization laws have here accorded to them. Such words are "talented," "lengthy," "progress" (verb), "jeopardize." Of *talented*, a word sanctioned by respectable and general use in this country, John Sterling says, "It is a hustings word, invented by O'Connell." Coleridge says of it, "I regret to see that vile, vocable *talented* stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day." The word seems to be derived from the parable of the talents, and is formed on a false analogy: but as it has no substitute, it will probably win its way to respectability. "Lengthy" and "progress" are vindicating their claim to a

place in the language as necessary words, and are beginning to get the *entrée* to the higher circles. "Therefor," which seems an almost indispensable word here, is hardly known in England. We must except from our commendation of clerical English in this country the abominable word *happify*, which we believe is entirely confined to the pulpit: and if our clerical brethren should be disposed to "take up a labor" with us for our want of reverence for the cloth, we should have two counts against them instead of one. The use of "alone" for *sole*—"the *alone* mode of doing a thing"—is another un-English pulpit phrase, not, however, confined to the American pulpit.*

Of course there is in each country a large class of words denoting objects, institutions, and processes peculiar to the country, and not current in the other. We do not use "scutching-machines," nor drink "swig," nor (thank Heaven!) purchase "advowsons"; neither do the English meet in "bees" and "caucuses," and choose "selectmen." But there are a few words belonging to the common written language which are still in full use in England, but almost obsolete here. "Whether," meaning *which of the two*, as in the English Bible, "Whether of them twain did the will of his Father?" "yon" and "yonder," demonstratives always implying a gesture, and thus more expressive than *that* and *there*, which have almost supplanted them; and "over" for "too,"—are examples. "Over," used in this sense, is heard in conversation nearly as often as "too" in England, but seems to be so little used here that both Webster and Worcester feel themselves obliged to give separate places to above fifty adjectives compounded with over,—"over-bold," "busy," "credulous," "eager," &c.,—though why they should not, for parity of reason, have gone through the whole list of adjectives, it would be difficult to say. The word "se'nnight," especially in the expression "this day se'nnight," is not wholly obsolete in England, though it is considered antiquated. It is sometimes heard in Parliament in notices of bills.†

* In a sermon lying before us, by Rev. Henry Melvill, the word is thus used several times.

† The word *fond* retains in Yorkshire its original meaning of *foolish*,—"Don't be so fond,"—a meaning which is obsolete in conversational English elsewhere.

There is another class of words, which in form and meaning belong to the common language, but which are so overtaxed in one or the other country, that they seem to belong there exclusively. Such are the words, "guess," "reckon," "calculate," and "presume," in different portions of this country; "shocking" and "nice," in England. "Guess," in precisely our colloquial sense, is found in Locke, and "reckon" in the English Bible; but as Dominie Sampson could not ope his mouth without letting out "Prodigious!" so some Americans are sure to "guess," "reckon," "presume," or "calculate," "every day i' the hour," while the Englishman seems to express every degree and kind of approbation by the epithet "nice," and of disapprobation by "shocking." The use of the word "party," to designate a person one does not wish to name, is common among Englishmen of middle rank.*

There is quite a large class of words used in different senses in the two countries. The provincialisms (not Americanisms) "ugly," meaning *cross*, "clever" for *good-natured*, and the use of the words "smart," "baggage," "lumber," "store," "fix," will at once suggest themselves. "Sick" has been mentioned as having a restricted meaning in England, "ill" being its substitute as the general word. "Plantation," in England, means a piece of land planted with trees. What we call "cotton cloth" is there "calico" printed calico being called "prints," as sometimes with us. "Cambric," in England, is fine white linen.

There seems to be a greater readiness to admit and enfranchise foreign words in the speech of this country than in that of England. We do not forget the dissonance which Carlyle and his barbarous crew are guilty of; but while in England these half-Anglicized Germanisms are confined to a clique, here they are in every one's mouth, and are threatening to Teutonize the language. The most conspicuous form of this innovation is the wholesale manufacture of compound nouns after the German,—"stand-point," "night-side," "life-thoughts," "poet-soul," and the like. The ear at first revolts from these

* Our familiar question, "How do you get *along*?" becomes, in England, "How do you get *on*?" and, strangely enough, in Scotland, "How do you get *endways*?"

hybrid forms, and the less tolerant English ear utterly refuses to give them a place in the language; but they are here passing unchallenged into common use. The partiality for French shows itself in the preference of many French over corresponding English words; for instance, "depot" for "station," "bureau" for "drawers," "vest" for "waistcoat." The same tendency shows itself in the pronunciation of foreign proper names, especially names of places. Here the favorite pronunciation inclines to preserve the foreign sounds and accents in such words as *Mont Blanc*, *Berlín*, *Turín*, *Brusséls*,—so also *Sultán*,—whereas in England these words are Anglicized into *Mount Blanc*, *Bérlin*, *Mílan*, *Brússels*, *Súltan*.

We next compare the language of the two countries with respect to pronunciation. Here, doubtless, we shall find the greatest divergence, because here the influences of climate, habits of life, and all causes that can affect the physical organization, make themselves most directly felt. So far as *tones* are concerned, our utterance is unquestionably febler, flatter, and less musical than that of the English. We are mimicked all over the world by speaking through the nose. Doubtless this difference is partly owing to difference in animal vigor,—not of individuals, but of the races; for we do not by any means find that the largest-chested men in this country make the roundest tones, nor the feeblest men in England the flattest. Still it does not seem to us that this will wholly account for the phenomenon. We suspect that something is due to the subtle working of moral causes,—of influences growing out of character and spirit; for are not national as well as individual tones the product and the expression of inward character? But the analysis which should detect the secret channels in which these causes work must be delicate indeed,—much more delicate, we apprehend, than Leigh Hunt was capable of when he referred this peculiarity of tone to "moral and moneyed causes which induce people to retreat inwardly upon themselves, into a sense of their shrewdness and resources; and to clap their finger in self-congratulation upon the organ through which it pleases them occasionally to intimate as much to a by-stander, not choosing to leave it wholly to the mouth." The fact, however accounted for, is patent enough.

The American traveller in England comes home enraptured with the conversational music he has heard in English parlors, and not infrequently is ingenuous enough to describe his mortification at the sound of his own voice, as he seemed to himself, in Virgil's phrase, "argutos inter strepere anser olores," like a goose hissing among tuneful swans.

As regards articulation, the Americans, we think, have a natural advantage over the English in a superior delicacy of structure of the vocal organs. Very many Englishmen apparently have to contend with a thick and unmanageable conformation of the organs of speech, which occasions the spluttering and mouthing so common in their public speaking. That the Americans have great natural facility for clear and fine articulation, is shown by the readiness with which they acquire the pronunciation of foreign tongues, and by the fact that, with proper early training and care, they do attain to remarkable grace of utterance. It still remains true that very much more importance is attached to articulation in England than here, that more pains is taken in training the young to habits of clear utterance, and that on the whole the English is more conscientiously articulated by educated persons in England than by the same class in this country. We mean by this to say, that the consonants are more distinctly and duly uttered,—that, for instance, "shrink" and "shrine" would not, as with us, be softened into *srink* and *srine*, "suggest" into *sudjest*, "arms" into *alms*. On the other hand, there is a tendency in this country to more distinct syllabication and more marked secondary accent in long words. The English say "int'r'sting," "circ'mst'nces," "diction'ry," tripping lightly over all the syllables after the accent, articulating plainly all the consonants, but almost eliminating the vowels; while we put a secondary accent on the penultimate syllable of long words, and give to the others as much stress as to unaccented syllables in short words. It is this peculiarity which brings upon Americans the charge of drawling, and which occasions the remark of foreigners to which Mr. Marsh alludes,* that they can understand an American more easily than an Englishman.

* Lectures on the English Language, p. 672.

The abuse of the aspirate in England among all classes except the highly educated,—its systematic rejection from all words entitled to it, and its equally systematic imposition upon words not entitled to it,—is a practice so consistently perverse as to be justly accounted one of the strangest phenomena in the history of language. That the aspirate should be neglected where it belongs, is not perhaps remarkable, nor without parallel in other languages. It is in good use disregarded in a large number of English words, as in *humor*, *honor*, *humble*, and the like, and the same tendency is observable in all the European languages.* But that it should be so persistently used where it does not belong has not been accounted for, so far as we know, save by attributing to the common English ear an utter and hopeless depravity in the matter of the aspirate. May we then broach our conjecture, that at one time the aspirate was in colloquial English almost or entirely lost, but that, when the language came to be more extensively read, the attempt to rectify this anomaly, brought thus to notice in the written language, introduced the present awkwardness and confusion in the use of the *h*?

This explanation receives countenance from the fact that in our version of the Bible, and in other literature of the same period, *an* is found instead of *a* before all words beginning with *h*, which shows that since that time, that is, since the English became to any considerable extent a reading people, there has been a restoration of the aspirate to many words which once omitted it. This view is further corroborated by the experience of any Englishman who attempts to rectify his misplaced *h*'s by education. If he has learned where they properly belong, he always betrays the same anxiety about them that a foreigner does about our *th*. Many of our readers will remember how frequently Kossuth, in his over-anxiety

* “The Modern Greeks, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese have lost the sound of *h* altogether, though they still retain it in their orthography. It is scarcely heard in French, except in very emphatic utterance, and some orthoepists deny that it is used at all. The present tendency of all the European languages is to its absolute suppression, and it is not impossible that it may vanish from our orthoepy as completely as it has done from that of the South of Europe.”—“Were it not for the influence of printing, the rough breathing of the *h* would probably long before this have ceased to be heard in English.”—Marsh’s Lectures, pp. 493, 674.

to utter this troublesome sound correctly, would get it upon wrong syllables and sometimes at the wrong end of a word. So one of Punch's characters is described as being totally out of place in refined society because "he had been cruelly deprived of his *h*'s in his early youth by his parents: and though he had tried in after life to replace them, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions." There is, we think, a growing tendency in this country to omit the aspirate in combination with *w*: we hear *wen*, *wile*, *wite*, for "when," "while," "white."

The interchange of *v* and *w*, of which so much is made in caricatures of the cockney dialect, has been very much exaggerated, or has almost gone by. You may hear now and then the *v* beginning a word softened toward *w*, but only among the very lowest people.

The recognized sound of *ou* in England is flatter than what is in this country considered the normal sound. The same is true of long *u*, which here has an improper sound approaching very nearly to that of *oo*.

There are a few single words the pronunciation of which bewrays an Englishman in America, and *vice versa*. The sound of *a* in *wrath*, as heard from almost any Englishman, approaches very nearly to the sound of *o* in *broth*. The same sound is given to *a* in the word *vase*. "Schedule," here universally pronounced *skedule*, is in England pronounced *shedule*. The word *clerk*, there sounded *clark*, has been mentioned. It is very common in England to aspirate the last syllable of *exhaust*. A few precisians take great pains to preserve the distinct sound of *t*, in the terminations *ture* and *tian*, ending the penultimate syllable with the *t*, and beginning the next with the sound of *y*; for instance, *nēt-yure*, *Christ-yan*. Such speakers are, however, there as here, so few, that, although theoretically in the right, they do not escape the charge of affectation.

There are no important differences between the orthography of the language in England and the non-Websterian orthography in this country. The *u* is there still retained in "honor," "favor," "labor," and words of that kin.

The general result of such a comparison of the English of England and of the United States as we have instituted is substantially this:—that the written language is almost identified in the two countries, a somewhat greater laxity in the admission of new and questionable usages being chargeable upon us; that the better education and more general habits of reading of the American people result in a common speech much above that current in England; but that while there the liberally educated, following the advice of Cicero and the example of Burke, aim always to speak their best, and so have a style of colloquial English peculiar to themselves, as pure and simple as it is elegant,—here the same class of men allow themselves to use the language of their inferiors in culture,—a practice which, if not abandoned, will oblige us always, as now, to look to the mother country for the highest examples of spoken English.

ART. X.—1. PROF. AGASSIZ *on the Origin of Species.* American Journal of Science and Arts for July, 1860.

2. PROF. PARSONS *on the Origin of Species.* American Journal of Science and Arts for July, 1860.

THE scientific world and a large surrounding district, including many who, without being investigators themselves, take a deep interest in the results of investigation into the laws of nature, have been thoroughly aroused and excited by the publication of Mr. Darwin's speculations. Many are dazzled by the ingenuity which he displays, and do not at once see that facts are wanting for a sufficient basis of so broad a theory; and not only so, but that facts inconsistent with his theory are carefully kept out of sight, and are left to be brought forward by others, who discern the difference between the actual laws of nature and those processes which Mr. Darwin has so ingeniously proposed to substitute for them, and for the creative action of a Supreme Being. The constant demands of Mr. Darwin upon our belief, his constant assump-

tion that what may have been has been, and his frequent errors in statements of fact, are distinctly pointed out in the brief extract from the coming volume of Agassiz, which has appeared in Silliman's Journal; and we congratulate ourselves that the views we have heretofore expressed have been so much confirmed by this high authority.

Mr. Parsons's article is designed to point out the difference between the statements and arguments of the new theory of the origin of species, and the arguments of those who would derive all things from chance or accident, and to show that Mr. Darwin's theories are reconcilable with a belief in an Almighty Creator. We willingly accept the conclusion without deeming it necessary to arrive at it by this precise path. We think Mr. Darwin's treatise has little or no bearing upon that question; as a creator is necessarily presupposed in every theory of creation, except the utterly untenable one of chance, which is no theory at all.

Mr. Darwin became very favorably known, as a scientific investigator, by his work upon the islands of the South Seas, in which he discovered the powers of a diligent, careful inquirer, with as little disposition to speculate or theorize upon newly discovered facts as could be expected of the most prudent investigator into the operations of nature. This wise caution gave immediate authority to the results of his more recent studies, and procured for his new work, "On the Origin of Species," the most favorable reception among scientific men. The language of the work, too, is so unassuming, so full of the modest tone of an inquirer, as to make the book quite a model, in this respect, for all scientific investigators. The *style* of the work, we say, is thus diffident; but in the substance of the language, in the ideas expressed, we think there is as much confidence of tone, and as much security as to the accuracy and weight of the thought, as in the terms used by any of the more obviously confident inquirers. We perpetually come upon such phrases as these: "I do not pretend that the facts given in this chapter *strengthen in any degree* my theory; but none of the cases of difficulty, to the best of my judgment, annihilate it." "Fi-

nally, it *may not be a logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory.*" (The Italics are ours.)

Now, if the facts given in any chapter do not strengthen in any degree his theory, why are they inserted in the book at all? They must be irrelevant. And if a deduction be not a logical one, why is it made or suggested in a professedly philosophical work? We should not urge this criticism, if the phrases quoted, or similar ones, did not abound in a book in which it is claimed that everything is proved which is necessary for establishing the probability of the theory. It appears to us that there are many facts mentioned which not only do not strengthen the theory of Mr. Darwin, but are, in truth, inconsistent with it; while he has most adroitly kept out of sight other facts, familiar and innumerable, which are not only inconsistent with it, but absolutely and entirely opposed to it, and subversive of it, so far as we know at present. For instance, in a state of nature, how much can we discover of hybridism? It is frequently a result of human contrivance and arrangement, and can be practised only to a limited extent between animals or plants that are by nature somewhat allied. Species often differ so extremely in formation and habits, that no idea of intermixture between them can be entertained; and there exist no gradations by the intervention of which such intermixture can be even conjectured to be brought about. Between a geranium and an oak, a mole and an elephant, we cannot conceive of a series of gradual changes by which they could be traced back to a common ancestor, even through an endless series of years. They are different,—utterly, irreconcilably different,—and no amount of time or arrangement of circumstances can be imagined by which the two could be produced from one original stock. Hybridism is possible only between related stocks, and the new varieties produced by it die out, if left without human care to perpetuate them. Hybrids are not natural productions, but artificial ones, and require the constant exercise of intellect, not only to produce them, but to continue their existence.

"*Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*"

The idea of deriving one race of animals or of plants from

another, in an infinite series, seems to us utterly inconsistent with all that is known of either. Because numerous and great varieties of pigeons can be produced from one original stock, does it follow that hawks and pigeons were of one blood originally? Because a bear can swim, and pursue insects in the water, does it follow that he might become a whale, or "something very like a whale," or, as Mr. Darwin phrases it, "as monstrous as a whale"?* In order to bring these speculations within the compass of possible belief, Mr. Darwin has recourse to the by no means novel expedient of the extension of creation and generation through an endless term of past ages; and small variations at a time, he thinks, may have been propagated by the superior vigor of some of the early specimens of a particular species. Perhaps they may, and perhaps they may not. The negation is just as probable as the assertion, in a world where we see daily so many proofs of those words of wisdom, "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It cannot be considered an axiom in natural history, that the stronger animal of a race survives the weaker in the struggle for existence. Yet this is taken for granted in Mr. Darwin's work, and must be, in order to sustain his theory at all. As far as our observation extends, there are always specimens of the stronger and weaker individuals of every species coexisting, and always specimens of weaker and stronger hostile races coexisting. There are races too which are forever enemies, yet never gain a decided or overwhelming victory on one side or the other.

Geologists have laid down with great minuteness the order of the appearance, by deposit or eruption, of the rocks and earths of which the superficies of the globe consists; and we do not call in question the accuracy of the results to which they have attained. It does not seem to us necessary to infer that the changes which have taken place upon the surface occurred at a given time all over the globe at once. The imagination is active in drawing pictures of general convulsions, when it may just as easily be conceived that great changes were partial, and

* This suggestion, by the way, would reverse the commonly adopted order of creation, and supposes the superior organization to have been first created, and then to have degenerated into one of a lower order.

that an alteration of level was gradual and various, as it is at the present moment. In one part of the earth the sandstone may have subsided, at the same time that, in another locality, the chalk was elevated ; just as, at present, some of the atolls of the South Sea are supposed by Mr. Darwin to be subsiding, while it is believed that the shores of the Baltic are rising. This process may go on for a while, and then be reversed ; the insect formation of coral may be discovered, in future ages, in the marble quarries of southern lands, and the Baltic may again be a sea of deep waters. Convulsions do not appear to be necessary for these changes, but simply a few of those ages upon which Mr. Darwin draws as upon an inexhaustible fund of eternities. The varieties of surface and deposit tend to the same conclusion. Nowhere do we find an unbroken series of deposits, from the lowest to the highest, from the first to the last. It would seem that deluges have, for the most part, been partial, and earthquakes local, and that they have produced changes which, however grand and striking, have not been universal. Animals have existed of which no living specimen can be found ; and we see, at this day, the process of extermination going on, as in the case of the beaver, or accomplished within a brief period, as is shown by the loss of the dodo. We have not witnessed any universal convulsion, yet we see vast changes brought about. We infer, therefore, that other equal changes may have been produced in past ages, with which we are not familiar, in the same quiet manner. The extermination of animals we have known and witnessed ourselves. The creation of them we have not witnessed. We consequently know, and can know, nothing of the manner in which it is accomplished.

Modification of the animal creation is all that has been effected by man,—as in the case of the pigeons, on which Mr. Darwin lays so much stress ; that is limited, of course, by the nature of the animal, and the progeny of pigeons, however curiously various, are still pigeons, and not eagles. Nor can we, by any effort of the imagination or the understanding, conceive of the one being converted into the other, or into anything else than pigeons and eagles, however great might be the differences of the organization of each as transmitted from

parent to offspring. Pigeons are Mr. Darwin's *cheval de bataille*, and till he has made it evident not only that great changes in appearance, but great changes in organization, are effected, so that pigeons cease to be pigeons, and become crows or humming-birds, or something as different from their progenitors as humming-birds or crows, we do not see that he has taken the first step toward demonstrating his theory. Pigeons are pigeons still, though there may be hundreds of very different varieties of them. Bears will continue to be bears, whether they swim after insects or not ; and men will continue to be what they always have been, notwithstanding the theories and conjectures of all the philosophers from Monboddo to Darwin. At least, these are our present opinions, which we shall be ready to renounce upon the first *proof* that man has degenerated into the monkey, or that the monkey has risen to be man, — that a bear has been converted into a whale, or a whale into a bear.

It may be true that these, or equally wonderful transformations, have taken place ; but the mere conjecture that they have occurred is not exactly the natural history or philosophy that we desire. We want not the possible, but the actual history of the formation and descent of animals and races of animals. It is not enough that we can suppose gradual changes by which one animal might be converted into another. We must witness the process, we must see one animal changed into another, or see the history of such transformation carefully proved, before we can believe any such thing, or can assent to any hypothesis by which all varieties of animals are represented as produced from one original animal, or a few primary patterns. But this kind of evidence is admitted to be impossible. The changes of nature are so slow and minute as to escape detection by any one generation, or even by all generations, as far as mankind have yet existed. If so, of what proof are these changes susceptible ? If they cannot be proved, why should they be suggested ? Does it in any degree facilitate our conception of creation, and of the infinite variety of living forms, to trace them all back to one or a few original types existing an inconceivable number of ages ago ? We must confess to as great readiness to believe, and to as great facility in comprehending, the creation of many types as of

one, and to their being brought into existence at once as successively. The growth of all animals from one or a few original prototypes is in itself as great a marvel as a multitudinous creation at the same time. We venture to think that not the slightest proof, nor anything that really amounts to a tendency to prove that the process of creation has been such as is contended for, has been produced as yet by Mr. Darwin. Is it sufficient to show that a few varieties and hybrids of plants and animals have existed, to render it probable that all plants and animals are in fact hybrids of two or three original species? Is it philosophical to rely on a theory which requires an infinite length of time to produce a single one of the prodigious changes of structure which are the subject of investigation? Even granting the infinite length of time, how can it be shown that it is otherwise probable that one race of animals has been derived from another? Who can overcome the obvious, the inherent incredibility of such a theory? Does it not seem probable that the great diversities of form and character among animals and plants, amounting to absolute immiscibility, were designed to show, and is it not clear that they do show, that they were not derived from any common ancestor?

Between the most ferocious animals of the same species, there is no such hostility as between them and other beasts. Lions do not contend with lions, but with animals of other blood. Can it be supposed, is it philosophical to suppose, that the lion and the lamb are of one common ancestry? If so, their lying down together, instead of being an intimation of miracle, would only be acknowledging their relationship, and giving up, at last, a family quarrel. If all the animals of the world were derived from a common ancestry, would such an infinite diversity be a natural result? We see the constant care which is necessary to preserve the distinguishing traits of a particular breed of pigeons, or of cattle. Pouters and shorthorns cannot be left to the chance consequences of natural selection. They would soon lose their characteristics. They have been produced within a short period, and a shorter period would suffice to mix them up again with the general blood of pigeons and cattle. But all animals of a particular race have remained substantially the same ever since any historical re-

erences to them were written and transmitted. The lions of the Roman amphitheatre, the elephants of the army of Pyrrhus, the flocks and the herds of Lot and Abraham, and the horses of the army of Pharaoh that perished in the Red Sea, were doubtless the same animals as are known to-day as lions, elephants, cattle, and horses. It is obvious that for any modification of races, on the theory of Mr. Darwin, we must go back beyond historical times, into the world of conjecture and theory ; and when there, we are tempted to ask the old, but not worn-out question, “*Cui bono?*” One theory may be as sound and rational as another ; and we may conjecture all animals to have been drawn from one stock, or to have been derived from different originals, as we find most consonant with reason and judgment. One man’s conjecture is just as probable as another’s ; Mr. Darwin’s frequent phrase, “*It may be,*” is a good introduction to an infinite diversity of schemes of creation.

“ Of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ? ”

The argument from our ignorance, namely, that we do not know the contrary of what is asserted, is hardly sufficient, at the present day, to maintain a startling theory ; and we confess to some surprise that any ingenuity, however great, could so turn men’s eyes from broad facts, to dwell upon fanciful theories, as Mr. Darwin has succeeded in doing.

The diversity of form and character in plants and animals is very great at the present day ; and at the same time the resemblance of individuals of the same species, and in many cases of allied species, is so great as to be instantly recognized by the student of nature. If all are derived from a common ancestor, how has the diversity been produced ? The ancestors of each existing species, so far as we know, had at least a general resemblance to their descendants. Flocks and herds, bears and lions, were the same creatures, with the same differences, five thousand years ago as to-day. We have reason to infer that other animals were also the same then as now ; and we are led to inquire how far back the similarity, which is the evidence of consanguinity, begins to appear. As far as we can

trace the history of man and animals, we find no symptom of any change in races ; nor do we perceive that the difficulty of understanding the work of creation is in the least diminished by reducing the number of original and distinct formations, from which all others have been derived, to one pattern or a half-dozen patterns of animals. The difficulty of creating, or rather of imagining the creation, of one, is as great as that of imagining the creation of many. The same power and wisdom which could create a race or an individual, could create many such ; and a creator is as necessary for one as for many, unless we suppose the unphilosophical absurdity of self-creation.

There is one animal about whose origin Mr. Darwin has said little or nothing ; leaving his readers to infer for themselves how far his theory extends, and whether man is one of the many races derived from a remote ancestry of beastly structure or not. We should like to know precisely how he would span the gap between man and the other animals. Does he mean to merge the human race also, with the bears and the whales, in a primeval archetype ? Or does he suppose a separate creation, a peculiar origin for this peculiar race ? He has given us scarcely a hint upon this point, the most interesting, of course, to us ; and we must wait for the further development of his theory in the complete work of which we have now only a sketch and outline, for any extended view of this part of the subject. In the mean time we will venture the confession that the speculations of Mr. Darwin and others upon the origin of species do not materially change our old-fashioned belief. We do not, as yet, see the slightest approach toward proof that animals, numerous and various as we see them, are all descended from one or half a dozen archetypes. There are certain broad distinctions between animals, as well as certain resemblances, and the resemblances must be shown to a much greater extent than they have yet been proved, before anything like identity of origin can be rendered even probable. It does not follow that, because we cannot discern the differences between the germs of different animals in the ova of very various species, there are no differences. It is certain that differences exist, and that the ova of one animal cannot be made to develop into an animal of another species.

Moreover, the differences remain to be accounted for, if we adopt the theory of a common origin. A fin is not a leg, nor a wing, however much the three may resemble one another ; and the *conatus* of the animal to change one into another, according as it finds itself in the air or the water, is not generally considered an explanation of their origin. There are, also, differences for which the slender resource of instinctive effort is not even offered as an explanation. There are many animals, for instance, with the bones on the outside of their bodies, instead of having them protected by the more elastic material of flesh. Some have a part of their bones exterior and a part interior. Some have the breathing apparatus carefully protected by thicker or thinner masses of bone, gristle, and flesh ; others have these delicate organs on the exterior of their frames. Some have air-bladders adapted to one element, some to another, and some to both. There are flying fish, and diving birds. The eggs of all these creatures are so much alike in their intimate structure, that we cannot discern the differences in their earliest development ; but that there is some essential and original difference is proved by the fact that they cannot be interchanged. No egg of a duck ever produced a chicken ; and we think it requires a peculiar, as well as a philosophical, constitution of mind, to suppose that, while this apparently slight change in the order of nature cannot be produced by successive efforts during long periods, still others of an infinitely greater amount may have been produced by "natural selection," in the course of time. We know not how long ago the experiment of hatching ducks' eggs under hens may have been tried ; but we do know that there seems to be no tendency, in a considerable number of years, and of experiments, to diminish the instinctive aversion of the hen to the water, or the instinctive love of it in the ducklings. It is of no consequence how much the germ of the one may resemble the germ of the other in the egg. Essential differences are, at some time, developed ; and to all appearance — aye, and to all sound philosophy — must have existed in the first births of the two animals as strongly as in those born yesterday. Generation after generation, so far as human knowledge goes back, has developed no change, no gradation of instinct

or of form, in so many animals as to justify a theory that would derive all from one primeval form, or from a very few original patterns. The diversities are apparently insuperable, and, as far as our knowledge extends, always have been so. That the fact may have been otherwise in antecedent ages is a gratuitous assumption, which, of course, admits of no proof, but which, we think, requires proof of the most distinct and positive kind to render it at all admissible.

Finally, of what possible use or value, except as an exercise of mind, can it be to speculate upon the origin of species, in the absence of a sufficient number of acknowledged facts to render a theory tenable? In many cases, the smaller the array of facts upon which a theory is founded, the greater the ingenuity and skill of the founder; and in this sense we cannot but congratulate the author of the great theory we have been considering. We think, however, his task is but just begun. We look, hereafter, for a more complete development of the idea, in which we shall expect to see some account of the form and character of the two or three original animals from which the present varieties of living beings have descended, and a genealogy of the families of animals as far back as to the original Adam of each. We can hardly expect Mr. Darwin to live long enough to complete this course of study himself; but it will be ample and noble employment for many successive generations of his pupils and admirers. In the mean time the humbler faculties and efforts of less original men must go on in the old method of inquiry into what is, and, as far as possible, into what has been; leaving to the higher orders of genius the exalting speculations as to what may have been in the eternity that is past, as well as what may be in the eternity that is to come.

ART. XI.—*The Glasse of Time in the First and Second Age, Divinely Handled.* By THOMAS PEYTON. London. 1620. 4to.

IN contemplating the grandeur of those few minds which beam upon our world of thought as the sun among the stars, the results of whose labors are placed by history and the judgment of a daily increasing wisdom high above competition, we are apt to lose sight of the gradual friction, the constant strife, which gave those minds development. We forget that the sun, whose regal power we so easily recognize, is acted upon no less subtilely and surely by all inferior influences,—that, to climb to any glorious height, we must have assistance and guides. We are prone to regard a great genius as gifted already with wings full grown, able to float entirely out of the reach of our baser associations, and to receive his inspirations from a purer element. We say of a poet that he is born, not made, and we, many of us, fail to see any connection between the things and facts of material existence, and the beautiful order and law which Philosophy creates.

The world of literature, and all that company of earnest and pious souls who best love this life as foreshadowing and promising the more perfect existence, were startled, not many months ago, by the discovery that the "Pilgrim's Progress" was not originally conceived by John Bunyan, but was adapted by him from the reverent dreamings of an ancient monk, whose manuscript had, by some means, fallen into the prisoner's possession. But though we may regret to give to the memory of another than Bunyan a single thrill of the gratitude with which this little book inspires us,—though we may dread to regard its author as a tithe less the inspired saint we have always believed him,—still let justice be done, though the heavens fall, and at the same time let him who was a victim of tyranny, both in body and soul, have due meed of praise, in that he saw so clearly, through the gloom of superstition, the heavenly light and the narrow path. Nor need Bunyan be considered as a plagiarist, because he made use of the materials thrown in his way. Doubtless he improved much upon his

model. Doubtless He who "fashioneth their hearts alike" gave to him also the spirit of prophecy and exhortation. At most, only the credit of the *first idea* belongs to the forgotten monk; while the development of plan, the perfection of detail, the declaration of thought and doctrine suited to the needs of a people justified by faith, are due to the world-renowned Bunyan still.

We are now to see, by the added light of a more recent discovery, the dim outline of a shadowy hand directing the pen of a far nobler writer. We are to recognize the spirit of another unknown one, influencing the brain of a more glorious thinker. We are forced to question the originality of him who stands at the very head of epic poets,—John Milton. For not only did Nature, more beautiful than in old Arcadia, speak to him in a thousand persuasive tones,—not only did the wise and gifted of old time hold torches to his studious path, and "attune his soul to the stately melody of Homeric and Virgilian verse,"—but the risen sun of English literature shone bright and clear all around him. Among the poets within his reach, one was lifted to the same exalted theme which gave to Milton his sublimest musing, and his best reward.

A long time back, in 1620,—about *forty years* before the "Paradise Lost" was given to the world,—one "Thomas Peyton, of Lincolne's Inne, Gent.," having been moved to treat

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world, and all our woe,"

wrote "The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Age, Divinely Handled." We find no record of the man beyond this work. The encyclopædias do not contain his name, and even Hallam makes no mention of him. A copy of his book, elaborately bound in vellum, ornamented with gold, with coat of arms, and regal device, illustrated with curious cuts, and quaintly printed, had been kept in the possession of some English family, and was buried in the chest of an illiterate descendant, until his recent death created a train of circumstances which, in the end, placed the treasure before our eyes. We are convinced that the subject is worthy of attention and inquiry, and we herewith offer the result of our own research

and comparison with the immortal poem which it so much resembles, and which, we cannot help believing, was suggested by it.

Like the "Paradise Lost," this work begins with the beginning of human existence, and treats mainly of the fall of man; but it takes a wider range, follows the descendants of Adam to the time of Noah, and promises a continuation of the story, which promise was, probably, not fulfilled. It would seem, from many allusions to his personal sorrows as connected with political troubles, as well as from some severe strictures upon the Puritans (or *Puritents*, as he calls them), that the author was a churchman, a royalist, and a sufferer in those growing disturbances which led to the overthrow of the monarchy. In his closing lines he makes the renewal of his theme contingent on the return of peace and safety, and perhaps, for him, that period never came. At any rate, this is all that has come down to us, and it is enough, since it contains his thought upon Milton's great topic, in which connection we find its chief interest and importance. The work shows some power of comparison and illustration, a good knowledge of classical lore, and profound familiarity with the Scriptures. It is quaint, rough, sincere, and devotional, abounding in odd conceits and infelicitous expressions, yet sometimes rising into sublimer strains through the influence of its divine subject. In its narrative it takes Milton's view of the origin of sin, the agency of Satan, the consequent depravity of the race, and the hope of the sinner through redemption.

Having given the chief points of resemblance between the two poems, we will now show wherein they differ, and in how much the genius of Milton surpasses the effort of the other, leaving to the latter only the glory of the original conception. In placing these two works side by side, the noble simplicity of Milton's design stands out more clearly than ever before.

While Milton's subject is illustrated with the full glow of a poet's fire, and enriched with the varied splendors of a world-wide knowledge, still the unity of the idea remains intact. The other poet is more discursive, and often leaves his main subject, led away by the suggestions of a word or a simile, to give us his thoughts upon modern times,—the encroachments

of Rome, the quarrels of Church and State in his own land, and the evil doings of the "Puritents." The character of Satan—standing forth complete in lurid splendor—is all Milton's own; while, in every instance where the similarity of thought is remarkable, he towers loftily above his fellow, and transfigures all he appropriates. In the form of verse and choice of words, also, Milton proves his superior taste, and the purity of his genius. The earlier poem is written in rhyme, by which the imagination is often fettered, and the sense sacrificed; the later is in the easy flow of blank verse, where every thought finds fit expression.

We will now give, in verification of these statements, a few quotations from each work, for comparison.

We are all familiar with the opening lines of the *Paradise Lost* :—

" Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into our world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos."

Here is the introduction of the other poem :—

" The author first doth God's assistance crave
 Throughout the work, that he His help may have.
 The sacred Sabbath, Satan's envious gall,
 The woman framed, and man's most dismal fall,—
 The tree of life, protected from the brute,
 The tree of knowledge, with her fatal fruit,—
 For fear the world should finally be ended,
 God's dearest daughters down in haste descended,—
 The flaming sword, the tree of life that guarded,—
 The cherubim upon the walls that warded,—
 The land of Eden,—is described at large,—
 Heaven's judgments just to all men's future charge."

We next cite Milton's invocation :—

" And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine; what is low raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men."

Now hear Peyton:—

" O glorious God! Inspirer of my Muse!
 Grant that thy word my soul may daily use,
 And that what learning painfully it got
 Still from the truth may never swerve a jot,—
 That in her spring, beginning, and her bud
 May sing Thy glory, to the Church's good.

O that my Muse might once but rest in peace!
 Then would she sing divinely,— never cease,—
 But work out truth within her holy rhymes
 Gliding along, descending to our times;
 And dear Urania, sovereign of my verse,
 Should hear the glory of this world rehearse,
 Unfolding still to God's immortal glory
 The heavenly sweetness of a sacred story."

They both allude to the war in heaven:—

" — his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High
 If He opposed." MILTON.

" The angels which against the Lord did swell
 He quite cashiered, and cast them down to hell,—
 Where being bound eternally in chains
 They feel the torment of ten thousand pains."

PEYTON.

They both speak of the Fall:—

" — what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress His will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?
 Th' infernal serpent, — he it was, whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind."

MILTON.

" Adam, what made thee wilfully at first
 To leave thy offspring to this day accurst, —
 So wicked, foul, and overgrown with sin,
 And in thy person all of it begin ?
 That, hadst thou stood in innocence framed,
 Death, sin, and hell, the world, and all thou 'dst tamed, —
 Then hadst thou been a monarch from thy birth
 God's only darling both in heaven and earth :
 what might be the cause
 That thou shouldst break thy Holy Maker's laws, —
 When, of a thousand that might make us weep,
 In all the world thou hadst but one to keep,
 And that but light ?

Cursed be that Devil that first thy sense belied ! —
 If thou hadst lived, then we had never died."

PEYTON.

There is, in both these works, a curious personification of Sin, under the form of Medusa. The descriptions are remarkably similar, though Milton places her as " portress of Hell's gate," while Peyton introduces her as ascending from the lower regions, to poison the mind of Cain for the commission of his unprecedented crime. He says of her : —

" Medusa (damned), in foul, black, ugly clothes
 That all the world most deadly hates and loathes,
 Swollen like a toad, her looks cast down to Hell,
 Where none but fiends and hateful monsters dwell, —
 Whose cursed hair about her shoulders falls,
 Powdered with serpents full of poisoned galls, —
 Hissing and crawling round about her head,
 Hatched by a Viper in her womb that bred, —
 Rends up the earth, ascendeth like a ghost."

And again : —

" But when Medusa, from Hell's deepest vaults,
 Began but once to spy man's secret faults,
 And from her den, in dark oblivion pent,
 The bowels of her mother earth had rent

To come aloft into the open air,
 With her foul breath, infectious, poisoned hair,
 And rags most base, as late before I told,
 To seat herself in Cain's securest hold."

And thus Milton :—

" The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
 With mortal sting ; about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal ; yet when they list would creep,
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
 And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled
 Within, unseen."

We turn now to a pleasanter theme, — the description of Paradise. Here both employ their sweetest numbers, and here, as everywhere, Milton far excels, though there are many striking points of resemblance between the two pictures. They both endeavor to determine the spot, — Milton by a general allusion to the boundaries of Eden, while the other mentions the various situations which have been ascribed to the garden, and dwells longest upon the beauties of Mount Amara, in Ethiopia, which place Milton also mentions as

" Mount Amara by some supposed
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head."

Peyton however concludes that

" The goodly region in the Syrian land "

is "the likeliest place indeed" for this renowned seat. He speaks of

" the treasures of that pleasant land,—
 The fruitful regions in the same which stand,—
 The goodly rivers, and brave mounting hills,—
 Sweet, temperate airs, on every side that fills
 The downy plains with such a fragrant smell
 As winged Fame unto our ears doth tell,—
 The spicy trees, and brave, delightful flowers,—
 The dainty walks, and gilt, aspiring towers,—
 And all things else that man could well desire,
 Or discontent of nature may require."

And Milton says:—

" Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view :
 Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
 Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true here only, and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, —
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant, — meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned,
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams."

These are but short selections. There are in both poems many other cases of similar expression and thought on this theme, and similar references to fabled scenes and personages by way of contrast.

Milton's description of Adam and Eve is familiar to all:—

" For contemplation he, and valor, formed, —
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

His fair, large front, and eye sublime, declared
 Absolute rule, — and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad ; —
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection — but required with gentle sway.

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met, —
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

Peyton addresses Adam:—

" As the two lights within the firmament,
 So hath thy God His glory to thee lent, —

Composed thy body exquisite and rare
 That all His works cannot to thee compare,—
 Like His own image drawn thy shape divine,
 With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line,—
 Within thy nostrils blown His holy breath,—
 Impaled thy head with that inspiring wreath
 Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
 To mount His throne above the lofty skies,—
 Summons His angels, in their winged order,
 About thy brows to be a sacred border,—
 Gives them in charge to honor this His frame,
 All to admire and wonder at the same.

Now art thou complete, Adam, all beside
 May not compare to this, thy lovely bride,
 Whose radiant tress, in silver rays to wave,
 Before thy face so sweet a choice to have
 Of so divine and admirable a mould,
 More daintier far than is the purest gold.

But now thy God hath perfect made thy state,
 Linked thee in marriage with so choice a mate,—
 Himself the Priest which brought her to thy hand,
 And knit the knot that evermore must stand,—
 Ringed her with virtue, glorious beauty chaste."

Then, as the tragedy advances, he continues : —

" But Lucifer, that soared above the sky,
 And thought himself equal to God on high,
 Envies thy fortune, and thy glorious birth,
 In being framed but of the basest earth,—
 Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
 Assumes a snake to execute his ire,
 Winds him within that winding, crawling beast,
 And enters first, whereas thy strength was least.

And watching time when Adam stept aside
 Even but a little from his lovely bride,
 To pluck, perhaps, a nut upon the trees,
 Or get a comb amongst the honey-bees,
 Or some such thing, to give his lovely spouse,—
 Even just to Eve thou didst thy body rouse,
 And question with her of much idle prattle.

O, cursed, damned, execrable Devil !
 Delighting best in that thing which is evil :

What made thee now thy baneful speech to blow
 Out of that cankered, venomous mouth below,
 That Eve must reach, and in her hand to grapple,
 So fair a fatal, curst, bewitching apple,—
 And not content herself thereof to eat,
 But reached another as a dainty meat,
 And in her sweet, delightful, lovely hands
 Runs to her Lord, where all alone he stands,
 'Plaining and grieving that he her had missed ? "

The above is a specimen of this part of the poem. The corresponding story in Milton is too long for quotation, but, like the rest of his work, is much more happily constructed and finely polished than this. In the judgment and sentence, both poems only amplify the Scriptural account. We will quote solely from the older poem, as the more recent is at hand for all who may wish to make the comparison.

" Adam, what made thee fearfully to hide
 (Entangled in the allurements of thy bride)
 Thyself from God, who, by His sacred voice,
 Amongst the trees within the garden choice,
 Repaired now, as oftentimes before,
 To recreate, and view the various store,
 Even in the cool and dawning of the day,
 The winds before Him veering off His way,—
 Thinking to find, as heretofore He found,
 Thine innocence upright, perfect, sound ?

Adam (quoth God), why dost thou hide thy face ?
 What is the cause thou art so poor and base ?

O Heavenly God ! then Adam answered straight,
 I was entrapped with such a pleasing bait
 That made my reason, sense, and all to yield,—
 My strength but weak within so strong a field,—
 For why ? the woman which thou gavest me,
 A help most meet and comfort sweet to be,
 She of that tree did pluck but one in all,
 And brought it to me as a sacred ball,—
 The sight whereof, by her persuasion moved,
 Whom more than gold and all the world I loved,
 Straight in my arms began for to embrace,
 And she, entreating with her smiling face,
 Gave me that apple in her lovely hand,
 Which makes me thus before Thy sight to stand,

All naked, poor, lamenting of my fall,
 As loth to speak when Thou at first did call.
 She, she it was which gave me of that meat,—
 By her enticements only did I eat :
 If I have broke thy holy, heavenly laws,
 Blame her, not me, for being first the cause !
 Then God again unto the woman said,—
 Why hast thou thus most treacherously betrayed
 Thy loving husband, and thy darling dear,
 Whom to displease thou oughtst in conscience fear ?
 He is thy head, thy sovereign, lord, and king,—
 Why dost thou thus his feet in danger bring,
 Insnaring him, thyself, and issue all,
 In woful danger of your souls to fall ?
 Sweet God, quoth she, a foul misshapen beast,
 The ugly serpent, crawling on his breast,
 When but a little that I stept aside
 From my dear husband's best-beloved side,
 A goodly fruit presented to my view,
 That in the midst of all the garden grew,—
 Persuaded much the only taste of it
 Would far increase my simple woman's wit,
 The touch thereof would sight and knowledge give
 Never to die, but still as Gods to live,—
 By which enticements snared in his trap,
 He shaked the tree, and up I held my lap.
 That plum alone which fell into the same
 I kept it safe, and to my husband came.
 But yet before his presence well I saw,
 Not thinking once of thine eternal law,
 By fresh allurement of that snaky wight,
 I viewed the same, and so of it did bite,—
 The which, when as that I the deed had done,
 Away he crawls, and leaves me all alone,—
 Mine eyes i' th' instant wofully did see
 The murrain elf had first beguiled me !

After a space comes the sentence :—

Accursed Devil, thrice damned is all thy race,—
 Thy wicked plots, and secret actions base :
 What made thee wind within this winding snake,
 The shape of serpent in thy mind to take ?

What hast thou got for all thy villany ?
 A beast thou liv'st, worse than a beast thou 'lt die !
 And yet not die, for ever-during pain,
 For this thy treason, shalt be sure to gain.

The fire of my just wrath shall make thee *gurne*,—
 As burning brass, thy bowels scorched shall burn,—
 The worm of conscience shall torment thee ever,
 And like a vulture feed upon thy liver,—
 That still in death a horrid fearful smart
 Shall, dying, live to overload thy heart.
 Thy tongue shall be a sure and certain token
 How false to woman thy curst mouth hath spoken ;
 For in the same a forked sting shall be,—
 That after times may still thy envy see,—
 And all her race shall thee torment and vex,
 And thou again shalt scare her fearful sex,—
 Lurking in dens, and secret holes obscure,
 To trap the just with baneful breath impure.
 In every path, and out of every hedge,
 Thy poison fell in human flesh shall wedge,
 That when thou time and place to purpose feel
 Thy venom'd tongue shall bite them by the heel.
 The woman's seed, in just revenge again,
 Thy head shall break, and cursed action's bane,
 When that sweet Babe shall to the world be born
 That heaven and earth with glory shall adorn.

O silly woman, to be thus beguiled !
 In sorrow now thou shalt bring forth thy child ;
 Thy husband now shall overrule thee still,
 Thy fond desires be subject to his will.

Heaven's glorious Judge to Adam also said, —
 Because thy wife thou hast an idol made,
 To trace her steps which lead to deadly sin,
 Thou dost but now to feel thy woe begin.
 Curst is the earth, and curst is for thy sake, —
 The fruit thereof accursed will I make :
 In great vexation, extreme labor, pain,
 Toil, sweat, and dust, thou shalt much sorrow gain.
 The earth henceforth shall now no more endure
 Unless thou till, and much her sides manure ;
 And when thou think'st thy barns top-full to fill,
 Thy vintage stored with plenty at thy will,
 In monstrous mows to pile a wondrous heap,
 Then thistles, thorns, instead thereof thou 'lt reap.
 Much like the beast, which on his belly feeds,
 So shalt thou live by herbs and garden seeds,
 Till thou return unto the earth again,
 And that therein thy limbs all cold be lain.
 This is the mother, that thy body nurst ;

Out of the same thou taken wast at first :
 Sorrow and sickness shall thy body burn,
 For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return.
 O Heavenly God ! here is a judgment past,
 Throughout the world eternally to last :
 No writ of error can the same revoke,
 Whenas the words by thine own mouth are spoke,
 But that the same forever more must stand,
 A just decree by Heaven's divinest hand,
 Drawn up above, in Eden ratified,
 With all the angels in the world beside,
 And all the powers of firmament, and all
 To this decree consented at thy call.
 Heaven's dearest Babe, whose fame shall perish never,
 Hath with his blood confirmed the same forever.

• • • • •
 Adam no sooner had his judgments past
 But God His mercy on his darlings cast.
 As one that never both of them forsakes
 For one sole fault, but mild compassion takes,
 Pities their want, and wails their foul abuse,
 Tenders their good, admits a weak excuse,—
 Like to a father of a loving heart,
 Loth with his son and daughter both to part,
 Tho' much provoked by their folly mere,
 Still clothes them well and makes them of good cheer,—
 So God above, whose love doth far surpass
 The greatest love as yet that ever was,
 For all their faults, and foul, enormous sins,
 Yet clothes them warm, in well-furred coats of skins.

• • • • •
 Now winged Time, God's speedy messenger,
 A nimble, hasty, posting passenger,
 That hard by stood, recording what was past,
 Up to th' skies his eyes i' th' instant cast,
 Spied Eve and Adam standing in the place,
 Thus clothed both before th' Almighty's face,
 When but commission from that sacred lip
 He had obtained, lets no advantage slip,
 But mild and gently takes them by the hand,
 Shows them the gate that to the east doth stand ;
 Leads them along, lamenting of their fall,
 For all their cries sets them without the wall,
 Bars up the door with such an iron lever
 As none alive that once can enter ever."

Thus ends the version of the *Paradise Lost*. The remain-

der of the book is taken up with a description of the barriers to a return,—an elaborate personification of the attributes of Justice, Mercy, and Love, who, with their appropriate surroundings, are set upon the eastern gate, “to keep the way of the tree of Life.”

Having now traced the story with some regularity, we will go back a little, to quote from each work a portion of the introduction to one of the Books, as showing strong mutual resemblance, and also as disclosing the spirit and motive which prompted both authors in their labors.

Milton thus opens his Seventh Book :—

“ Descend from heaven, *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above th’ Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name I call ; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell’st, but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th’ Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp’ring ; with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element.

Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,—
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude : yet not alone, while thou
Visit’st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.”

And at the beginning of the Ninth Book he says :—

“ I now must change
These notes to tragic ;

If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation, unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse."

Here follows a corresponding introduction of one of Peyton's Books:—

"Urania, sovereign of the Muses nine,
 Inspire my thoughts with sacred work divine,—
 Come down from heaven,—within my temples rest,—
 Inflame my heart, and lodge within my breast.
 Grant me the story of this world to sing,
 The Glasse of Time upon the stage to bring,—
 Be aye within me, by thy powerful might,
 Govern my pen, direct my speech aright,—
 Even in the birth and infancy of Time
 To the last age, season my holy rhyme.
 O, lead me on, into my soul infuse
 Divinest work, and still be thou my Muse,—
 That all the world may wonder and behold
 To see Time pass in ages manifold,—
 And that their wonder may produce this end,
 To live in love, their future lives to mend.

All-powerful God, when both by night and day
 Incessantly my heart to thee did pray,
 To ease my grief, and, if it were Thy will,
 To send me peace to walk up Sion's hill,
 That, in Thy house, where all Thy saints do meet,
 My soul might sing, and offer odors sweet,—

Instead of peace, which I desired in haste,
 Thou sent'st me down a lovely virgin chaste,
 Noble Urania, soberly attired,—
 Which when I saw, with joy I much admired,
 Finding a friend, copartner, thus to be
 A fit companion in my misery.
 Great God of Heaven, upon my bended knees,
 Before that face which every action sees,
 Let me but know what good I ever wrought,
 That Thou in mercy thus on me hast thought?
 Or have I not offended much Thy will,
 That Thou my heart dost with Urania fill?
 Eternal God, what shall I give to Thee
 For Thy great love and favor showed to me?

If all the world within my power did stand,
And all therein was sole at my command,
In thankfulness for all Thy mercies sweet
I'd all surrender,—lay them at Thy feet!"

The childlike piety of the older poet is here well set against the grand communings with spiritual things to which Milton was enabled to give expression.

We are well aware that the lines of Peyton show to much less advantage when placed beside the polished verse of Milton, than when read as an isolated work. Nor have we, in these extracts, done justice to the complete poem. We have selected those portions only which seemed to harmonize most fully with Milton. Many of the best passages are in the second division, which we have scarcely noticed, as it falls without our plan, unless the rapid view of coming events, which the Angel shows to Adam just before the final loss of Paradise, be compared with the more extended history of succeeding generations given by Peyton.

Before we began our task, when this curious book lay as a new and strange thing before us, we were strongly impressed, not only by the similarity of its plan to that of the "Paradise Lost," but by its own individuality,—the freshness and originality of its narrative. There are in the range of its contents lively pictures of men and manners, pathetic accounts of sufferings caused by religious bigotry, lessons of patience and long-suffering useful for any and all times, lessons in loyalty peculiarly fitted for the poet's time, lessons in sound doctrine certainly needed in our time. Nor is the dignity of the subject lowered by the faultiness of style manifest in the composition. The general character of this is rough; but it is often strong, and sometimes beautiful. We feel, in reading it, as we feel in meeting some old person whom nature has gifted with a solid and keen mind, which the experience of a long and varied life has cut and sharpened to a brilliancy beyond our own elaborate polish. Toward such a one we have no spirit of fault-finding. Eccentricities of manner and homeliness of speech are forgotten in the usefulness of the truths enforced, and in the unconscious beauty of the thoughts expressed. Thus when we pore over the heavy lettering of these

yellow pages, where, in most cases, the orthography is obsolete, and, in many instances, the words themselves have lost their significance,—where occasional mistakes are corrected with the pen, perhaps in the author’s own hand,—where every rhetorical change is noted in the margin, and every source of information and allusion honestly referred to; when, transported by these associations, we go back to that period of English history and English life, and remember how much this man found to contend against, not only in his individual experience, but also in the comparatively rude state of letters, and poverty of books; when, to sum up all, we can see so clearly the elaborate development of a long-cherished idea, painfully thought out into language, and committed to the world with somewhat more than an author’s ambition and desire, with a deep appreciation of the nobleness of his theme, and a pious wish to promote God’s glory,—we forget his faults and crudities, we admire his thought and its expression, we look upon him as a poet in the highest sense,—a *creator*.

And then we consider his youth,—only *thirty-one* when the work was accomplished, as a vignette in the title-page informs us. Surely this was a “good fight” in those days, when Time moved rather after the manner of the “cycles of Cathay,” than of the years of modern Europe.

This book should be reprinted. Its usefulness would be manifold. It would help to elucidate history, and to show the development of language; by contrast with the later and more perfect poem, it would demonstrate the vantage-ground afforded by the large compass of scholarship displayed in the latter; and while it impressed more deeply the thoughtful mind with the majestic superiority of Milton, it would give to this obscure poet his rightful honor,—that of having been the *first* to tell, in epic verse, the story of the *Paradise Lost*.

ART. XII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1.—*The Law of Contracts.* By THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL. D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University at Cambridge. Fourth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. pp. clvii. and 722, xx. and 911.

THE first edition of this work, published in 1853, was the largest and most comprehensive treatise on the subject which had been given to the world. Yet, formidable as was its bulk, this, without a close examination of the text, would give an inadequate idea of the amount of learning represented by its pages. “For finding room in the text for all I wished to say in it,” the author remarks, “I have relied mainly on a peculiarity in its plan, that is, on the rigorous exclusion from the text of all cases. I have endeavored to state in the text the principles and rules of the law, as accurately, as compactly, and as logically as I could; and in the notes, and there only, I have given my authorities. Such was my rule, and the exceptions to it are few.”

In seven years three large editions of the work have been exhausted, and we are now presented with the fourth. The third edition contained two new chapters. The fourth has two more chapters, many new sections, and new paragraphs in almost every chapter; and more than two thousand new cases are cited. The Indexes of both volumes have been enlarged, and put together as one Index (occupying no less than one hundred and seventy pages) at the close of the second volume; and the cases cited in either volume or both volumes have been arranged in one list, and prefixed to the first volume. These are great improvements. The whole treatise has been, indeed, rewritten, and the author has endeavored to give us “a full and accurate presentment of the law as it is at this moment, in all things which relate to the foundation, the construction, or the execution of contracts, of every kind.”

To add a word of commendation to the testimony of the distinguished members of the bench and bar who have staked their reputation as legal critics on the character of this work, may be pleasant to us, if unnecessary to our subject. No lawyer can intelligently content himself with the appearance of his book-shelves if they lack either of the *four* great works of the eminent Dane Professor,—*The Law of Contracts*, *The Elements of Mercantile Law*, *The Laws of Business for Business Men*, and *the Treatise on Maritime Law*.

2.—*A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel.* By SIR LAWRENCE PEEL. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860. 16mo. pp. 314.

THOUGH Sir Lawrence Peel was a near kinsman of the subject of this memoir, he claims, and we think justly, to be “free from those disturbing causes, arising from family and party connection, which too often convert the biography of a statesman into a panegyric and a satire.” Younger by several years than the great man whose life and character he commemorates, and having had little direct intercourse with him,—trained in a different political school, sedulously devoting himself to the study of the law to the exclusion of all political ambition, and passing the last ten years of Sir Robert Peel’s life in a remote part of the empire,—he has written with a degree of impartiality which no one perhaps could have attained who stood in closer personal relations with his kinsman, or who mingled more largely in the turmoil of party warfare. He does not, indeed, add anything to our knowledge of Sir Robert Peel; he corrects only one or two unimportant mistakes of previous writers, while his own narrative is singularly deficient as to details,—even the dates of Peel’s birth and death being omitted; and his style is often turgid and inelegant. But he writes with great candor and moderation; and even as to those disputed points on which there is room for a difference of opinion, we gladly recognize the fairness of his arguments. On not a few questions he dissents from the policy of his kinsman, and inclines toward the Whigs; and on these topics he does not hesitate to express his views with great frankness. At the same time he never fails to do justice to the rectitude of Sir Robert’s intentions. To persons who are already familiar with the facts of Sir Robert’s life, the volume will be welcome, as a judicious estimate of his character and principles, rather than as a satisfactory biography.

3.—*A Second Series of Vicissitudes of Families.* By SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms, Author of “The Peerage and Baronetage,” “The Landed Gentry,” etc. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860. 12mo. pp. 438.

THE papers in Sir Bernard Burke’s new volume are shorter and more homogeneous than those in his former collection, though his plan is the same in both volumes. The subjects now examined are drawn for the most part from Irish and Scotch biography, and they present many very curious and striking illustrations of the reverses of family

fortune, which are nowhere more conspicuous than in the history of the hereditary nobility of Great Britain and Ireland. Sir Bernard's researches appear to have been confined within a narrow range ; but they have made him familiar with many curious details which seldom fall under the notice of the student of history, and his new volume is scarcely less interesting than that which preceded it. His style, indeed, is the style of an antiquary, rather than that of a graceful essayist ; and his attempts at "fine writing" are often of a painful and ludicrous character. Though his volume teaches, in a very impressive manner, the insecurity of all earthly possessions, few persons will have recourse to his pages on account of any felicity of statement in them. It is as a repository of significant facts that his volume claims notice ; and no one will close the book without bringing away some new or striking anecdote, however much he may regret that it was not narrated in a more polished and vigorous style.

Among the families and individuals whose various fortunes are described are the Bonapartes, the Laws of Lauriston (of whom was the celebrated financier), the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, the Prime Minister Ward, and the old Countess of Desmond, who is said to have lived to the age of a hundred and forty years. Besides these names, all of which are more or less familiar to American readers, there are fourteen or fifteen other titles ; and in all of the sketches the reader will find striking instances of the vicissitudes of fortune.

4.—*The Works of CHARLES LAMB.* A New Edition. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 4 vols. Small 8vo.

THIS is the most convenient and elegant edition of Lamb's Works which has been published, either in England or in this country, and it leaves nothing to be desired in respect to typographical beauty, or any other essential characteristic of a good library edition. It includes the Life and Letters, and the Final Memorials of Lamb by Talfourd, the Essays of Elia, Rosamund Gray, and Lamb's miscellaneous writings, with a few unimportant exceptions ; and it has a well-engraved portrait. Few writers of this century have enjoyed a larger measure of popularity, or have had warmer admirers, than the author of Elia. His courageous life under the shadow of a great calamity, his genial criticisms, and his quaint humor, have given him a place in the affections of cultivated readers of both sexes wherever the English language is spoken ; and it cannot be doubted that the Essays of Elia and some of his miscellaneous prose pieces will hold a permanent place among Eng-

lish classics. His letters sparkle with wit and good-humor, while his more elaborate essays exhibit the same attractive qualities in their full perfection, joined to a remarkable degree of acuteness and a ready sympathy with whatever is meritorious in the writings of both the early and the later English poets. His criticism was acute and appreciative; his acquaintance with the best parts of English literature was exact and comprehensive; and his own style, though sometimes affected, was singularly graceful and harmonious. In a certain quiet beauty and simplicity, no writings of this century surpass his best productions.

- 5.—1. *The Miscellaneous Writings of LORD MACAULAY.* London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xvi. and 395, 440.
2. *Biographies of LORD MACAULAY contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica. With Notes of his Connection with Edinburgh, and Extracts from his Letters and Speeches.* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1860. 16mo. pp. lvi. and 235.

THE first of these collections is an acceptable contribution to English literature, both on account of the papers included in it, and on account of the light which it incidentally throws on the growth and development of Lord Macaulay's mind. It comprises writings of nearly every period of his life, from the versified "Epitaph on Henry Martyn," composed when he was only twelve years old, to the last product of his matured intellect, the masterly sketch of the younger Pitt; and it is divided into four parts, including, respectively, his prose contributions to Knight's Quarterly Magazine, the Edinburgh Review, and the Encyclopædia Britannica, and his miscellaneous poems, both published and unpublished. Under the first head we have ten papers written while he was at college, three of which are reprinted in the American edition of his Essays, though they are not contained in the English edition. Of the other early papers the most striking are two critical essays on Dante and Petrarch, which show much acuteness, and an intimate acquaintance with their subjects, and fragments of a Roman tale and of a Greek drama. The second division contains nine biographical and critical essays. Of these, seven are in the American edition of the Essays; and among them are the well-known papers on History, Mirabeau, and Barère, and the three articles on the Utilitarian Theory of Government. Besides these essays there are two very able and thorough papers in refutation of Sadler's Theory of Population, which are now reprinted for the first time. The third division includes the admi-

rabble biographical sketches of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and the younger Pitt, — the last of which is perhaps the finest cabinet portrait in our language. In the fourth division we have a miscellaneous collection of poems, epitaphs, inscriptions, and translations. Several of these pieces possess great merit; and we know nothing of the kind which is superior to the epitaph on Lord Metcalfe and the inscription on the statue of Lord William Bentinck. “The Battle of Moncontour,” “The Battle of Naseby,” and “The Country Clergyman’s Trip to Cambridge,” an election ballad written in 1827, are very spirited and graphic poems, not unworthy of the powers which produced “The Armada” and “The Battle of Ivry.” But the piece which will attract the most notice is a dream, written after his defeat at Edinburgh, and bearing the simple title of “Lines written in August, 1847.” It celebrates the unfailing consolations of literature, and is marked by a lofty and dignified tone, and by great beauty of expression. Its length prevents us from citing the whole poem; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a few of the closing stanzas. As the weary and disappointed statesman rests at the close of the memorable contest in Edinburgh, his thoughts revert to his early years, and in imagination he sees a new-born child “sleeping life’s first soft sleep.” Before the infant the fairy queens pass to pronounce his doom in life. One by one the Queens of Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, and Power, and their companions, move on, in long procession, in silence or with a scornful glance. At length the Queen of Literature comes, and as she bends over the cradle she breathes into the baby’s ear a warm greeting, telling him how much he will love her in the future, and how richly she will repay his love; and she adds: —

“ In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
 Before the frowning peers at Bacon’s side:
 On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
 Through months of pain, the sleepless head of Hyde : ”

“ I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
 To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone :
 I lighted Milton’s darkness with the blaze
 Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne. ”

“ And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
 That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
 When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
 Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly ; — ”

“ Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
 Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise ;
 Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
 Swells at the sweeter sound of woman’s praise. ”

“ No : when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
 When weary soul and wasting body pine,
 Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
 In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine ;

“ Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
 Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
 Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
 Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas ;

“ Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
 White sand-hills shall reflect the burning glare ;
 Thine, when, through forests breathing death, thy way
 All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair ;

“ Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
 When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
 For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
 A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

“ Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
 Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
 Remember me ; and with an unforced smile
 See riches, bawbles, flatterers, pass away.

“ Yes : they will pass away ; nor deem it strange :
 They come and go, as comes and goes the sea :
 And let them come and go : thou, through all change,
 Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.”

Who, that has ever sought the consolations which literature proffers in sickness, or sorrow, or disappointment, does not recognize the truthfulness of these manly and vigorous lines, and gain from them a deeper insight into the character of the great historian ?

A collection so miscellaneous as this, and extending over a period of nearly half a century, can add nothing to a reputation so solid and durable as Lord Macaulay's. Neither can it derogate from his claim to a place among the foremost writers of modern times. Some of the early pieces, indeed, are such as he would not himself have reprinted, and give only slight promise of the splendid powers which he developed at a subsequent period. Others are among the best of his minor productions ; and all are interesting from their connection with him.

The second collection named above contains the five biographies from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and an introductory chapter, by Mr. Adam Black, on Lord Macaulay's connection with Edinburgh as one of its members in Parliament. This paper, though short, is replete with interest ; and some of the extracts from his letters and speeches cannot be readily found elsewhere.

6.—*Autobiographical Recollections.* By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R. A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., Editor of the “Autobiography of Haydon.” Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. lviii. and 363.

WE owe the publication of these delightful Recollections to a well-grounded belief on the part of Mr. Leslie, that much which had interested him in the course of his professional life was of a character to be read with interest by others, on account of its connection with “persons whose names will outlive the present age.” Accordingly, about ten years before his death, which occurred in May, 1859, he commenced an account of his own life, with anecdotes and notices of the distinguished men with whom he had been brought into daily contact, or whom he had occasionally met in society. This narrative appears to have been prepared in great part from earlier memoranda, and, though incomplete, it is brought down nearly to the close of his life. The style is easy and familiar, and many of Mr. Leslie’s reminiscences possess much interest. His parents were natives of this country; but about 1793 they went to England, and there Charles was born, on the 19th of October, 1794. When he was about five years old his parents returned to the United States; but after his father’s death a generous friend sent him abroad, in order that he might perfect himself in drawing and painting, for which he had early shown a marked taste. He arrived at Liverpool in December, 1811; and from that time until his death, with the exception of a short visit to this country and an occasional journey to Scotland or to the Continent, he continued to reside in England. During this period he became acquainted with all the principal artists, and with many of the most celebrated poets and prose-writers; and of many of them he has preserved graphic sketches or characteristic anecdotes. His remarks on West, Allston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Haydon, and other painters of this period, are especially noteworthy; and some of his anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Coleridge, and others, are told with much skill. Leslie was a keen observer; and, apart from the charm which he has thrown over nearly every page of his Recollections, we are indebted to him for much judicious criticism in art, and occasionally for new light on the characters of the men whom he describes.

These Recollections fill about half of the volume, and are followed by some interesting extracts from his correspondence, consisting, however, almost entirely of letters to his sister, Miss Eliza Leslie of Philadelphia, and to Washington Irving, together with some letters from the

latter. ' Leslie's letters are written with even greater ease and simplicity than his Recollections, and, like them, contain many striking bits of criticism, and not a few amusing anecdotes. The collection covers nearly the whole period of his second residence in England, and, though less complete than we could have desired, it adds much to the value of the book.

Mr. Taylor has discharged his editorial duties in a very creditable manner. He has prefixed a carefully prepared essay on Leslie's pictures, including a critical examination of his most celebrated works, and some just observations on his general characteristics as a painter and a writer on Art ; and he has added a few explanatory notes, and a chronological list of Leslie's principal pictures.

7.—*Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xviii. and 310, 327.

IT is a difficult and delicate task which he assumes who undertakes to write the life of a near relative. To a biographer the temptation is always great to magnify the virtues which he records, and even to defend the faults which every one else perceives ; but when he is not only exposed to these disturbing influences, but is also allied to the subject of his memoir by close domestic ties, the difficulties with which he has to contend are greatly increased, and strict impartiality is seldom or never attained. It is not surprising, therefore, that Hood's children should not have escaped these perils of biography, and that some abatement must be made from their estimate of their father. But they have written with so much modesty and simplicity, and there is so much that was beautiful in his character and life, that few persons will feel any regret that we owe these Memorials to the promptings of filial affection, or will feel disposed to take much exception to the portrait which they present.

Hood's position in English literature is somewhat peculiar. He does not hold a very high rank either as a poet or as a prose-writer ; yet he has always enjoyed a large measure of popularity, and his death was deeply and widely felt. His writings overflow with wit and humor ; yet his most celebrated production, "The Song of the Shirt," owes its power to its deep and unaffected pathos, and his own life was a sad one. He was born, as nearly as his children can ascertain, on the 23d of May, 1799, and he died on the 3d of May, 1845 ; and almost the whole of

the comparatively brief period subsequent to his arrival at manhood was given to literary pursuits, under circumstances which would have crushed a heart less courageous and hopeful. During his whole life he suffered from a severe and wasting illness, and his last sickness was one of great and protracted suffering. At the same time he often felt the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments; and it was when his spirits were weighed down by these depressing influences that most of his humorous pieces were written. It is no small praise to say, that under such influences he wrote nothing hollow or artificial, and that, notwithstanding his frequent exaggerations, it is easy to see behind all his writings a true, loving, and gentle heart.

In the preparation of these Memorials the larger part of the labor has devolved on his only daughter, Mrs. Broderip, who has discharged her self-imposed task in a manner worthy of much commendation. Her own recollections of her father were sufficiently distinct to enable her to record many incidents from her personal knowledge of them; and she has made a judicious selection from her father's letters and other manuscripts, though she has fallen into the common error of biographers, and has printed much that is trivial and uninteresting. Her narrative is composed with modesty and good taste; and the Preface and Notes by her brother throw considerable new light on Hood's life and character.

8.—*History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph.* By GEORGE B. PRESCOTT, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. xii. and 468.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great change which the invention of the electric telegraph has wrought in all social and political relations, few persons are familiar with either its history or its practical operation; and the want of a compendious treatise on the subject has long been felt. This want it is Mr. Prescott's purpose to supply; and the most cursory examination of his book will show how well qualified he is for the task, and how skilfully he has discharged it. Many years of study and observation have made him a master of all the important principles and details, and he has stated the results of his investigations with a simplicity and clearness which render his volume intelligible to general readers, as well as useful to those who have a more intimate acquaintance with the subject. It comprises everything relating to the telegraph which the great majority of readers will care to know, while its orderly arrangement and its copious Table of Contents and Index make

it a convenient manual for reference. An elementary treatise on electricity, descriptions of the various telegraph-instruments used at different periods or in different places, the various applications of the telegraph, the construction of telegraph-lines, terrestrial magnetism, and galvanism, all come within his plan; and nearly every topic is illustrated with woodcuts, well engraved, and printed in the best manner.

9.—*History of the Town of Gloucester, Cape Ann, including the Town of Rockport.* By JOHN J. BABSON. Gloucester: Procter Brothers. 1860. 8vo. pp. xi. and 610.

GLOUCESTER is one of the oldest towns in this Commonwealth, and was incorporated only twelve years after the settlement of Boston. But before that period the facilities which it offered for carrying on the fisheries had attracted notice; and as early as 1623 an attempt was made to establish a permanent fishing-station on the western shore of its principal harbor. This attempt failed of success, and after the colony had dragged out a precarious existence for about three years, the station was abandoned. For several years afterward the history of Gloucester is involved in much obscurity; and it is doubtful when the first permanent settlement was made, though Mr. Babson is inclined to place it in 1633. In that year, it is believed, a small party crossed the Bay from Plymouth for the purpose of establishing a fishing-station; and some members of this party are supposed to have remained at Gloucester. They were joined by immigrants from other places, and in 1642 the number of residents was large enough to justify incorporation. A considerable number of these later settlers established themselves at such a distance from the shore as to warrant the belief that they did not look to the fisheries as the chief means of support; and it was not until many years afterward that the inhabitants again became largely engaged in this uncertain business. With the revival of prosperity after the formation of the Constitution of the United States, their attention was again directed to it; and so many persons engaged in it that in 1810 a petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature for a modification of the militia laws, apparently on the ground that they operated unfavorably on the interests of the fishermen. Accordingly, in the early part of 1811, an act was passed exempting fishermen, while actually employed as such in the service of any citizen of the United States, from the performance of militia duty; and this act remained in force until October, 1814, when it was repealed. This petition and the exemption to which it led curiously illustrate the ex-

tent of the Gloucester fisheries at the time ; and they are among the few significant facts which appear to have escaped Mr. Babson's notice. Since that period the cod and mackerel fisheries of Gloucester have increased to such an extent that they now exceed in value those of any other place in the United States ; and notwithstanding the great increase of the population they continue to give employment to a large proportion of the male inhabitants.

Like nearly all of our New England towns which have passed their second centennial, Gloucester has a history of various and often of stirring interest, though the town suffered little during the French and Indian wars, and was never garrisoned by hostile troops. Apart from the local value which every town history possesses in some measure, there is enough of general interest in the annals of Gloucester to make us welcome Mr. Babson's volume with much satisfaction. He has approached his subject with a just sense of its requirements ; he has devoted many years to a thorough and conscientious study of it ; and he has been unwearied in the collection of materials. His style is simple and lucid ; and his arrangement of topics orderly and natural. He has carefully avoided the extravagance of statement into which local pride often leads the historian of a small community ; and he has narrated the various incidents in the history of his native town without any exaggeration of their importance.

He has very properly devoted his introductory chapter to a topographical description of Cape Ann, which is rendered still more intelligible to the reader by an excellent map. This is followed by a carefully prepared summary of the early voyages to New England, commencing with Gosnold's voyage in 1602, and coming down to the first attempt at a settlement on Cape Ann in 1623. The third chapter traces the history of this attempt, and closes with the dispersion of the little band of colonists,—a part of whom removed to Salem and there renewed the attempt under more favorable circumstances. In the fourth chapter we have an account of the first permanent settlement on the Cape, together with notices of the first settlers and their descendants ; and the remainder of the volume comprises a narrative of the principal events connected with the history of Gloucester from its incorporation to the present time, with a short chapter on the separate history of Rockport since 1840. This narrative is interspersed with brief notices of prominent citizens, and is further enriched by a very admirable description of the town as it appeared at the close of the Revolution. The Appendix contains a copy of the original charter granted by Lord Sheffield in 1623-4 ; complete lists of the principal town officers and representatives to the General Court ; the population

of Cape Ann at different periods; some interesting statistics in regard to the fishing business; and a few other documents. Beside the map already referred to, the volume is illustrated by lithographs of the former meeting-house of the First Parish, and of Gloucester harbor as it appeared in 1837, and by a few woodcuts, including a view of the oldest house on the Cape. We ought to add that the volume has a very good Table of Contents and an Index, and that its typographical appearance deserves much praise.

Mr. Babson, as we have remarked, has gathered up and preserved much curious and interesting information in respect to every period in the annals of Gloucester; and we presume that his volume omits few matters of local interest. In two or three instances, however, he would have materially enhanced the worth of his labors if he had been somewhat more minute and exhaustive in his statements. Thus in his valuable chapter on the early settlers and their families there is a much greater paucity of both names and dates than we should have anticipated; and we should have been glad to find a fuller account of the early struggles of the Gloucester Federalists and Democrats, since Essex County was the field of many important political movements, and nowhere did party spirit run higher than it did at Gloucester. With the qualification implied in this remark, we are inclined to bestow high praise on Mr. Babson's labors, and to include his volume among the most interesting and useful contributions to this department of historical research.

10.—*History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VIII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. pp. 475.

THIS is the second volume of the History of the Revolution; and eminent as was Mr. Bancroft's success in the six volumes of ante-Revolutionary history, the two of the new series which have appeared will, we think, effect more than the preceding for his permanent reputation. His style is more nearly level with his subject than before; and this for two reasons,—in part because he is less vehement and declamatory than formerly, and in part because the successive scenes of the Revolutionary drama, rising as they do into epic grandeur, demand in him who would worthily portray them a patriot's fervor and a poet's fire. Mr. Bancroft's narrative has much of the vividness of a contemporary sketch. He has not only consulted authorities, but has thrown his own imagination back into the heart of the last century, and has passed in thought through the varied and startling experiences of a generation now almost extinct.

Strangely enough, the period to which these volumes relate is likely to be regarded as the mythical age of American history. The sages and heroes of that era enjoyed an apotheosis while they were yet living, and it is only a posterity divided from them by one or two generations that has been willing even to read the evidence that they were subject to human passions and infirmities. But the discovery, once opened, is pursued with unresting pertinacity; characters, till of late too sacred for criticism, are thoroughly sifted; and the tendency now is to undervalue the individual leaders of our national infancy in a degree fully equal to that in which they have been overestimated. In view of a recent attempt to prove General Putnam a coward, we hardly know what name can be pronounced safe from the iconoclasts. With their spirit Mr. Bancroft has no sympathy. Yet his narrative is, throughout, discriminating, and, without descending to the minutiae which are mere gossip, though in the guise of history, he describes the men of that age as the preponderant testimony of unimpeachable witnessess represents them,—not as demigods, but as, for the most part, true-hearted, self-sacrificing men, who were made instruments for higher ends than they perceived at the outset, and were led by a providence not their own far beyond their intended terminus. Among the most striking portions of this volume are the characters of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson,—Adams with the strong lights and half-illuminated shadows, the sterling virtues and the foibles, hardly faults, which, slight as they were, seemed ineradicable,—Jefferson, as he begins to appear only to the men of this generation, opinionated indeed, but magnanimously honest and disinterested, not a partisan in any selfish or illiberal sense of the word, but a theorist who sincerely identified his own speculations with the welfare of his country and his race. There are, of course, in this last volume, several subjects still open to controversy; but on these Mr. Bancroft has shown no personal bias, nor has he in a single instance passed over from his ground as an historian to that of an advocate. Indeed, as he approaches the period when his judicial impartiality was most liable to be lost sight of, he seems to be more than ever on his guard against the prejudices of clique, section, and party.

11.—*A Church History of the first Three Centuries, from the Thirtieth to the Three Hundred and Twenty-Third Year of the Christian Era.*
By MILO MAHAN, D. D., S. Mark's-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Assembly, New York. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 12mo. pp. 428.

DR. MAHAN has here given us an excellent compend of early ecclesiastical history. He professes no originality of research; but has

evidently consulted the best authorities. He is a loyal son of the Episcopal Church, and of course finds sanction for her ministry in the annals of the primitive age of Christianity; but he presses inferences of this class no farther than it is his undoubted right to do, and the whole tone of the volume is candid and liberal. His style is pure, easy, and sprightly; and the proportionate stress laid on the several personages and events described is, in general, commensurate with their importance. Of course the author's way lies over a too well beaten path for him to invest his work with the charm of novelty; yet he has sometimes contrived to throw a singular freshness and lifelikeness into his narrative by drawing out the analogy between states of conviction and feeling in the early centuries and in our own time. Thus the "ecstasy," brought into the Church, from the wild Phrygian worship of Cybele, by the Montanists, is happily compared with the Mesmerism and pseudo-Spiritualism of the present day.

12.—*Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to Philemon, as the Basis of a Revision of the common English Version, and a Revised Version, with Notes.* New York. 1860. pp. 90.

THIS little volume is one of several that have been published by the American Bible Union,—an association which, as many of our readers well know, has a thorough revision of the English Scriptures for its aim. These publications are preliminary to the ultimate enterprise. They are circulated in their present form, that they may be subjected to a thorough criticism, may themselves undergo the careful revision of Biblical scholars, at home and abroad, and may, when thus verified or corrected, be incorporated into a standard edition of the English Bible. The version before us, with the accompanying critical apparatus, has been prepared by Professor Hackett, whose name alone is an ample guaranty of the learning and the conscientious fidelity employed upon it. The Epistle to Philemon is, indeed, the simplest, as well as the shortest, of St. Paul's Epistles. Its manuscripts have no various readings of importance; and its aim is so obvious, and pursued with such singleness of purpose, as to leave little room for a diversity of interpretation. The chief critical labor required was to defend its genuineness, and to fix historically the epoch, occasion, and circumstances of its composition. All that could be done Professor Hackett has performed thoroughly and gracefully; and though his departures from the common translation are few and slight, it is worth a great deal to have the attestation of so eminent a scholar to the accuracy of that

translation. We rejoice in the progress of the proposed series of new versions, and cannot help anticipating from its completion a firmer general confidence in the common version,— of the New Testament at least; for the errors which those who search diligently for them can detect in it, bear an exceedingly small proportion to the passages which are both accurately and happily rendered.

13.—*Virgil's Aeneid: with Explanatory Notes.* By HENRY S. FRIEZE, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 598.

THIS edition of the *Aeneid* has strong claims to be regarded with favor. The editor has not given a text of his own, but has adhered to Jahn's text even where he himself would have preferred a change of reading; and in this he was wise, for textual criticism, being properly a science of fact, not of conjecture, can be pursued with confidence and advantage only where the highest authorities are within reach. The text is here given without break or interruption, and the notes are thrown into an appendix. The notes are numerous, but very brief, and for the most part explanatory of customs, allusions, anomalous constructions, and single words; in fine, such notes as convey to the diligent student positive knowledge for which he might look elsewhere in vain, but not such as, by the translation of slightly difficult passages, absolve the student from the necessity of personal application. The volume is still further enriched by numerous woodcuts, illustrative equally of the mythology and of the life and manners of the ancients. It seems to us a model book, both in plan and in execution.

14.—*A Greek Grammar, for Schools and Colleges.* By JAMES HADLEY, Professor in Yale College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 366.

PROFESSOR HADLEY has assumed the School Grammar of Curtius as the basis of his own. He has introduced a very decided improvement in arranging the forms of the different dialects in smaller type at the foot of the pages where the corresponding Attic forms are described, thus enabling the pupil to see at one glance all the disguises through which he may be obliged to track a word in his lexicon. Another innovation, not in mere arrangement, but in classification, is the division of verbs into nine classes, founded on the mode in which the

present tense of the verb is related to its stem. The attempt is also made, with good success, to bring many of the (so-called) anomalous verbs within the range of law and system. The work bears evident marks of thorough scholarship and patient labor on the part of the author, and is eminently philosophical in its entire method. The only feature of it which does not at the outset impress us favorably, is the classification of verbs already alluded to, which, it seems to us, though clear and exhaustive, might easily glide from the student's memory. With this exception, if exception it be, the book deserves our unqualified praise, and it can hardly fail of extensive use in our schools and colleges.

15.—*A Journey in the Back Country.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMS TED. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 492.

THIS is the third volume of Mr. Olmsted's travels in the slave States. It consists, for the most part, of the daily records of his observations, conversations, and adventures, and is designed to present, without coloring, precise and accurate views of agriculture, intelligence, and domestic life, as he found them in the southern and southwestern interior districts of our country. The value of this and the previous volumes is enhanced by the consideration that the author is a practical farmer, has no theories to support, is far from being an Abolitionist, and seems entirely free from sectional antipathies. His survey is strictly an economical one, and his inquiries are primarily directed to the economical results of slave labor as compared with free labor. The existing institutions of the South he regards as not susceptible of immediate or speedy change,—least of all would he advocate political interference with them on the part of the North or of the national government. But if they actually prevent the full development of the country's resources, true policy, he maintains, dictates a course of discussion, and, when opportunity presents, a line of action, which shall look toward the essential modification or the ultimate extinction of slavery. These volumes, in their kind, conciliatory tone, their rigid impartiality, and their affluence in significant facts, are admirably adapted to rebuke and allay both Northern and Southern fanaticism,—Northern, by the exhibition of a state of society of which the sudden and forcible disruption would be ruin equally to the dominant and the subject race,—Southern, by the removal of the very grounds on which it challenges and defies the common sentiment of civilized humanity.

16.—*On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind. Their Incipient Symptoms, Pathology, Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prophylaxis.* By FORBES WINSLOW, M. D., D. C. L. Oxon., &c., &c., &c. London: John Churchill. 1860. 8vo. pp. 721.

THIS volume is designed as an Introduction to the author's forthcoming "Treatise on Softening of the Brain, and other Organic Diseases of the Cerebro-Spinal System." Dr. Winslow maintains that cerebral disease, whether resulting in insanity, in apoplexy, or in paralysis, is seldom or never sudden in its access, or rapid in its development. Its beginnings commonly precede its recognition by many months, or even years. Its earliest symptoms are slightly morbid phenomena of intelligence, habits of motion, or modes of sensation, which are ascribed often to weariness, indigestion, or some other non-cerebral cause. These symptoms are at the outset intermittent, and recur at such rare intervals, and under such abnormal conditions, as to awaken no suspicion in the patient or his friends that they indicate organic disease. Yet, for lack of attention to these earlier stages, the disease becomes seated and ineradicable, while in numerous instances it might, by proper regimen and medical treatment, be promptly removed. Dr. Winslow's object, in the book before us, is to point out the various tokens of incipient lesion of the brain or disturbance of its functions, and the methods of prevention and cure. The work abounds in descriptions of individual cases, and the maxims and principles laid down are drawn inductively from these facts of observation and experience. It is a work of great interest to the non-professional reader, and can hardly be otherwise than of very great value to the medical student or practitioner.

17.—*Studies of the Earth. An Essay on the Figure and Surface-Divisions of the Earth, its Geological and Meteorological Phenomena, and its Astronomical Elements.* By SAMUEL ELLIOTT COUES, Washington, D. C. Washington: Philp and Solomons. 1860. 4to. pp. 98.

UP to the present time the domains of exact science have been restricted. Law has been supposed to extend only to certain descriptions of cosmical facts and phenomena, beyond which the unconditioned will of the Creator has been regarded as the sole cause. But of late the tendency of philosophy has been to extend the reign of law to all portions and changes of the physical universe,—to make the trending of a coast or the gathering of a storm contingent on conditions coincident

with, or resulting from, those which govern the revolutions of the spheres. If the truth, indeed, lies in this direction, (and who will dare to say that it does not?) a certain class of books, of which this of Mr. Coues is one, will be more highly appreciated a century hence than now. Their aim is to reduce the hitherto irreducible parts of the Cosmos to harmony with its already recognized laws. That this aim is accomplished, would be not only too much to say of the book before us, but too much to expect in the present generation. The most that can be claimed for this work is that it is a pioneer book in the route which scientific thought seems resolved to pursue, written with singular honesty and earnestness of purpose, with profound reverence, and in a thoroughly truth-seeking and truth-loving spirit. It will for the present be little read, and less understood; its fate in the future must depend, as we have indicated, on the type of physical theory which shall be in the ascendant.

18.—*What may be learned from a Tree.* By HARLAND COULTAS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 190.

THIS book has a double purpose, and seems to us more completely successful in one of its aims than in the other. As a popular, and at the same time a scientifically accurate exposition of the germination, life, growth, parts, and functions of a tree, it is beyond all question a very valuable treatise, and we know not where else to find this department of botany so ably and satisfactorily presented. The author also seeks under every head to draw forth from the phenomena he describes a certain amount of ethical instruction. His lessons are all true and good; but we do not always clearly perceive how they come from the tree, and they are somewhat prolix and tedious. This set moralizing is not much to our taste,—that, however, is of no consequence; but we also believe that it does very little good. That trees, like all God's works, are fraught full with spiritual truth, we have no doubt; but they are far less instructive, when they are made the text for protracted homilies, than when, as by the Divine Teacher, they are merely pointed at in connection with the Father's name, and left to urge their silent appeal to men's hearts.

19.—*Life of William T. Porter.* By FRANCIS BRINLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 273.

WILLIAM T. PORTER was the founder and editor of "The Spirit of the Times," the principal sporting paper in the country. In New Eng-

land, where the turf has so little honor and patronage among the better portion of society, this might seem an ambiguous claim to posthumous reputation ; yet, in his capacity of editor, Mr. Porter enjoyed the regard, esteem, and support of a highly respectable public, in which all other parts of the country were largely represented, though our own but sparsely. He himself was a noble scion from a noble stock,— a man who united with his equine tastes and sympathies all the traits of a Christian gentleman. We have seldom been more charmed with a biography than with this, and of this the most interesting portion consists of Mr. Porter's characteristic letters, and of letters from various members of his family, which exhibit in them a courtesy, delicacy, purity, and conscientiousness kindred to his own. The book contains, indeed, a considerable amount of sporting matter which we have not read, and which, if we had read it, we could not appreciate. But, independently of this, there is enough in the volume to interest and gratify every lover of the graceful and excellent in character.

20.— *The Eighth Commandment.* CHARLES READE. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 16mo. pp. 276.

IN the international copyright arrangement between France and England there is a proviso that the stipulated protection shall not “prohibit fair imitations, or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively”; and under that proviso virtual and almost literal translations have found shelter, equally to the detriment of French dramatic authors, whose works have been largely pirated for the English stage, and to the discouragement of British talent, for which there remains no remunerating demand. “The Eighth Commandment” is Mr. Reade’s argument and invective against this condition of things. It is earnest, vehement, discursive, marked by the unmistakable tokens of the author’s vivid and brilliant genius, and equally by his unconscious faults, and his assumed and still more offensive mannerisms.

21.— *Woods and Waters: or, The Saranacs and Racket.* With Map of the Route and nine Illustrations on Wood. By ALFRED B. STREET. New York : M. Doolady. 1860. 12mo. pp. 345.

IT is strange that in the populous State of New York there should be found, at this late day, scope for a first record of travel and exploration over an extensive territory almost unknown. Yet so it is. The wil-

derness of Northern New York, between Lake Champlain, the Mohawk and the Black Rivers,—embracing several thousands of square miles,—is very sparsely settled, is frequented chiefly by sportsmen, and, as we believe, has not till now found its place in literature. Mr. Street gives in the book before us the narrative of a month's excursion in this region. His sketches of adventures, characters, and conversations are vivid and entertaining; his descriptions of scenery betray the artist's eye and the poet's hand; while a few exquisite pieces of verse scattered through the volume remind us of the author's special calling and gift, and attest at once the inspiration of the scenes among which they were written and the genuineness of his mission as an interpreter of Nature.

22. *The Works of FRANCIS BACON*, Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and Edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and DOUGLAS DEVON HEATH, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. XI., being Vol. I. of the Literary and Professional Works. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1860. Small 8vo. pp. 461.

WITH this volume commences the American reprint of an edition of Bacon's entire works, prepared and superintended with consummate erudition, taste, and skill. Whatever Bacon wrote has significance and value for our times; for where he was not a pioneer in the progress of intellect, he was a representative of the mind of his age, and his writings have so wide a scope, and often so abound in details, that, when he makes no contribution to philosophy, he always enriches history. But no author needs editorial labor of a higher order than Bacon; for his text often has various readings, and there are sometimes discrepancies between the manuscript in his own hand and the printed copy of the same issued under his sanction, while those of his works originally written in Latin need careful translation for the English reader. The volume now before us indicates on the part of the editors the utmost thoroughness and fidelity. The greater part of the volume is taken up with "The History of the Reign of King Henry VII.," which, aside from the interest attached to it by the author's world-wide fame, and by his position so many generations nearer than ourselves to the events he narrates, possesses life and spirit to a remarkable degree, and abounds in such incidents as survive in oral tradition, but seldom find their way into formal history. This is succeeded by two or three historical frag-

ments, and the volume closes with the discourse "In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ Angliæ Reginæ," followed by an English translation. The American publishers have produced a book — indicative of what the entire series will be — in all the accessories at their command faultlessly beautiful; and those who would gladly have a copy of Bacon need look no farther for an edition which will at once adorn the library, and furnish the reader with everything that remains of the author, or is essential to the illustration of his works.

23.— *A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Revised, with important Additions. Boston : Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. 1860. 8vo. pp. 608.

IN 1830 Dr. Worcester first published his "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary," which, for use in schools, at once took the field without dispute or rivalry, and in its successive editions and modifications has in great part held its ground against able and adroit competition. In 1855, he published a "Pronouncing, Explanatory, and Synonymous Dictionary," which was substantially an enlargement of the former work, with the introduction of the principal synonymes of the language. The present work is a carefully revised combination of these two Dictionaries. It is as large a book as can be desired for schools or for ordinary use, and comprises everything that can be reasonably expected within moderate limits of space. The vocabulary contains very numerous technical terms, and such obsolete words, provincialisms, Americanisms, and words adopted from foreign languages, as are likely to occur in books, conversation, or public discourse. Grammatical irregularities and anomalies are carefully noted. The definitions are necessarily concise; yet secondary and unusual senses of words are very often designated. The orthography is adjusted with especial care, not to an ideal standard, but to the best usage in England and America. The pronunciation is marked by a simple and convenient system of notation, and wherever there is a variance in good usage, the several pronunciations are given, with the authorities for each. Besides very valuable prefatory matter on the orthography and construction of the English language, there are in the Appendix Pronouncing Vocabularies of Greek and Latin Proper Names, of Scripture Proper Names, of Modern Geographical Names, and of the Names of Distinguished Men and Women of Modern Times; a list of the Christian Names of Men and Women, with their Signification; a table of Abbreviations; Signs of the Planets, Aspects, Zodiac, &c.; a collection of

Words, Phrases, and Quotations from the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish; and a brief, but very serviceable, Dictionary of the Deities, Heroes, and Fabulous Personages in Classical Mythology. It will be perceived from this synopsis, that the volume well merits its title of "Comprehensive"; and there is no portion of it in which the execution does not betray the care, skill, and learning of the compiler, and bear manifest traces of his matured experience in all those minor details of arrangement and typography, which have no slight bearing on the value of a book designed for daily and constant use. While Dr. Worcester's quarto Dictionary will remain a permanent memorial of his erudition and industry, this more compendious work, in an humbler, yet even more important, line of service, must find its way at least into every portion of our own country, and will render essential aid in securing uniformity, and preserving purity in speech and writing throughout the so widely separated portions of our republic.

24.—*The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.* By IZAAK WALTON: with some Account of the Author and his Writings, by THOMAS ZOUCH, D. D., F. L. S., Prebendary of Durham. New Edition, with Illustrative Notes, complete in One Volume. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. Small 8vo. pp. 386.

THE great popularity which Walton's "Complete Angler" early acquired, and still maintains, has quite overshadowed the reputation which he would otherwise have enjoyed as a biographer. Yet his "Lives" have the same simple beauty of style, and reveal the same gentle nature, which have given celebrity to that delightful work; and, as a whole, they form one of the most charming series of biographies in our language. Written with no ambitious purpose, they bring before us brief but admirable sketches of some of the truest and best men of their age; and notwithstanding the great changes, both in habits of thought and in modes of expression, since Walton wrote, we read these memoirs with an interest which may be traced partly to their subjects and partly to the felicity of treatment. Though Walton lived in a period of intense political excitement, followed by an age of gross immorality, and though he was for some time engaged in business as a small tradesman, his own life was such as to fit him especially to be the biographer of poets and divines. His tastes allied him with whatever was pure, simple, and truthful; and in the lives of the men whom he has commemorated he found a congenial theme, which he treated with con-

scientious fidelity according to his own judgment, if not always with a just perception of the real facts to be recorded. The task which he undertook was a labor of love; and he performed it in a modest and loving spirit. As Wordsworth finely says:—

“ There are no colors in the fairest sky,
So fair as these : the feather whence the pen
Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropt from an angel’s wing : with moistened eye,
We read of faith, and purest charity,
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.”

The merits of this edition of the “Lives” are too well known to require especial notice. We need only say, that the volume contains a copious body of notes, a very good Index, and a brief memoir of Walton by Dr. Zouch, who is also known as the author of a Life of Sir Philip Sidney that enjoys some reputation. We ought to add a word of commendation as to the manner in which the volume has been reprinted. Uniform in size and appearance with the beautiful edition of Lamb’s Works, noticed on a previous page, it will take its place by the side of the best specimens of either English or American typography. In a word, the book is offered to us in a garb worthy of its contents.

25.—*A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.*
By WILLIAM MASSEY, M. P. Vol. III. 1781–1793. London :
John W. Parker and Son. 1860. 8vo. pp. 511.

THE new volume of Mr. Massey’s History confirms the favorable opinion of his merits as an historian which we expressed on the publication of his second volume, and particularly as to his candor and impartiality in dealing with the party conflicts which so largely occupy his attention. The period comprised in this part of his narrative is one of the most memorable in English history, and was marked by a bitterness of party warfare seldom equalled. It includes the closing years of the American War and the commencement of the wars which grew out of the French Revolution; the rise and fall of the Rockingham ministry and of the Coalition ministry of Fox and Lord North, together with the first decade of the administration of the younger Pitt; the rupture between Fox and Burke; the impeachment of Hastings; and many other events of scarcely less significance. Yet over this period Mr. Massey passes with a candor and fairness of statement which few English historians have evinced in their treatment of these exciting topics. Though his sympathies are in general with the liberal

party in the state, he seldom, perhaps never, fails to do full justice to the Tories; and in some instances, we think, he even goes too far, conceding to the latter much which we are by no means prepared to admit. Thus he seems inclined to palliate the unconstitutional conduct of Lord Temple at the time of the rejection of Mr. Fox's India Bill, and to condemn the policy of the Whigs in stigmatizing it as a breach of privilege. But nothing can be clearer than that the course pursued by Lord Temple struck a fatal blow both at the freedom of debate and at the right of every member of Parliament to vote on all questions without royal intimidation. Mr. Massey's estimate of Burke is likewise open to animadversion; and on some other points of a similar character we must also dissent from his views. He seldom takes a very firm grasp of a subject, and his language is often ambiguous and inconsistent, though in this respect his new volume is much superior to either of the previous volumes.

No English historian has shown more candor in dealing with American affairs than Mr. Massey; and he even recognizes the justice of André's sentence,—a subject which few English writers have treated with fairness. Dissenting entirely from the view taken by the editor of the Cornwallis Papers, and other writers, he says, that André's "eagerness to disclaim a character [that of a spy], which neither professional zeal nor patriotic ardor can quite reconcile with that of an officer and a gentleman, too plainly showed his own sense, that the circumstances under which he had been taken fixed him with that odious responsibility. There could, indeed, be no question about the matter; and Washington, upon the admission of André himself, would have been justified by the laws and usages of war in ordering him for instant execution. He referred the matter, however, to a board of general officers, comprising the most distinguished men in the American service; and upon André's own statements and admissions made before them, this board unanimously came to the conclusion that André was a spy, and as such had incurred the penalty of death."—p. 15.

Elsewhere he says, in speaking of the removal of André's remains to Westminster Abbey:—

"I would not say, that either the fatal errand upon which André descended to be employed, nor the previous correspondence in which he was engaged with the vilest of traitors, were in any sense dishonorable; but I must be permitted to doubt whether services of this character entitle his memory to the honors of Westminster."—pp. 20, 21.

In reading this volume we have regretted to notice the same carelessness in the proof-reading which marked the first two volumes. For instance, Charleston is generally printed "Charlestown"; John Jay becomes "Mr. Gay"; and Henry Laurens appears under the strange disguise of "Mr. Sanders."

26.—*The Life of George Washington.* By EDWARD EVERETT. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

THIS Life of Washington was originally prepared by Mr. Everett for the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The limits of a biography to be inserted in such a work precluded a detailed narrative. But Mr. Everett, in drawing it up, has shown consummate skill in selecting the most important events in the successive and strongly-marked periods of Washington's life, and in condensing the intervening history into sentences and paragraphs, which so connect them, that the reader feels no break in the interest or continuity of the story. He has drawn the character of the great chieftain, not only under the inspiration of the hearty sympathy with its noble and heroic traits which no man has ever more thoroughly felt than he, but with a profound appreciation of its minutest characteristics, which nothing but long study and careful reflection can give.

In no one of Mr. Everett's works have we so thoroughly enjoyed the inimitable beauties of his style. Of course, in his great orations, there is, or there should be, a more brilliant display of consummate rhetoric. In this work, his exuberance of beautiful and classical language is toned down to the sobriety of the subject; yet scarcely a sentence occurs which does not rouse the imagination or steal into the heart, by some gracious touch of feeling, or some unstudied felicity of expression, that perpetually enchains the reader's attention. One might fancy that the story of Washington was as familiar as a twice-told tale, and that the character of Washington needed no further exposition. And this, to a certain extent, is doubtless the case. Most of the facts and incidents in his great career are well enough known to all outward seeming; but not well enough known in their coherent significance. For instance, the story of the New Jersey campaigns is tolerably familiar; but the fact that Washington showed in them a strategical skill which places him on a level with the genius of the greatest commanders of ancient and modern times, is not generally appreciated. Yet any intelligent man who surveys the scene of those immortal achievements, under guidance of Mr. Haven of Trenton, who knows the whole topography of that region by heart, must be convinced that the hero of the American Revolution was at least the equal of Cæsar and Napoleon in martial prowess and the genius of command.

A popular writer, Mr. Thackeray, in "The Virginians," has ventured to introduce Washington, in his youth, as a personage of fiction. The thought was rash and infelicitous, had the author succeeded in his daring attempt; but *magnis excidit ausis*,—and never was failure more

complete. Mr. Thackeray takes the satirical, the merely worldly view of life and society; he can take no other. His characters are compounded of many vices and few if any virtues; or, if the virtues predominate, the result is a *fool*. He has never drawn a true and dignified woman, nor a gentleman of the highest type. He has no conception of that simplicity in which nobleness of nature most largely consists. A grand character like that of Washington, endowed by a special Providence to achieve great changes in the course of human affairs; made up of the elemental virtues in the largest proportions; wise, but not crafty; reserved, yet simple and direct; forcible in action, but wasting no force on visionary or impracticable suggestions; grave, yet cheerful; disinterested and generous, but not prodigal; friendly and devoted, but never "hale fellow well met"; self-consistent from his earliest years to the day of his death; winning the fervent love of all around him, but never, from his wonderful boyhood, through his heroic youth, to his illustrious age, the object of trifling or hilarious familiarity,—such a character as this, the sarcastic delineator of vices and follies, the unveiler of social hypocrisies, the keen observer of superficial manners, the detector of hidden motives under plausible outsides, could never comprehend, and of course could never paint, however hard he may strive. The Colonel Washington of "The Virginians" is as unlike the real Washington, who joined the military family of Braddock, as Braddock himself was unlike the general that Washington became. Besides the absurd anachronism, by which he represents Washington as announcing to his mother his engagement to Mrs. Custis three years before the death of Mr. Custis, he commits the infinitely greater blunder of making him accept a challenge from a foolish, hot-headed youth, who fancies that the young officer is paying attention to his "lady mother";—first, as if any family then living in Virginia would not have been honored, and felt itself honored, by an alliance with Washington, who was, even at that early age, universally recognized as the most distinguished person in the State; and, secondly, as if Washington could, at any time of his life, and under any circumstances, have been drawn into a duel. This moral blunder is worse than all the rest. It shows that Thackeray had not the key to the inner chambers of Washington's mind. And yet we have heard some Americans praise this foolish picture, because, forsooth, it makes Washington like other men. Why, this is the very essence of the falsehood. Washington was not like other men; and to bring his lofty character down to the level of the vulgar passions of common life, is to give the lie to the grandest chapter in the uninspired annals of the human race.

It is needless to say, that Mr. Everett's conception of Washington,

as embodied in his famous oration, and more completely expressed in this biography, fully recognizes the providential element in his illustrious career. He looks upon the being he endeavors to portray with a reverence which no ordinary man, however conspicuous in the records of fame, could inspire, and which no other mortal ever deserved,—but which Washington ought to inspire in right-minded and intelligent men, and which he, and he alone, most assuredly deserves. The summing up of Washington's character at the end of the volume is a masterly specimen of historical portraiture, which we should be glad to quote did our limits permit; but it is not necessary, for all who read anything will certainly read this little book, and they will find in it the realities of history presented after the most conscientious study, and an interest more absorbing than romance, because it arises from truth, clothed with the charms of the highest literary skill.

We cannot close this brief notice without calling attention to the graceful and pathetic tribute to Lord Macaulay, at whose suggestion Mr. Everett undertook the work; and to the paper, by the venerable Dr. Jackson, on the disease of which Washington died. This document presents in so clear and simple a form the facts and the science of the case, that the unprofessional reader fully understands them; and we share in the satisfaction of Mr. Everett, that he has been able to lay before the public so admirable a paper, written at his request by the venerable head of his profession in Boston.

27.—*The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical; with Quotations and References, for the Use of Students.* By WILLIAM FLEMING, D. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. From the Second, Revised and Enlarged, London Edition. *With an Introduction, Chronology of the History of Philosophy brought down to 1860, Bibliographical Index, Synthetic Tables, and other Additions, by CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D. D., Translator of "Tholuck on the Gospel of John."* Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 1860. Small 8vo. pp. 662.

THIS is indeed an age of dictionaries, and there is scarce any department of knowledge which has not been reduced to an alphabetical series of titles, and treated in an encyclopedic form. We are not certain that we have ever seen a work like this; and we had hardly supposed that what might be deemed the peculiar and technical terms of philosophy were numerous enough to give scope for an extensive vocabulary. But this dictionary has between seven and eight hundred

separate titles, all of them of words and phrases which either belong exclusively to philosophy, or take on a special signification when employed in philosophical discourse. The author's object was to aid the students of the Scotch universities in understanding their text-books. Still more is like assistance needed by common readers of recent books of every description, and by numerous writers too; for certain philosophical terms occur promiscuously in the literature of the day, and sometimes even in its poetry, and these terms are often not only misunderstood, but misapplied also. Our author has made a very useful book. His definitions are clear, sharp, and strong. His illustrative quotations are happily chosen, and always form an important part of the meaning or the history of the term under which they occur. The references to opinions and authorities embody incidentally a large portion of the history of philosophy. The matter added by Dr. Krauth greatly enhances the value of the work. As a part of this, we have a special vocabulary of the principal terms used in modern German philosophy, drawn from Morell's edition of Tennemann's Manual. In this the editor is driven to coin some words which have not yet been invested with the citizenship of the English tongue. Thus, for *Denkbarkeit*, he gives us "Thinkableness." The chronological table of epochs and authors, also from Tennemann, is very full and thorough. This is followed by a copious, but by no means complete, Bibliographical Index of Authors, which gives under the name of each author the titles of his works, and the subjects on which he is to be consulted. In fine, the entire volume will be found a valuable book of reference; while at the same time there are not a few of the articles which are amply worthy of perusal, as brief indeed, but continuous and adequate, treatises on their respective subjects.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

What is Preaching? A Sermon, preached on the Occasion of the Ordination of George W. Lasher, A. M., as Pastor of the Baptist Church in Norwalk, Conn., September 30, 1859. By Rev. George W. Eaton, D. D., President of Madison University, and Professor of Doctrinal Theology in the Hamilton Theological Seminary. New York. 1860.

Relation of Pastor and People. A Sermon preached on the Occasion of assuming the Pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in New Orleans, by Charles B. Thomas. New Orleans. 1860.

A Discourse, preached in the West Church, on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860.

A Discourse delivered in the Church of the Unity, after the Death of Theodore Parker. By George H. Hepworth. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860.

Theodore Parker: a Sermon preached in New York, June 10, 1860. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.

The Words of Jesus. By the Author of "The Morning and Night Watches," "The Faithful Promiser," &c., &c. Boston : E. P. Dutton & Co. 1860. 16mo. pp. 127.

Books and Reading: a Lecture by W. P. Atkinson. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860.

Oration by Thomas Chase, and Poem by John G. Whittier, delivered before the Alumni Association of the Friends' School at Providence, at their Second Annual Meeting at Newport, 1860. Philadelphia. 1860.

Immanuel. An Examination of the Two Natures of Christ, in their Relations to Physiology and Revelation. Hartford. 1860.

Register and Catalogue of the State Normal School at Salem, Mass., for the Spring and Summer Term, 1860. Salem. 1860.

Circular and Catalogue of the Law School of the University of Albany, for the year 1859 - 60. Albany : Munsell and Rowland. 1860.

Message of His Excellency, Ichabod Goodwin, Governor of the State of New Hampshire, to the Senate and House of Representatives, June Session, 1860. Concord. 1860.

Appletons' Companion Hand-Book of Travel; containing a full Description of the principal Cities, Towns, and Places of Interest, together with Hotels and Routes of Travel through the United States and the Canadas. With Colored Maps. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 288.

Lovel the Widower. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1860.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Part VII., VIII. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 12mo. pp. 305 – 388.

The National Quarterly. Edited by Edward I. Sears, A. B. Vol. I. No. 1. June, 1860. New York : Pudney and Russell. 1860. 8vo. pp. 278.

The Plantation. A Southern Quarterly Journal. Edited by J. A. Turner, of Georgia. Vol. I. No. 1. March, 1860. New York : Pudney and Russell. 8vo. pp. 221.

Chambers's Encyclopædia : A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Nos. 14 – 18. pp. 320.

Actes de l'Académie Imperiale des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Arts de Bordeaux. Vingt-Unième Année. 1859. 3^e Trimestre. Paris : E. Dentu. 1859. 8vo. pp. 122.

Reminiscences of the Military Life and Sufferings of Col. Timothy Bigelow, Commander of the Fifteenth Regiment of the Massachusetts Line in the Continental Army, during the War of the Revolution. By Charles Hersey. Worcester. 1860.

A Mourning Tribute to the Memory of Anna Perry. Greenville. 1859. pp. 104.

Our Triennial Catalogue. A Discourse addressed to the Alumni of Yale College, at their Annual Meeting, July 25, 1860. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Albany. 1860.

The Relation of the Sunday School to the Church : a Review of Dr. Huntington's Address before the State Convention of Massachusetts Sunday-School Teachers at Worcester, June 13, 1860. By Rev. N. M. Williams. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

Federalism Unmasked : or the Rights of the States, the Congress, the Executive, and the People, vindicated against the Encroachments of the Judiciary, prompted by the Modern Apostate Democracy. Being a Compilation from the Writings and Speeches of the Leaders of the old Jeffersonian Democracy. By Daniel R. Goodloe. Washington. 1860.

Reflections upon the Nature of the Temporary Star of the Year 1572. An Application of the Nebular Hypothesis. By Alexander Wilcox, M. D. Read before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1859, and reprinted from their Journal. Philadelphia. 1860. pp. 309 – 320.

The Dublin Suit. Supreme Judicial Court, for the Counties of Cheshire and Sullivan. In Chancery. The Attorney-General, at the Relation of Edward F. Abbott and another, *v.* the Town of Dublin, W. F. Bridge, and another. Argument for the Respondents. Keene. 1859.

An Address delivered before the American Peace Society, in Park Street Church, Boston, May 28, 1860. By Samuel J. May, Syracuse, New York. Boston. 1860.

Castle Richmond. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 474.

Old Robin and his Proverb. By Mrs. Henry F. Brock. Boston. 1860. 12mo. pp. 492.

The Pathfinder; or, The Inland Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 515.

The Chainbearer; or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 486.

The Sand-Hills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. 267.

Right at Last, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 305.

The Sisters of Soleure: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. Concord: Edson C. Eastman. 1860. 16mo. pp. 272.

Rosa; or the Parisian Girl. From the French of Madame de Pressensé. By Mrs. J. C. Fletcher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 16mo. pp. 371.

The Ebony Idol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Woman in White. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated by John McLenan. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 8vo. pp. 260.

*Chapters on Wives. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 358.

The Wild Sports of India: with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush. By Anne Bowman. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 463.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa; together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute at Basel, and Late Missionary in the Service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa, etc., etc. With an Appendix respecting the Snow-capped Mountains of Eastern Africa; the Sources of the Nile; the Languages and Literature of Abessinia and Eastern Africa, etc., etc., and a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa up to the Discovery of the Uyenyesi by Dr. Livingstone, in September last. By E. J. Ravenstein, F. R. G. S. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. 464.

Life in the Desert: or Recollections of Travel in Asia and Africa. By Colonel L. Du Couret (Hadji-Abd' El-Hamid-Bey), Ex-Lieutenant of the Emirs of Mecca, Yémen of Persia, Delegate of the French Government to Central Africa, Member of the Société Orientale, Académie Nationale, etc. Translated from the French. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 502.

A Missionary among Cannibals; or the Life of John Hunt, who was eminently successful in converting the People of Fiji from Cannibalism to Christianity. By George Stringer Rowe. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. 16mo. pp. 286.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter, of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 378.

A Run through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 552.

Map of the White Mountains, and Vicinity, N. H. Prepared for Eastman's White Mountain Guide; by C. H. V. Cavis. Concord: Edson C. Eastman. 1860.

Stories of Scotland and its Adjacent Lands. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1861. 12mo. pp. 180.

Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves. Translated from the French. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 317.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860; Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 429.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. XIV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 747.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1859. Agriculture. Washington. 1860. 8vo. pp. 590.

A Political Text-Book for 1860: comprising a Brief View of Presidential Nominations and Elections: including all the National Platforms ever yet adopted: also, A History of the Struggle respecting Slavery in the Territories, and of the Action of Congress as to the Freedom of the Public Lands, with the most notable Speeches and Letters of Messrs. Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, Cass, Seward, Everett, Breckinridge, H. V. Johnson, etc., etc., touching the Questions of the Day; and Returns of all Presidential Elections since 1836. Compiled by Horace Greeley and John Cleveland. New York. 1860. 8vo. pp. 248.

The Junior Ladies' Reader, a Choice and Varied Collection of Prose and Verse; with a Synopsis of the Elementary Principles of Elocution, expressly adapted for the Use of the Young, and designed as an Introduction to "The Ladies' Reader." By John W. S. Hows, Professor of Elocution. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1860. 16mo. pp. 312.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. X. Jerusalem—Macferrin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 788.

The Union. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 1860. 12mo. pp. 48.

Ida Randolph, of Virginia. A Poem in Three Cantos. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard. 1860. 12mo. pp. 60.

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